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# MESSENGER

OF THE

## SACRED HEART.

*Organ of the League of the Sacred Heart,  
Apostleship of Prayer.*



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FIRST YEAR.

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Montreal :

1891.

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## THE CANADIAN CENTRAL DIRECTORATE AND MESSENGER.

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**I**T is just three years since the first centre of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart, regularly organized under the new statutes of Leo XIII., was established in the Gesu Church, Montreal, for the benefit of English-speaking Canadians. Forthwith it began to spread into the neighboring parishes of the city, and extend into dioceses where the necessary episcopal sanction had been given. The Loretto convents of Ontario caught the flame, and soon became so many centres, whence devotion to the Sacred Heart radiated far and wide. The good example was taken up by the St. Joseph institutes and academies of Christian Brothers, and whole parishes, encouraged and exhorted by their pastors, asked and obtained filiation.

So marked has been the progress of the Holy League in Canada, and so bright appear its prospects, that the General Director has recently constituted a separate Central Directorate for English-speaking Canadians, without, however, infringing on the acquired privileges

of the ecclesiastical province of Halifax. He has appointed a Canadian Central Director, to aid the reverend clergy who would desire to introduce a work productive of so much good among their flocks, to supply diplomas of affiliation, and to edit the tickets and periodicals connected with its organization.

Chief amongst the publications of the Holy League is the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* a small devotional magazine, of which the principal function is to set forth the intention designated every month by the Sovereign Pontiff for the united prayers of all the associates. It serves as an official organ of communication, through which the various local centres, though independent of one another and of the Head Centre, receive directions and keep up correspondence. It aims also at popularizing, by interesting facts, anecdotes and instructive narratives, the spirit and practice of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. With the thirty *Messengers* circulating around the globe, speaking over twenty different languages, with the four already published in our own language,—English, American, Irish, Australian,—our new Canadian *Messenger* by the present number takes his place. We bespeak for him, sent out on his errand of love, a hearty welcome and warm reception, not only from our associates and the people at large, but especially from the clergy and the bishops, on whose co-operation we are mainly dependent for the spread and progress of the work of the Holy League.

The time seems favorable for a publication the exclusive aim of which is to promote piety and devotion. The late accessions of strength as well as of honor and dignity

to our Canadian episcopate ; the popularity and rapid spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart ; the storm of something akin to persecution which has lately blown over the land, seem to point to a special downpour of grace on our young English-speaking Canadian church, whose beginnings date but from yesterday.

The little *Messenger* will contribute his mite of co-operation by striving to foster and spread a devotion which is but *loving* Catholicity. We are sending him out and around at a considerable sacrifice, but one which, we are hopeful, will be amply rewarded by the good he will accomplish and be lessened by the zealous efforts of our promoters to obtain for him an entrance to all hearts and homes.

CENTRAL DIRECTOR,  
FOR ENGLISH-SPEAKING CANADIANS.

MONTREAL, 8th Dec., 1890.

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## GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUARY, 1891.

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*Named by Pope Leo XIII with his special blessing, and given to  
His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—  
the Protector of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart—  
for recommendation to the prayers of the Asso-  
ciates.*

### DEVOTION TO ST. ALOYSIUS, PATRON OF YOUTH.

**W**E have in the tercentenary of St. Aloysius, which falls in June, 1891, a splendid opportunity to carry on among youth the campaign of consecrations begun in families and continued amongst the children with such abundant blessings. Preparations are in progress in Italy, Spain and Austria, but especially in Rome, which will attract in June next a great number of pilgrims to its brilliant festivities. The fitness of such a celebration, in order to bring about a revival in Christian youth of devotion to St. Aloysius, is manifest. No period lies open to so many attacks from within and without as that of youth. It is the time when the passions, if not strongest, are

hottest and least subject to control, when virtue or vice sink deepest into the growing inclinations, mould the temperament, and give form and color for a lifetime to the unfolding character. Hence the enemy of souls uses all his wiles to ensnare the young. His temptations are impetuous and incessant. He employs the allurements and seductiveness of a vain and corrupt world to entice the unwary into his pitfalls. He finds ready and powerful helpers in wicked men, especially the adepts of secret societies and upholders of a godless education, such as taught in purely secular schools. To prevent the principles of faith from taking hold on the minds of the young, and to undermine Christian morality by separating it from religion, are their ill-concealed if not openly avowed aims.

What more befitting than to hold up before the eyes of the Catholic boy and young man, a pattern effulgent with every youthful virtue, in which especially unwavering faith is blended with unsullied purity of mind, heart and life. During his lifetime Aloysius was styled an angel in flesh-like form ; after death he was given by the Church to students as their special protector.

It is not only, therefore, Italy or Spain or any one country that is interested in this celebration, the whole Catholic world is concerned in it. His example and patronage are become the precious heritage of every Christian youth. Shortly after the saint's death the Catholic universe joined the cities of Italy in asking for his canonization. In 1728 the Sovereign Pontiff solemnly proclaimed him patron of youth, since which time he has been honored by the special devotion of Christian youths of all lands, more particularly students. Many and precious have been the fruits they have gathered from this devotion. They have found in it the safeguard of their innocence and a stimulant to the practice of virtue, especially that self-denial which is so essential for the youth of the nineteenth century.

Besides students there is another class of the youth of our day who can and ought to claim the special protection of St. Aloysius, namely, the large and daily increasing class of boys who go forth from school at an early age, and, in the most critical time of life, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one, are thrown like the children of old into the midst of the fiery furnace of Babylon,—in trade-shops, factories, stores, offices, railways. How can they come out unscathed when the flames of the enkindling passions are fanned by the most corrupting influences, bad talk and conversations, perverse examples, licentious books, shows, pictures, solicitations? It is only a super-human power like that which saved the children from the encircling fires, that can preserve our youth unsullied, brought as they are into contact, at a tender age, with all the world's wickedness. To this grace from above they must respond by the practice of prayer and self-denial in imitation of St. Aloysius' example, if they would not be burnt in the flames.

But it is especially to the Associates of the Holy League that the celebration of the coming tercentenary commends itself. The glorious patron of youth was an intimate and life-long friend of the Sacred Heart. This devotion, though not yet revealed publicly to the world, was one of the inner principles of his saintly life. We trust that all the clients of the Sacred Heart, once the programme for the consecration of youth is unfolded, will enter with enthusiasm into its fulfilment. We appeal in a very special manner to the school boys, who in the aggregated parishes and schools have entered in such numbers the Juvenile League; and to the young men of the Men's League, who in the parochial branches recently formed came forward so manfully to sign their promises to the Sacred Heart, and pledge themselves to prayer, frequent reception of the Sacraments, and flight of incentives to intemperance. The Holy League, having formed in the

cloister and recruited in the convent and schoolroom, is fast pushing its vanguard out to the strongholds of public life. That the year 1891 may be blessed with the most abundant fruits among youth and young men, and see them enter the path of prayer and self-denial taught them by their faithful patron Aloysius, shall be the special intention in the prayers of all our Associates for the month of January.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular that Catholic youth, renewed in devotion to the angelic Aloysius, may glory in taking him for their model and patron.

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OUR "LITTLE" MESSENGER.

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**T**HERE are many and various reasons why our new *Messenger* should be a "little" one. In the first place quite a number of our Promoters go away from the meetings in winter as well as summer, carrying fifteen or twenty *Messengers* in their hand, with a second package of Rosary sets to distribute among their Associates. Large *Messenger* would expose them to the danger of falling on the ice or in the snow with their precious burden, or in summer time would render them conspicuous by a larger quantity of glaring color than would fit in with the sea-

son. Then there is another considerable advantage which a little *Messenger* has over a large one, that he can slip through the post at half fare. But a more persuasive reason is that he is the messenger of One who is meek and humble of heart, on an errand to the lowly not only in mind (as all must be to enter the gate of heaven, which was built so low as to admit only "little children"), but also in station and fortune. By being little in size and simple in style, he can gain an admittance, and accomplish his task of soothing, enlightening and encouraging better than if he put in a more pretentious appearance. But the great reason closely allied to the preceding is, that "the foolish things of the world hath God chosen, that he may confound the wise; and the weak things of the world hath God chosen that he may confound the strong." Just as the little David with his sling-shot overthrew the mighty Goliath in his powerful armor, so the *Little Messenger*, appealing to the spirit of faith in the breasts of all God's children, or to the testimony of the soul "by nature Christian," brings to naught the pernicious influences of the big review, the secular magazine, the worldly periodical, in the glittering array of modern science, free thought, artistic license and private judgment. "They vanished in their conceits." They fainted in the medley of their conflicting opinions. They fell under the cumbersome weight of their systems; and in the gloom, the unrest, the dreariness of heart which have marked their way, the *Little Messenger* comes, diffusing around him the serene light as of an evening sunset reflected from the everlasting hills. He has been reared in the assuring vision of eternal truth, bathed in its glory, regaled with its love, cheered with its consolations; and he comes to dispel the clouds by imparting to all minds and hearts the light and love of the Sacred Heart.

Who would think that fifteen millions of Catholics of every tongue and clime read from their *Messenger* the

monthly intention proposed to their prayers by the Vicar of Christ ; that in the British Empire there is a circulation of over two hundred thousand copies a month ; that in our own English-speaking Canada, where within a decade the *Messenger* was a visitor only to the cloister, to-day the demand from the people at large is running fast up into the thousands. Verily, "the weak things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the strong !"

## THE MEN'S LEAGUE.

**T**HE day is gone by when the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* was taken and read only by the nun in her conventual retreat, or the devout female sex. We know a flourishing centre which counts something not far short of two hundred men subscribers. It is a fact of experience that when the *Little Messenger* is introduced into the house by the father or elder brother, or is received in their name, he makes a deeper impression and exerts wider influence. All the children, and mamma too, are eager to read papa's Sacred Heart book, and then to join papa's Sacred Heart Society that has so many indulgences and such a pretty badge. This influence is more decisive still when they see papa make much of his little book and pore over its pages, and when they hear him talk about the interesting and edifying stories he reads in them.

But the chief reason why we desire to see the *Little Messenger* circulate among men is that he is intended to be the organ of the Men's League as well as of the other branches. He will consider it foremost amongst his duties to foster and maintain among men the spirit of a manly devotion to the Sacred Heart, as well as to

enlighten them on what pertains to the prosperity of the Men's League.

For men especially it is true that devotion to the Sacred Heart is but Catholicity with the Saviour's love in the foreground. It was our Lord Himself who set it thus when appearing to His servant, the Blessed Margaret Mary and pointing to his Heart visibly enshrined in His breast surrounded with light and flame, He said, "Behold this Heart which has so loved men." He placed in prominence before the eyes of mankind the living Heart, which was the symbol and organ of His immense love, the source of all His benefits. From this love sprang the gospel which He preached, the miracles He performed, the sacraments He instituted, the church He founded, the glory He predestined for us. While attracting our gaze and fixing it on his loving Heart as the special object of our religion and devotion, He craves our love in return. He demands the consecration of our hearts to His Heart, that both may be united by the love of a holy and manly friendship. He desires that we show our gratitude to the best of friends, for "greater love than this no man hath than that a man lay down his life for his friends." He desires that we make reparation and atonement to His insulted majesty for the coldness and ingratitude of mankind. These are the essential offices of a true and sincere friendship. The effect, therefore, of this devotion is to unite man to his Saviour by the strong, tender, persevering tie of a personal friendship.

But here we must be on our guard against illusions. There can be no question of friendship whilst the obstacles which stand in the way to it are deliberately maintained. Friendship and enmity towards the same person cannot exist together in the same heart. The love of God our Saviour and attachment to sin are incompatible. How can the heart that is pinned down to earth and its grovelling pursuits, that is enslaved to the objects of sinful passion,

that is overcome by the cravings of animal appetite, soar to union with the Heart of Jesus, aspire to His friendship, entertain Him in love? Hence the first step towards this noble, vivifying friendship must be the removal of the great obstacle—sin. Any fresh light and grace afterward received, every new degree of friendship must attack this obstacle deeper in its stronghold, namely, in the vices, inclinations, and dispositions of the heart. It must be especially directed against any particular vice which is a common cause of sin, the course of which has been marked by widespread ruin to souls, which blights the happiness of the home, which makes deep havoc in the individual heart. Such is the dreadful vice of intemperance, and such its effects wherever it is allowed to prevail. No wonder the men of the League of the Sacred Heart should declare war in a particular manner against this vice. No wonder they should inscribe temperance on their banner, uphold it by their example and influence, and take effectual means to bar the progress of its enemy. To prayer and morning offering to the Sacred Heart and frequentation of sacraments they join the promise of temperance in one or all of its degrees, according as it will be deemed advisable. Our Men's League thus bears the main features of the temperance organizations which the Irish episcopate, under the inspiration of the Archbishop of Dublin, has set on foot in the new Irish crusade against intemperance. No demon, not even that of drink, can withstand the power of abstinence and self-denial backed by prayer and the reception of the sacraments. One without the other will not suffice. There is no need of our exhorting the reverend Local Directors, who have already established in their parishes branches of the Men's League, to spare no effort to render them permanent and prosperous. Impressed by the want and utility, they were the first to petition for their establishment. The *Little Messenger* will do his utmost



in his succeeding visits to second their noble and zealous efforts by articles adapted especially to the wants of the Men's League.

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### A DESIRE.

O, to have dwelt in Bethlehem  
 When the star of the Lord shone bright !  
 To have sheltered the Holy wanderers  
 On that blessed Christmas night ;  
 To have kissed the tender wayworn feet  
 Of the Mother undefiled,  
 And with reverent wonder and deep delight,  
 To have tended the Holy Child !

Hush ! such a glory was not for thee ;  
 But that care may still be Thine ;  
 For are there not little ones still to aid  
 For the sake of the Child divine ?  
 Are there no wandering pilgrims now  
 To thy heart and thy home to take ?  
 And are there no mothers whose weary hearts  
 You can comfort for Mary's sake ?

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

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### THE THREE KINGS.

**I**T is not without design that we have chosen as title for the first of our Saint sketches, the Three Kings. The Epiphany, Jan. 6th, is the anniversary and patronal feast of the mother centre of our Canadian League. Within the octave of this feast three years ago took place in the Gesu Church, Montreal, the first general League Communion. All who

assisted can never forget the impressive scene of earnest and simple piety exhibited by so many of every rank and condition of life,—men as well as women, the banker and professional and successful business man, as well as tradesman, approaching the Holy Table with the Sacred Heart badge pinned on. “Never,” said the Rev. Rector of the college, who had officiated, “did I witness such a sight in the Gesu.” The anniversary is kept every year by a League demonstration, at which, after an appropriate sermon, the badges and gold crosses of the Promoters are solemnly blessed and conferred by the Archbishop, mid the notes of the choir’s choicest music.

But to return to the Three Kings, who were honored for all time by being chosen among the first friends of the Sacred Heart. The very night of His birth the new-born Saviour called the lowly shepherds to His crib, to accept the homage of their humble faith, and to let them into the secret of His love and of His wisdom, “the mystery hidden from eternity in God.” He did not delay, however, to extend the invitation to the learned, the powerful, and the great represented by the Wise Kings of the East. Doubtless, there was something in the lives of these sages which disposed them for the favor,—freedom from vice, at least under its grosser forms, an honest love of truth, which made them earnest in seeking and prompt in embracing it, regardless of consequence or sacrifice. On the appearance of the Star, accompanied by an inward grace that told them Whose it was and what it required, they forthwith left wives and homes, palaces and dominions to set out in search of the new-born King. They followed whither the Star led, over hills and across deserts, their camels and dromedaries carrying them, clad in their grotesque Oriental costumes, attended by their retinue, laden with presents. They entered Jerusalem, and fearlessly knocked at the door of Herod, to inquire where was the lately born King of the Jews. They continued their

journey onward in the light of the returning Star, till it stood over the place where the Child was. Entering the stable they were neither surprised nor incredulous. They came to learn, not to judge nor criticize, and in the royal simplicity of their faith they understood the work of the word that had been spoken, the mystery that was revealed to their eyes. "They found the Child with Mary His mother." Their search for the divine Infant resulting in the happy finding of Him is a beautiful example of that single-mindedness growing out of detachment, with which we ought to seek the truth or pursue any great object, also of the reward which will sooner or later crown self-sacrifice in a noble cause.

Recognizing the Infant as the King of Kings, they fell prostrate to do Him homage, and to offer Him presents; Adoration and deeds followed quick on their believing. They offered presents such as became Kings giving to a King, gold, frankincense and myrrh. They were men of right royal nature, kings in every corner of their being, as their supreme love of truth and justice, their self-sacrifice, the magnificence of their presents bear witness. They were thus types of those magnanimous princes and conquerors, who were to come in ages of faith to nurse the Church, to equip her for her work amongst the Gentiles, to adorn her with shrines and altars and temples of surpassing magnificence, to build monasteries and universities, to aid her with their armies and swords when necessary in the cause of justice and truth. The Constantines and Charlemagnes, the Lewises and Ferdinands, the Sobieskis, the St. Edwards and the St. Henrys had their representatives in the crib.

The gold glittered even in the stable of Bethlehem, which was the cradle of the Church and the type of her future status in the world. Whilst with one hand by example and precept she enforces on her clergy the duty of detachment, with the other she invites her kings, the generous and wealthy of her sons, to come with their pre-

sents to their Saviour, that herself His Spouse might have wherewith to carry on the soul-saving mission he committed to her. God, by an eternal decree of His wisdom, thus provided for her existence in the world as a visible, external, independent society having an episcopate and priesthood to maintain, churches to administer, institutions of charity and learning to found and furnish. To the mediæval prince and conqueror has succeeded the people-king of the modern time ; nor has the Church had to regret the change. To the munificence of a few have succeeded the generous offerings of the many, some out of their abundance, and more out of their penny-savings, thus preserving firm and enduring the golden link of mutual dependence between priest and people, than which there can be no stronger guarantee of perseverance for faith and religion. All this was prefigured in the visit of the kings to Bethlehem.

Yet a still greater honor was in store for them. One grace corresponded to is rewarded by another and a greater one. "To him who has it shall be given, and he shall abound." They returned home from the crib Apostles of the Word Incarnate, to announce to their people the mystery they had learned so well. They lived to exchange the wealth and pomp of a throne for the honor of the priesthood, a crown for a mitre. Tradition has it that, baptized by the Apostle Thomas, they became bishops in Persia. Nor has their memory passed away, but rather is it forever perpetuated in a city, and carved in a monument, which will stand out and aloft for all time as the noblest effort of the glorious Gothic. To the stranger entering Cologne by railway from Aix-la-Chapelle there opens a street called the Three Kings, leading up to the Cathedral of the Three Kings. By this street up to the old shrine, their precious relics, carried from the East to Constantinople, thence to Milan by the returning crusaders, thence again to Cologne by Frederic Barbarossa, were translated.

amid hymns of joy and shouts of enthusiasm that went up from a whole population turning out to receive them. They were deposited in a shrine of surpassing magnificence, to be encased itself afterward in a pile of architecture, which it has taken centuries to rear aloft in stately proportion and dizzying height. It is the glory of a nation, the pride of emperors and kings, who have served as instruments in the hands of a Providence who is never outstript in generosity, who glorifies them that give glory to Him, and who rewards a hundred-fold, even in this world, the sacrifices we make for the honor of His name.

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## THE PRIEST.

A Babe on the breast of his mother  
Reclines in the valley of love,  
And smiles like a beautiful lily  
Caressed by the rays from above.

A child at the knee of his mother,  
Who is counting her decades of prayer,  
Discovers the cross of her chaplet,  
And kisses the Sufferer there.

A boy with a rosary kneeling  
Alone in the temple of God,  
And begging the wonderful favor  
To walk where the Crucified trod.

A student alone in his study,  
With pallid and innocent face  
He raises his head from the pages  
And lists to the murmur of grace.

A cleric with mortified features,  
Studious, humble and still,  
In every motion a meaning,  
In every action a will.

A man at the foot of an altar,  
A Christ at the foot of the cross,  
Where every loss is a profit,  
And every gain is a loss.

A *Deified Man* on a mountain,  
His arms uplifted and spread—  
With one he is raising the living,  
With one he is loosing the dead.

—*Iris Monthly.*



## LITTLE HARRY'S LEGACY.

BY MRS. JAMES SADLIER.

**I**T was a chilly, cheerless day in late October. The glory of the autumn had faded from Canadian woods and its sunshine from Canadian skies. The scene without was dreary enough, but within a small cottage, a log-cabin, on the outskirts of a town in Ontario province, it was still more dismal and depressing, for poverty and sickness were both there.

On a low bed, covered with a faded patch-work quilt, in one of the two rooms into which the cottage was divided, a mother lay, stricken with a mortal disease which had already reduced her to a state of extreme weakness, the fore-runner of dissolution. Her wan face and sunken eyes told a sad tale of suffering and want, but they also told of coming rest ; the peace of God was there.

She had fallen into a death-like slumber, and lay with half-closed eyes, so still and motionless, that the solitary watcher by her sick bed, a boy of some ten years old, was seized with sudden terror, fearing that she was already dead. He fell on his knees beside the bed, and began to sob and cry piteously.

The child's lamentations reached the mother's heart. She opened her languid eyes, fixed them tenderly on her boy, and murmured—"Harry !"

The little fellow screamed with delight as he seized the wasted hand resting on the quilt, and covered it with kisses: "Oh mother, I thought—I was afraid—Oh! thank God you are not dead!"

"My poor child, my little Harry!" She cast her eyes around. "Where is your father? I thought he was here."

"So he was, mother dear, but he went out a little while ago. Shall I go in search of him?"

"No, no, Harry! Don't leave me! It will soon be over now. I have done all I could with him: he only laughs at me when I talk to him of God and his own soul—of death and judgment. Father Cantwell says I haven't long to live—a few hours—maybe not so long. If it's God's will to take me so soon, it's only on your account I'm sorry. Oh! what will become of you when I'm gone?"

"Mother! mother! don't talk like that; I can't bear to hear you."

"My child, I must talk—while I can—and you must hear me. Thank God, you have made your First Communion. But oh!—you are so young—so young! and you'll have no one to look after you. If you were an orphan out-and-out, the priest would get you into an asylum where you'd be well cared for. But your father wouldn't hear of that. Oh! if you were at home in Ireland, near our own people! It was an ill day I left them!"

Mrs. Colson lay a few moments silent, then she spoke again in a voice still fainter. "Harry, my son, you know I have nothing to leave you. Stay, here is something better than gold, a medal and badge of the Sacred Heart. I want you to keep them always about you. Do you hear me, Harry? Don't cry now, but listen to me. Keep them ever and always about you. Don't let your father know. He'd take them from you, and put them in the fire as like as not. Our Lord Himself will guide you,



and keep you in His holy ways. And the dear mother of God, His own mother, pray to Her, be sure you do!"

They were her last words. When the good priest returned a little while after, he found the patient sufferer of many a weary year dead, with her little son resting in speechless agony against the side of the bed. The wretched husband was gone, Harry said, in search of some neighbor women.

"May the Lord have mercy on your soul, Ellen Colson," said the worthy priest, as he finished the prayers for the dead, "if it were not for your boy, I would thank Him for this release. You needed rest!"

Two days after, when the churchyard clay covered the remains of the once fair and light-hearted Ellen, the only daughter of a well-to-do farmer in far-off Ireland, the unhappy victim of a run-away marriage with a Protestant mechanic, good-looking and intelligent, but, alas! with no fixed principles of right or wrong to guide him, Father Cantwell would gladly have taken little Harry under his own protection and charged himself with his education; but, just as the dying woman had predicted, the father angrily refused his consent. No child of his, he declared, should ever be called a Papist. He had had too much of Popery, and would have no more of it. He'd rather see Harry dead than put him in the way of being brought up a Papist. So the priest had best take himself off and never show his face there again. Now that Ellen was gone he'd have his own way at last with the boy.

The man was so determined, being, moreover, as Father Cantwell well knew, naturally obstinate and headstrong, that the priest saw further remonstrance was useless. With a sorrowful heart and a fervent benediction he took leave of the motherless boy. "The Sacred Heart will not desert him," he said within himself, while pursuing

his homeward way ; " his mother did not leave him unprovided for."

\* \* \* \* \*

The after-career of little Harry was a strange and sad one, at least for a long time. His father, when he chose to refrain from intoxicating liquors, earned money sufficient to keep the boy and himself comfortably. An unmarried sister of mature years came to keep house for them. She was a tidy, thrifty woman, who knew how to turn every dollar to account, so that when Bill Colson did go off on a spree, as not unfrequently happened, the comfort of the little household was in no wise lessened. Under her provident care the wolf was always kept from the door.

But alas ! for poor Harry, his thrifty, industrious aunt was a bitter Protestant, to the full as great a hater of "Romanists" as her rollicking brother. She left no effort untried to make a sound Protestant of Harry ; but neither threats, nor persuasions, nor even corporal punishment, not seldom or sparingly bestowed, could turn the brave little fellow from his dead mother's faith. Still he managed to say his prayers night and morning, and to go to confession to his well-loved friend Father Cantwell once a month. This he contrived to do on his way home from work on the Saturday evening ; he was employed as errand boy in a store in the town. But to hear mass, to receive Communion, was altogether impracticable. Between the lynx eyes of his aunt, and the brutal violence of his father when aroused to anger, the poor child did not dare to go to church on Sunday morning.

Luckily for Harry, his father and aunt, like many others of their kind, seldom or never went to church themselves. Their religion consisted mainly in true Orange hatred of Catholicity. For the rest they gave themselves, as a rule, little trouble about church, and

Harry was free to do the same, so long as he did not go to the Catholic church. To prevent that, however, a strict *surveillance* was exercised over the boy's movements on Sunday morning.

Acting on Father Cantwell's advice, Harry submitted to silence, hoping that the Sacred Heart and the Holy Mother he so loved would hasten the time when he could practice his religion fully and freely.

It was a marvel even to himself how he succeeded in keeping his mother's precious legacy, the badge and the medal, together with the beads the priest had given him, from the all-searching eyes of his Aunt Eliza. But he did succeed, and the few short moments he could devote to these beloved objects in simple fervent prayer were his sweetest consolation.

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So the years passed till Harry was eighteen, taller and stronger than most lads of his age. He was now earning good wages. He had been attending night-school, and had made the most of his scanty opportunities for acquiring knowledge. His father's health began to fail, and Harry was now the bread-winner of the little family. For some years past he had made no secret of his being a Catholic, and although Bill Colson at first made a show of being terribly angry and his sister scolded with might and main, Harry's quiet determination and steadfast adherence to principle, together with his dutiful conduct in all other respects, soon prevailed over the father's anti-Popery mania. He was really proud and fond of his handsome, stalwart son who was doing so well in every sense of the word, and had surrounded the declining years of his father and aunt with comforts never known before.

A time came at last when Father Cantwell was a frequent visitor at the home of the Colsons, now a decent

brick dwelling of two storeys. Even the elder people came to regard his visits with a sort of pleasure, and Bill Colson was heard to say, as he smoked his pipe in the chimney corner, while Aunt Eliza sat knitting or sewing opposite, and Harry read aloud some entertaining book for their delectation :

"Well, I declare now, 'Lisa, there must be something in this religion of Harry's that you or I can't see. How in the world did he keep to it ever since his mother died, when he was only a little shaver, and both of us doing all we could to turn him away from it? How did you manage it, Harry? Tell me that, now!" and Bill shook the ashes from his pipe vigorously.

"Oh! that is easily accounted for, father," said Harry with a quiet smile, as he half closed his book: "It was all along of mother's legacy."

"Legacy! what legacy? Sure, poor Ellen had nothing to leave any one, more shame to the unlucky bird of a husband she had!"

"Father," said the young man solemnly, "she had what was better to me than silver or gold. She had these!" and he drew forth from a tiny leather case in which he had so long preserved them, a faded and worn badge of the Sacred Heart with a small medal of the same divine Image now black with age.

"Those!" cried the father much amazed, while his sister looked curiously at the unfamiliar objects, "and what may *they* be? What does it mean?"

"It means," said Father Cantwell who, just then entering, had overheard the last words; "it means that the Sacred Heart of Our Divine Lord, there represented, is a tower of strength to those who trust and honor It as He desires. It is now nigh upon two hundred years since the Saviour of mankind promised one of His most faithful servants, chosen by Him to reveal the devotion of His Sacred Heart to a world already growing cold and

ungrateful, that He would give to those who are devout to His adorable Heart *all the graces necessary for their state of life*. So it is, William, that little Harry's legacy, left him by his good and pious mother, with the faith she had already implanted in his young heart, has been the immediate cause of *his* perseverance in good and of *your* present prosperity."

The brother and sister could not understand this then, but they did later when, under Father Cantwell's zealous care and instruction, aided by the force of Harry's good example and his persevering prayers, they both found rest and peace in the safe shelter of the One True Fold.

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## VENERABLE MARY OF THE INCARNATION.

THE FIRST CANADIAN PROMOTER OF THE SACRED  
HEART.



ON the Feast of St. Ignatius, 31st July, 1639, a little band of apostles landed at the Island of Orleans near Quebec, all bent upon the same work,—the evangelization of this new world. Besides the three Jesuits, Fathers Vimont, Poncet and Chaumonot, there were the Hospital Sisters of St. Joseph and Mary of the Incarnation, foundress of the Ursulines of Quebec, with her companions in the work. Temporary lodgings were prepared for the night, and the adjacent forests, we are told, resounded with the joyous hymns of the pious voyagers.

On the 1st of August, they were received at Quebec with every demonstration of joy and respect. The Governor went to meet them in his "carpeted boat," the cannons of the Fort boomed, and the bells rang out the

general rejoicing. A *Te Deum* was sung at the Chapel of *Notre Dame de la Recouvrance*,<sup>1</sup> which then stood upon the site of the present Protestant Cathedral.

The joy of Mary of the Incarnation, at sight of "the great mountains and dense forests of this land," which had been already shown her in a prophetic vision, could hardly be restrained. She presently took up her abode in the "celebrated little house upon the quay." It became the scene of her earliest labors amongst the Indian children. There she gathered about her these little waifs and strays of the great forests, to whom the very name of God was unknown, and from that hour this noble-hearted woman was a vital force in the colony. She and her Sisters had their share in all the trials and the adventurous happenings of those stirring days. When an Iroquois invasion was impending, the Monastery which had succeeded "the little house upon the quay" was turned into a fortress, and the religious had to find shelter elsewhere. In the wars with the English, the Convent of the Ursulines was alternately a garrison or an hospital, and contemporary accounts of those troublesome episodes read like a romance. The monastery was twice burned, and was shaken to its foundations by the famous earthquakes of 1663. The Viceroy and other persons of distinction who came to the colony visited the Ursulines, and were often their benefactors. Mgr. de Laval showed signal favor to the community, and the Jesuit martyrs, who have so immortalized the history of New France, were its frequent guests, often its directors. Powerful Indian chiefs with peaceful trains of warriors came to visit their good mother, Mary of the Incarnation, while the women and children of the tribes fairly thronged the monastery doors.

Amid incredible trials and hardships, to which were added her own bodily ailments and the greater torment of spiritual dryness, Mary of the Incarnation went on living

the life of absolute perfection, to which, like St. Teresa, she had bound herself by a special vow. She had all the attributes of a saint. Her mortifications were incessant, and love of prayer unbounded. Though retiring at the precise hour prescribed by the Rule, being always careful to observe its slightest ordinance, the Venerable Mother often spent her entire nights in prayer. Her zeal for the propagation of the faith, her self-abnegation, her unbounded charity, never permitting her to say or think the least evil of others, her unalterable sweetness of temper, her instant forgiveness of injuries, her power of consoling the afflicted, are all dwelt upon with emphasis by her contemporaries.

Père Dablon, one of the early Jesuit historians, speaks of "her unexampled simplicity and humility, her angelic modesty, her supernatural wisdom and prudence, her confidence in Providence which led her to attempt the impossible, and her zeal which gave her no rest by day or night. Though three times superior of her Order," he says, "she was the most submissive, obedient and respectful religious in the house, applying to her superior with the simplicity of a novice." She never permitted her spiritual exercises to interfere with temporal duties, and yet contrived to keep her union with God unbroken. She found time, in spite of innumerable occupations, to sew and embroider for poor churches in Canada and elsewhere. Her mental gifts were of a high order, and so great was her judgment, that priests and laymen, bishops and princes, queens and princesses wrote to her for advice. Her "letters," collected after her death, are preserved both as models of literary style and spiritual excellence.

Having mastered certain of the Indian dialects, the Venerable Mother endeavored to impart this knowledge to her sisters, also preparing Indian school-books, that the work of education might be carried on to the utmost

amongst the children of the Savages to whom she was so devoted. Even on her death-bed, she spoke often and affectionately of the little ones, some of whom she caused to be brought to her side. One of the religious asked a share in the Venerable Mother's merits. She answered that all had been given for the Indians, nothing remained. She frequently offered her sufferings for the conversion of individuals or of nations, and begged of God to inflict upon her the chastisements they had deserved. When in the greatest physical pain, she declared that she would be willing to endure it until the end of the world, if God so pleased, for the conversion of sinners.

On the 20th of January, 1672, her joy was extreme when she was told that her hours were numbered. But her confessor reminded her that she was still needed by the community. After a moment's reflection, she said: "My Lord and my God, if in thy judgment my life be necessary to this little community, I refuse neither pain nor labor. Thy will be done." She lived until the following April, when she died in the rarest odor of sanctity, the light of heaven being visible upon her face immediately after death. So well was this fact attested, that it led to the custom of singing a *Te Deum*, yearly, at the Monastery, on the anniversary of the Venerable Mother's decease.

Everywhere and at once was her sanctity proclaimed. The great Bossuet called her "the Teresa of the New World." The people crowded about her bier, loudly declaring her holiness. Miracles were wrought, and the Church in course of time proclaimed her Venerable. To the associates of the League it is interesting to know, that, in a sense, she was the first Canadian promoter of devotion to the Sacred Heart. Her biographers, relating how extraordinary was her devotion to the Holy Trinity, to the Person of Our Lord, to Our Lady, to St. Joseph, to the other Saints and Angels, add: "Long before Blessed Margaret Mary Alacocque, she said admirable things of



the devotion to the Heart of Jesus. One day, as she prayed with a feeling that she was not being heard, the Eternal Father said to her, 'Ask it through the Heart of my Son.'"

It was one of the Venerable Mother's favorite practices to "make the tour of the world in search of all souls who did not know her Spouse, and to ask their conversion through the Sacred Heart of Jesus." Every day she offered the merits of that Heart to God for the Church in Canada, the preachers of the Gospel, and her friends.

So that it is fitting that the first Canadian *Messenger* should devote some space to this first Canadian promoter, she being, so to say, "a saint of the soil." "Her memory," says Father Lallemant, "shall be forever held in benediction in those countries."

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## THE LEAGUE ABROAD.

### South America.

The League of the Sacred Heart has been one of the most potent agents in the recent victories of Catholicism over Free-Masonry in the South American republics. The work of Garcia Moreno is living after him, and the people are gradually coming round to a sense of duty to their true mother the Church.

Abreast with the spread of true principles among the masses and their deliverance from the illusions of Masonry is progressing the amendment of the laws which attacked the religious liberty of the subjects. In Costa Rica an amendment was lately enacted, providing for the religious instruction of youth, and granting the bishops a liberal allowance out of the State funds for furthering religious teaching in the schools.

In Brazil, notwithstanding the sudden revolt which ended in the expulsion of the late emperor and the establishment of a revolutionary government, the future prospects of the Church are not so dark as one might be led to believe. The Catholics ask only for liberty to exercise their religion, without any of the nominal privileges of a pretended protectorate. The Holy Father, after consulting the Brazilian prelates, has advised the bishops to accept and enter heartily into republican institutions, if the latter will not infringe on the liberty of Catholics. He is taking steps to add to the prestige and influence of the episcopate by multiplying their number, creating new archbishop-

rics, and it is even said that he intends shortly to honor the Brazilian prelacy with a cardinal's hat.

The Holy League, according to recent accounts, is beginning to spread rapidly into the Argentine Republic, and will likely ere long be one of the influences helping to lift that republic from its present distracted condition to the reign of true law and order.

But the most consoling account reaching us from the South is the recent letter of the General Council of the Apostleship, held in Bogota, Columbia, thanking His Holiness Leo XIII. for naming the Republics of South America as the Intention for November. This council, like that of Ecuador, numbers among its members the most eminent Catholics of the Republic, a Minister of State, Under-Secretaries, and a General in active service. After expressing their joy at the naming of the Intention, they manifest their "*feelings of fidelity and filial devotion towards the Holy See and the august person of the Pontiff King, the visible Head of the Church of Jesus Christ.*" They take the opportunity "*to protest most earnestly and solemnly against the sacrilegious outrages and the infamous insults which have been offered before the whole world to the august person of His Holiness,*" and as the indispensable condition of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, they "*reclaim the full restoration of the rights of the Pope and the complete independence of the august Head of the Church.*"

They received the following answer to their letter :—

#### ANSWER OF HIS HOLINESS.

**MOST NOBLE SIR,**—The respectful protest of devotion, addressed by you and the whole Council of the Apostleship at Bogota to our Holy Father, could not fail to give him great joy and consolation, since it expressed the earnest faith of so many Catholics, zealous for the glory of God as well as for the honor and independence of the

Holy See. The deep grief felt by the Holy Father, at seeing his own dignity and the purity of religion outraged before the whole city of Rome, has been consoled by the sympathy of his devoted children, in whose ranks your Council are found to range themselves. His Holiness charges me to express to you the great pleasure which this mark of filial piety has given him, and to convey his paternal Benediction, *not only to you and the whole Council, but also to all the members of the Apostleship of Prayer.*

C. RAMPOLLA,

Card. Sec. of State,

## THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

The narrow space at our disposal prevents us from giving anything like a full account of the rapid progress of the Holy League in English-speaking Canada within the past three years. We shall restrict our home narrative to a few important facts and a few promising recent aggregations.

### St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto,

Was the scene of an imposing demonstration on the occasion of the solemn consecration of the young ladies and children to the Sacred Heart. The Reverend Father Teefy, C. S. B., Rector of St. Michael's College, preached a beautiful sermon on the devotion to the Sacred Heart. A handsome list containing seventy names, elegantly gotten up and written, was sent in for inscription in the golden books.

### St. Patrick's Church, Halifax, N. S.

On Saturday morning, October 25th, feast of Blessed Margaret Mary, the children of this parish were solemnly

consecrated to the Sacred Heart. Rev. G. Murphy, Sub-Director of the League for Halifax, Nova Scotia, celebrated Mass, at which about 550 boys and 970 girls assisted with the greatest piety. The greater number were pupils of St. Patrick's schools. In the girls' school nearly all belong to the third degree, and make the Communion of Reparation on the first Friday of the month.

### Windsor, N. S.

The Holy League was established in this ancient and flourishing town at the close of a retreat given by a Jesuit Missionary from Montreal, on the invitation of the Rev. T. Daly, the parish priest. Of the two hundred and fifty communicants scarcely one was left outside, so thoroughly did the Promoters do their work of enrolment. Among them were several graduates of the Sacred Heart and Mt. St. Vincent Convents at St. John and Halifax, who were just the material for good Promoters, and who soon had the League spread along the shores of Fundy and over the land of Evangeline. A visitor passing through one of the towns nestling in the valley of the "Garden of Nova Scotia" found fifty *Messengers* in circulation. A young married lady had it read every day at table for the benefit of her husband, the owner of a large farm, who had no time to indulge in the luxury of spiritual reading. "They seem to be keeping it up," wrote the Rev. Director in March last, "as the attendance at the Lenten service has been unusually good. We had forty Communions, yesterday (St. Joseph's feast), which was not bad for a week day. We had a good meeting of the Men's League last Sunday. There are now 58 names on the roll, and the next General Communion will be on Palm Sunday. I showed them the ornamental badge, and they want to have it, so I enter an order for thirty."

**HAMILTON, ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL.**

But one short year has elapsed since the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was established in St. Mary's Cathedral, parish of Hamilton. It was at the close of a very successful mission preached by the Jesuit Fathers, wherein the object of the Holy League and the immense spiritual advantages to be derived from it were explained. The approbation given it by the Vicar of Jesus Christ at Rome, and the numerous and great indulgences it pleased the Holy Father to attach to this particular form of devotion, were set forth. The people of St. Mary's parish, always noted for their sterling piety, were not slow in manifesting their enthusiasm for the Holy League. Rev. Father Hinchey of the Cathedral was placed in charge as Local Director, and immediately began the work of organizing. Promoters were chosen, circles formed, certificates and badges distributed, and in a short time, to the satisfaction of every one, the League of the Sacred Heart was recognized among the permanent pious institutions of St. Mary's parish. It has at present on its books the names of 132 Promoters with a membership of 2130. From these figures some idea can be drawn of the amount of good it has done in the parish. On the first Sunday of each month the members approach Holy Communion in a body, wearing on their breast the badge of the League, thus becoming entitled to a special recognition by our Blessed Lord, who said: "Every one that shall confess me before men I will also confess him before my Father who is in Heaven."

The League is by no means confined to the adult portion of the congregation, but is firmly established in all the separate schools in the city, thereby giving the little ones, whom Jesus loved so tenderly, an opportunity to reap some of the many spiritual advantages to be derived from the union.

On the afternoon of the first Sunday of each month the members assemble in the Cathedral to listen to an instruction given them by their Local Director. The Promoters receive at this meeting their monthly Rosary leaflets and their "Messengers of the Sacred Heart."

That the whole congregation may one day be enrolled under the banner of the Sacred Heart is the earnest prayer of

A MEMBER.

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## SOME RECENT AGGREGATIONS IN ONTARIO.

At the close of an ecclesiastical retreat given by the Central Director to the clergy of the diocese of Peterborough in August last, the practices and advantages of the Holy League were set forth in a short conference, and assistance was offered to the reverend clergymen who might like to introduce it in their parishes. Six of the leading clergymen did not delay to ask parochial retreats for its establishment, which took place during the months of October and November with the following fruits for the Holy League :—

### Cobourg.

This lovely town, wearing an aspect of culture and refinement, which it owes, doubtless, to its University seat, has become a most flourishing centre of the Holy League, thanks to the relightened zeal of its energetic pastor. "I was convinced," said Father Ed. Murray, "that this devotion would be a benefit to my people. I brought a missionary to establish it, and I intend to keep it up and make it a success." In hands such as these, backed by will and determination, the interests of Our Lord are sure to prosper. Of six hundred commu-

nicants over five hundred have entered the ranks of the League. There are twenty-five complete rosary bands and several more in way of formation. The number of *Messengers* ordered for 1891 falls but a few short of one hundred. But the most consoling feature of the Cobourg League is the men's branch. Some two hundred and fifty, including all the young men, remained in the church after the High Mass on the closing day to enroll their names and adopt the practices. They were unconscious of the power they might wield in the land till religion brought them together to unite them by her strong and enduring ties. Protestantism broken in fragments is powerless when confronted by such a compact body.

### Hastings.

Here too the Holy League made glorious conquests. The people are remarkable for their vigorous faith, which led them up to the mediæval-like church on the hill-top four times a day, with umbrella and lantern by night. The venerable Father Quirk takes special care of the young people, who, with an efficient separate school-training, are thoroughly grounded in the knowledge of their religion. They are grateful to him in return, and ready at his beck for any good work. No wonder the young girls of Hastings took exclusive possession of the Promoters' lists and monopolized the work of enrolling. So also the young men. Eye could not rest on a more healthful, vigorous body than the sixty young men between eighteen and thirty who came up to give their names and take the pledges of the Men's League, to frequent the sacraments five times a year, and discountenance, by example and influence, the use of intoxicants in hotels, bar-rooms, etc. The men of the old school, brought up in the old-world treating notions and habits, and professing but a mini-



mum of religion, were handed over to the women Promoters to be inscribed in their lists, and thus obtain the indulgences and other advantages of the League. But Hastings is to be congratulated on its Young Men's League, adopting practices of religion and temperance that will preserve not only their vigor of body, but strength of soul and firmness of will, thus making them useful and honored members of their church and country.

### Campbellford

Is a busy, go-ahead kind of town with mills, and factories, and stores well supplied with electric lights and telephones. Such centres as this the League chos as theatres of its highest achievement, overcoming the obstacles placed in the way of the Church's march by modern civilization. Promoters of influence were appointed for mills, factories, and stores, to recruit the Catholic employees and help them to walk in the line of duty. The Men's League was headed by the professional class, and composed chiefly of young business men and town clerks, who came forward in goodly numbers to make the promises. There again the elderly portion of the men were consigned to the women's lists, who will no doubt succeed in keeping them faithful to the essential practices of the League.

Not far from Campbellford, locked in the hills of a rolling farming country, is situated the interesting little town of *Warkworth*. Nowhere was there more euthusiasm evinced for the League. The movement was led by convent graduates of Loretto and St. Joseph's, Toronto. Church and county must feel proud of their convents while they send out graduates who are able and *willing* to take a foremost part in every good work. Father Casey with characteristic sagacity chose and distributed his Promoters, so that every homestead was provided and has its representative in the Council.

Campbellford and Warkworth have a membership of four hundred distributed in twenty-five rosary circles with 80 *Messengers*.

## RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE CANADIAN HIERARCHY.

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**U**P to the time of going to press, our *Messenger* has received the following letters of approbation, which we hasten to communicate to all our Promoters, Associates and readers, knowing they will share his joy and consolation on receiving such encouragement and distinguished patronage. Whilst thanking the Catholic public for the many kind testimonials of appreciation, he feels all the more the responsibility that rests on him of continuing to give satisfaction, and striving to meet the expectations formed of him.

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Quebec, 28th Dec., 1890.

REVEREND FATHER.—I thank you for the Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart. I perused it with pleasure, and was especially pleased with the sketch of the Venerable Mary of the Incarnation, who planted in our country the seeds of the beautiful devotion of the Sacred Heart. It is very popular in a large number of the parishes of my diocese, and on my pastoral visits I witness with joy its good fruits.

I congratulate and thank you for the pains which you take to spread this devotion.

Please accept the assurance of my patronage.

E. L. CARD. TASCHEREAU,  
*Archbishop of Quebec.*

St. John's Grove, Toronto.

2nd Jan., 1891.

DEAR FATHER,—I am in receipt of the Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart for January. It is interesting, instructive, and devotional, and will, I trust, be a messenger of glad tidings to all our people, especially the members of the League of the Sacred Heart.

I cordially recommend it for this Archdiocese, and I remain, dear Father Connolly,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

† JOHN WALSH,

*Archbishop of Toronto.*

Hamilton, 7th January, 1891.

MY DEAR FATHER CONNOLLY,—I wish you a happy New Year, and beg to thank you for the copy of the work you kindly sent me, entitled the Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart.

It has been always a pleasure to me to encourage devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for which your fathers have been so zealous, and I now hasten to give my approval and blessing to the Canadian *Messenger*, to which I desire to subscribe.

I am, Rev. Dear Father, yours faithfully,

† T. J. DOWLING, *Bishop of Hamilton.*

Antigonish, 9th Jan., 1891.

DEAR FATHER CONNOLLY,—I have received the first number of the Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart, which you were kind enough to send me, and having

looked over its well-written pages, beg to assure you that it is my earnest desire to see it a welcome visitor to every family in this diocese.

I remain, dear Rev. Father,

Faithfully yours in Christ,

† JOHN CAMERON,

*Bishop of Antigonish.*

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Alexandria, 12th Jan., 1891.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—I acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the copy of the Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart, which you had the kindness to send me.

It is a bright and cheerful visitor. The subjects are select, the matter well prepared, and form instructive and edifying reading. I heartily accord it my sanction, and commend it for circulation among the people committed to my charge.

Believe me, dear Father Connolly,

Yours devotedly in Christ,

† ALEXANDER MACDONELL,

*Bishop of Alexandria.*

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## FROM ACROSS THE WATER.

The English *Messenger*, so dear and familiar to a large number of our Associates, is responsible for the following item of news:

### "AN INTERESTING EVENT.

"As we go to press, we receive the good news of the birth of another English *Messenger*, this time in Canada, and making the seventh of the English-speaking branches of our large family. May God's blessing make it increase and multiply, until it reaches the uttermost ends of the vast Dominion."



## GENERAL INTENTION FOR FEBRUARY, 1891.

*Named by Pope Leo XIII with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.*

### STAUNCHNESS OF FAITH.

**I**T can hardly be believed, and yet it is true, we are come to such a pass that we must dread the loss of the faith," said the Sovereign Pontiff, the other day, addressing the bishops and the people of Italy. God knows it is bad enough for a single soul to lose the gift of faith, but for a whole people seated at the fountain of truth, dwelling in the sun of the Gospel light, in whose very bosom is cast the rock which is the pillar and ground of truth, that such a people should sink so low in folly and ingratitude as to spurn the divinely given favor can be accounted for, says the Holy Father, "only by a vast conspiracy that is entangling souls by the million in the snares of hell." He goes on to show by broad daylight facts that this secret but compactly organized association of faith-sappers is Free-Masonry.

It were foolish, however, for us to try to shift all the burden on to the devil's back. The wiles and machinations of outward foes could not effect much if there was no inward weakness. According to the Apostle, all the powers of hell cannot prevail against a firm and active faith. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, your faith." But alas! to-day, not one country alone, but all lands are suffering from a feebleness of faith—a sickly languor has crept over them that unnerves them for the good fight. What is needed is a stimulating and bracing remedy, that will go to the root of the evil and dry up the sources of that languor.

These sources were pointed out not long 'ago by the reigning Pontiff in his beautiful encyclical letter on the Christian Life, in which he showed that the insatiable greed for wealth, accompanied with unbridled luxury and pride of living, is invading all grades of society, and not only sapping the foundations of private and family life, but menacing the public order of the world. As Moses in the desert lifted up the brazen serpent as a cure for all who looked at it, so the Holy Father raises before the eyes of mankind the standard of the Crucified, bidding all to adopt the very opposite of a worldly life. He assures us that, in the practice of self-denial and mortification which prayer will strengthen us to adopt, we shall acquire that robustness of faith which is "the source whereby not only private lives may be amended, but also those matters which in the daily conflict of men do not permit states to live in peace and security."

Another and more direct cause of a languid faith lies in the circumstances which surround our daily life. We were born and brought up in contact with all the influences of the Reformation, the essence of which is the denial of faith. We have lived our life long in the atmosphere of Protestantism. We have breathed it in company,

friendship, social intercourse, if not in schools; from newspapers, literature, the stage. Though we cling firm to the dogmas of the faith, as proposed by the Church, we adhere also to a crowd of opinions, ideas, views, principles, reaching even to standards of conduct which are opposed, if not to the revealed truths themselves, at least to the conclusions which necessarily flow from them which ought to stream out like so many rivulets into all the actions of our life, and which we cannot repudiate logically without a denial of the faith itself. How often do we hear laid down by Catholics, as axioms of what they call their political faith, principles subversive of the divine power of the Pope or his infallibility! They would be horrified to talk of the mystery of the Incarnation or the Eucharist as they talk of the *mystery* of the Papacy, though it is a no less fundamental article of revealed truth. Fortunately, ignorance saves such people from any intentional attack on the faith. But the contradiction is there. There rests on the intellect, the seat of faith, a cloud that obscures the clear bright vision, that chills and benumbs its power, that destroys its influence in private, social and public life. What enhances the evil is the fact that whilst we take care to improve ourselves and our children in all branches of secular knowledge, our religious knowledge remains at a stand-still. We are satisfied with the few chapters of catechism learned but very imperfectly in our school-days, and flatter ourselves that we have not forgotten them. Side by side with rapid progress in worldly culture, there has been no growth of the religious spirit, no study of the Sacred Writings, of the History of the Church, of the Lives of the Saints, of Catholic dogma and asceticism, and, as a consequence, the good seed of faith is choked by the briars and thistles of worldliness. No doubt this chilling atmosphere of heresy is the main cause why there are so few canonized saints from countries infected with it.

The third cause of want of staunchness in our faith is its slothfulness and inactivity. No less than pride and sensuality does sloth darken the mind by dimming the lustre of faith, as rust takes the reflecting power from the steel that is not burnished and applied to use. Faith is given us by God to be the principle of supernatural life. Consequently, it must be supremely active. As its entire cessation, like the stopping of the heart-beats, would bring on instant death, so its relaxation must engender debility in all the organs of our religious life. Holy Scripture likens it to a force that moves mountains, to a consuming fire that burns all before it. It breaks up through and above all obstacles. It feeds its flame from the objects that oppose its march. When it ceases to burn, it dies. Let us apply the energies that spring from faith to worthy and noble objects, and we shall supply it in return with fuel. We have not to look long or far around us. Besides the works of spiritual and corporal mercy that are waiting for help at our house door and our church door, there are those world-wide movements by which the Church is striving to beat back the advancing columns of her foes, to rescue her children from their deadly grasp, or to extend the sphere of her own conquests. Catholic education and association, the recovery of the temporal power of the Vicar of Christ, the holy childhood, Peter's pence and the propagation of the Faith, the abolition of slavery, and the spread of Catholic truth through a Catholic press, these are objects which claim not only the sympathy but the hearty and active co-operation of all true Catholics.

The Holy League of the Sacred Heart is essentially a league of zeal for the interests of Jesus Christ in the world. It is an army of soldiers who never forget that their church is a militant church. Its statutes, formulated by the Sovereign Pontiff, prescribe to the associates "not only prayer but *also all other sorts of good works, whether of religion*



*or charity, such as the frequentation of the sacraments, the exact observance of the commandments, in fine, every thing which tends to effectually promote Catholic piety, the glory of God, and the salvation of souls."*

It thus applies a specific remedy to all the causes which weaken faith. It has been styled a Propagation of Faith amongst Catholics. It leads to the adoption of an unworldly life. It takes special pains to diffuse the light of Catholic truth and principle among its associates. It inspires them with that feeling of confidence and power, which is born of association. It binds them together like a well-disciplined army, under skilful officers, wielding the most powerful of weapons. It sets before them every month an aim, an intention which the Vicar of Christ himself blesses for their united endeavor. Let us therefore, strong in the sources supplied us by the Holy League, shake off sloth, and for the month of February join action with prayer to promote growth and staunchness of faith among all the children of the Church.

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PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular, O Heart of Jesus, to guard the faith of Thy Holy Church, which the powers of the world are trying, with too much success, to tear from her children's hearts.—Amen.

## THE MEN'S LEAGUE.

### DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

“HAT'S all very good, Father, but I have no time for devotions. I am not a saint, and I have to fight my way through a sinful world. I leave devotions to my wife and the girls, who have plenty time for churchgoing. They might as well go to church of an afternoon as parade the sidewalks. For me, Sunday is quite enough. If I get inside the gate of heaven, as I hope I shall, I shall be satisfied.”

Very well, my dear Catholic man, that is just the reason why I ask you to join the Men's League. Its best recommendation is that it makes salvation so easy. It sets religion in the light, and somehow makes you love it first, and afterwards practise it. It centres so many various influences, powerful and withal so gentle, on three simple practices, which are the bulwarks of a Christian life, that once you are caught in the nets of the League, there is no escape till you are landed in heaven.

You are terrified at the bare mention of devotions ; but let us reflect a little. There are two kinds of devotions in the Catholic Church. There are particular devotions, which profess to honor and worship our divine Lord, His Mother or the saints, or some mystery or group of mysteries of His life, as the Visitation, the Holy Infancy, etc., or some particular part of His sacred Humanity, as the Holy Face or the Precious Blood. These are practised chiefly in particular religious bodies, instituted for the purpose, as the order of the Visitation, the community of the Precious Blood, or in pious confraternities like the Holy Face, or by devout souls who receive from the Holy Ghost an inward attraction. In the hurly burly of daily

life you may not have experienced any such attraction to a particular devotion ; but besides these there are in the Catholic Church what are called general devotions, as broad as Catholicity itself, open to the profession of all, which all are invited to practise. They are but different hues of color which Catholicity takes, according to the times and vicissitudes through which it passes under the action of the spirit of God dwelling in the Church. I suppose there is no Catholic man who does not profess devotion to the Mother of God, to the Blessed Sacrament, to the Passion, to the souls in Purgatory, and whom some such devotion does not lead to say a few prayers, or to do some good action, which he would not do otherwise.

Such general devotions spring from Catholicity like leaves from the tree that has a vigorous root and a trunk and branches full of rich sap. They are the expression of its essential dogmas, the channels by which their sap and virtue flow into our lives, the outlets of our faith and homage reacting on our feelings. Whilst they spring from Catholicity like its leaves, they also protect it from the freezing blasts of sin and worldliness, they nourish it, and call forth into activity and fruitfulness its life and latent energies.

Now devotion to the Sacred Heart, as professed and practised in the Holy League, belongs to the class of general devotions. As we have said, it is Catholicity itself, with the Saviour's love in the foreground. Its effect is to make us loving Catholics, to unite us to Our Saviour by the bond of a personal friendship, to lift us above dry precept, fear of hell, and similar motives, which, however necessary and indispensable, are but the "beginning" of wisdom—a root,—not the glorious tree, with towering trunk, and spreading branches and rich foliage of variegated form and hue, with sweet and lasting fruits.

To be convinced of this general character of devotion

to the Sacred Heart, you have only to reflect that its object is the love of Our Saviour and other affections flowing from it as proposed by our Saviour Himself to Blessed Margaret Mary, under the symbol of the Heart which was its living organ and instrument. "Behold this Heart which has so loved men." Now, is it not this love of God, beating in a human heart, which is the centre, the fountain head, the mainspring of all the mysteries of religion. Are they not all mysteries of *love*?

If God decreed to save the fallen world, was it not love that moved Him: "For God so loved the world as to deliver His only begotten Son, that all who believed in Him might be saved." Was it not "for us men and our salvation," that the Son of God came down from heaven? Was it not love that palpitated in the heart of the Child, through all the mysteries of His Infancy? As the Church sings on Christmas night and New Year in the language of St. Paul, "the goodness and kindness of God, our Saviour, appeared." When He went forth in His public life did He not go about "doing good," showing His love for men by cures and miracles? In the mysteries of His Passion, did He not suffer "because He willed it," because He loved us and desired to expiate our sins? On the cross did He not die for love? For "greater love no man hath than that a man lay down his life for his friends"? The third day, did He not rise for love, "for our justification"? On the right hand of the Father is He not "making intercession for us"? And what is the Eucharist, but the Sacrament of love; and the Church, but the outflow of His love on all nations? The love of God, therefore, beating in a human heart pervades the whole of the Christian religion, nay more, it is its mainspring, its essence, or, as a learned prelate has styled it, its quintessence. As the Incarnation is the centre of religion, so the Sacred Heart is the centre of the Incarnation.

No wonder the religion which Our Lord taught us to practise should be a religion of love. "Thus shall ye pray : Our Father who art in heaven ; hallowed be Thy name ; Thy kingdom come ; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." The interests of our Father in heaven are to occupy the uppermost place in our hearts and prayers. Our own interests come only in the second place. It was a loving Catholicity, too, which the great Apostle inculcated, when he said to his first converts. "You have not received the spirit of bondage again in fear but the spirit of adoption of sons, crying, Abba Father." This was the Catholicity—a personal strong enduring friendship for his Saviour, which he illustrated in his life and teaching, when he exclaimed : "Who then shall separate us from the love of Christ ? shall tribulation ? or distress ? or famine ? or nakedness ? or danger ? or persecution ? or the sword ? In all these things we overcome because of Him that hath loved us. For I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"That is splendid," you say, dear would-be-associate ; however, I see the objection twinkling in your eye, and trying to shape itself on your lips. But you are a business man, and there is a chance at this hour of the day to make a good bargain. You had better not to miss it. We shall take up the objection next time we meet ; meanwhile do not neglect your morning prayers, and let one short feature of those prayers be something of this kind : "Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, I offer you all the day's work."

## THE BRIDE OF THE SACRED HEART.

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The tapers gleam on the altar ;  
The golden sun from the East  
Shines o'er the sacred vestments  
And silv'ry head of the priest,  
While music swells on the incensed air,  
With the heavenly sweetness of an angel's prayer.

A sacrifice is to be offered,  
A pure immolation made,  
A throbbing heart and a fair young life  
At the foot of the altar laid.  
Yet the victim comes in the garb of a bride,  
And her sweet eyes beam with a gorgeous pride.

A halo is cast around her,  
The light of a wond'rous grace  
Reflects o'er her slender figure  
And illumines her tender face.  
Oh ! gentle girl, what a fate is thine,  
To be wooed and won by the Heart Divine !

She kneels, no sound is uttered  
Till the golden air is stirred  
By the low voice of the pastor,  
Who speaks the holy word  
Which blesses the sombre lowly dress  
That will hide forever her loveliness.

Then like a cloud o'er sunshine,  
The veil o'er her brow is laid,  
And silken robes and flashing gems  
Are hid 'neath its mystic shade.  
The rite is over—the deed is done,  
The bride is lost in the humble nun !

Oh ! sacrifice great and noble !  
 Oh ! life that is pure and fair !  
 Oh ! peace, sweet peace, found only  
 At the foot of the altar there !  
 Yes, favored one, yours is the best part,  
 Oh bride ! thrice blessed of the Sacred Heart.

BELLELLE GUERIN.

## A MOTHER'S DEVOTION.

**T**HE 2nd of February, feast of the Purification of Our Lady, offers our young *Messenger* an opportunity to lay his first homages at the feet of our heavenly Mother, devotion to whom he professes to cultivate and spread in intimate union with that of the Sacred Heart of Our Lord. The Mother of Jesus is also Queen of the Apostleship of Prayer and League of the Sacred Heart. This is a Holy League of prayer and zeal in union with the Sacred Heart, and therefore of devotion and self sacrifice to the interests of Jesus Christ. Nowhere could we go with better hope of catching this spirit than to the Temple on the day of the touching mystery of Mary's purification. All there, the ceremony itself, the rites, the typical significations, the personages, the groupings, the words and deeds are fragrant with the spirit of devotion and self sacrifice. Let us draw near and inhale the perfume.

Why should the Mother of God have subjected herself to the rite of Purification and her divine Child to a presentation and ransom ? These in the Old Law were rites typical of original sin transmitted by birth, attaching to mother and child a legal stain which forbade approach for forty days to aught that was holy. It is a dogma

of Catholic faith, that the Mother of God, neither before, nor in, nor after the birth of her Son, lost as much as a single ray of the immaculate brightness of her virginity. On the contrary, in the mystery of her divine motherhood, she received such an infusion of grace, she was drawn so unutterably near to God and to such close union with the Most Holy Trinity, as almost to disappear from sight in the splendor of infinite holiness. "The Son," says Albertus Magnus, "rendered the goodness of the mother well nigh infinite, just as the infinitude of excellence in the fruit points to an infinitude of excellence in the tree." What need had she of purifying rite? And her Son, were it not blasphemy to say that He contracted by birth aught of defilement? Is He not the "Splendor of glory?" Sin offerings and ransom could never have been intended for Him. Besides, His dispensing power was absolute. He was Lord of the Purification as He was Lord of the Sabbath. Why, therefore, did the Mother subject herself and Child to the humiliating rite, compromising His dignity and her own before the world, humbling Him and herself to the very verge of deception and falsehood by appearing that which they were not—sinful creatures in need of expiatory rites and cleansings? Ah! she had caught the spirit of Him who afterwards said, alluding to His own life: "One jot or tittle shall not pass from the law till all is fulfilled." Her heart was wont to beat in unison with His, who, coming into the world, said: "Behold! I come that I may do thy will, O God. I have desired it, and Thy law is in the midst of my heart." This ruling passion of His Sacred Heart He came to enkindle in the hearts of all His brethren. It was to be the distinctive mark of the Christians that they should observe the law of God from a motive of love. "And this is the testament I will make unto them after those days," saith the Lord; "I will give my laws in their hearts, and on their



minds will I write them." It was to be the distinguishing character of the Christian law, as compared with the Hebrew, that "it is written, not on tables of stone, but on the fleshy tables of the heart." The heart of the mother was the first to catch the fire that burned in the Heart of her Son. In this mystery we see both united and blazing out as in a single flame. This passion too of love for the will of God, as expressed and applied in laws and rules, glowed in the hearts of all God's true servants. It showed itself in a holy horror for dispensations. Not only did they not dispense themselves from the laws of the church and their rule of life, but they could not bring themselves to ask for dispensations, or accept them even when enforced. We read in the Life of the great Archbishop McHale of Tuam, that to an extreme old age he never dispensed himself from the fasts and abstinences of the Church, even on days when his duties were heaviest, on Saturdays and Lenten days when he had to pass long hours in the confessional, to be followed by Sundays of late mass and laborious preaching. How estranged from the spirit of Christ and His Sacred Heart, of His mother and His saints, are not those Catholics, who on light motives apply for dispensations from the laws of the Church, or, worse still, dispense themselves !

But let us enter the temple, following the holy family,—Joseph, Mary, and the Child, and there is Simeon coming up with tottering steps, but head erect, as of one accustomed to look out upon a dark horizon in search of arising light ; and here too is Anna, stooped under her fourscore years of widowhood. She knows everybody, for she has been coming up every day for all that time to go through her exercises of devotion in the temple. She is garrulous too, but makes good use of her lights and gift of speech to tell all about the consolation of Israel. And now the child has left the arms of His mother, and passed into the hands

of the High Priest, and there are repressed tears. Already the victim is laid upon the altar, the offering precedes the immolation, Calvary and the Crucifix loom into view. At the foot of the cross is descried a mother, and Jeremias is heard in mournful lament prophesying : "Great as a sea is thy sorrow, virgin daughter of Sion." Simeon takes the Child in his arms, presses Him to his bosom, and sings his *nunc dimittis*, for the light at last is risen. He blesses the Child and the mother ; but as he opens his mouth for a last time in prophecy, clearer, distincter than before, the first sword pierces her heart, the first of the seven-fold fountains of the deep is opened, and the sea begins to fill. And the sword will remain rankling in that bosom, and the waters of affliction will continue to flow, and not in one heart only but in as many as there will be Christian mothers for all time, "that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed."

How significant that on the feast of Mary's motherhood, when first she appears with her child in her arms before the world, the sword of sorrow should pierce her heart ! Even *her* child, though divine, was to be to her a source of incessant care, anxiety, grief, affliction, a "sign of contradiction," that she might be the pattern of all true mothers, Christian mothers, who shirk not their responsibilities, apply themselves to their solemn duties, and say every day by deed rather than word what the Apostle said : "My little children, whom I beget over again till Christ is formed in you." Of such as these the mother of God is the model, their refuge in trial, their comfort in disappointment, their consolation in grief.

But the sorrow of the mystery, like all sorrow borne for God, was destined to end in joy. And how deep, how wide, how far-reaching the joy ! As Simeon looked, he saw the gloom of Calvary disappear before the glory of the resurrection. "A great light arose." He saw salva-

tion carried with the light of divine truth and the blood of the cross to all peoples. "The people that sat in darkness hath seen great light, and to them that sat in the region of the valley of death great light is sprung up." Anna, too, coming in prophetic spirit, spoke of him to all that looked for the consolation of Israel. How great the ecstasy of father and mother at the things spoken concerning Him! And Simeon's joy, how great it was to be brought into the very centre of the light he had been so long straining his eyes to see, to embrace the salvation of the Gentiles and the glory of Israel, to feel the heart-beats of that love which was to go out in plenteous streams of truth and grace to the remotest limits of time and space. How the answer to his prayers, how the reward went beyond all expectation!

## CANDLEMAS.

The light of faith which begets the spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, as well as the light of glory which crowns the fruits of that spirit, are symbolized in the candles which the Church blesses on this day, and which the people carry. They are made of purest wax, gathered by the industry of the bee from the stamens of flowers, to tell us that devotion is the fruit of purity of heart, of lively and humble faith joined with good works. Candles are used in all the offices of public worship, in the various benedictions of the Church, in the administration of sacraments, to remind us of the devotion with which we ought to receive these priceless blessings. No Catholic home ought to be without its blessed candles. They are necessary in time of illness for the reception of the Sacraments; they are useful and precious at all times because of the blessing which is attached to them.

**SIMEON'S PROMISE.**

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The ancient temple lifts its princely dome  
Far up beyond the humble Jewish home ;  
Its roof of burnished gold shines in the sun,  
The curling smoke tells of the day begun,  
And, rising in the azure eastern skies,  
Wafts unto heaven the morning sacrifice.  
The aged priest before the altar stands,  
With upturned eyes and tightly clasping hands.  
The patriarch who had received from Heaven  
A promise ne'er before to mortal given,  
That ere he left the paths of earth he trod  
He should behold the Christ—the Son of God.  
He was a-weary with his weight of years,  
And cried aloud to God with falling tears :—  
“ Oh ! that these aged eyes could once behold  
Thy glory ! ” As the temple's anthems rolled,  
The notes were strengthened, and each mighty chord  
Seemed angel-choirs chanting to the Lord.  
Past was the hour, the sacrifices o'er—  
Before the outer gate a mother bore  
Within her arms her first-born. As she knelt,  
The hoary priest a sudden transport felt.  
He gazed upon the mother's pearly cheek  
And snowy brow bent in submission meek,  
And thought the lids that veiled those azure eyes  
Were as the long-closed gates of Paradise.  
But, when his gaze upon the Infant falls,  
His cry of gladness echoes through the halls,  
And in the solemn stillness of the nave  
Resounds again from arch and architrave.  
Swift in his trembling arms he takes the Child,  
And in that Infant face so meek and mild

He sees the Majesty of God, and cries  
With thrilling voice and eager, up-turned eyes :—  
“Thou Lord, thy servant now dismiss in peace ;  
This moment all my wearied longings cease !  
Mine eyes have seen the source of heavenly light,  
The saving one hath burst upon my sight.”  
And so the burning strains the prophet sang,  
And as their sweetness through the Temple rang,  
Each note was but a throbbing fiery dart,  
An inspiration from the Sacred Heart.  
Inspired words fall in prophetic flow,  
They tell of triumphs and of Mary's woe.  
And then his hoary head droops on his breast  
And aged Simeon has found his rest.

A PROMOTER.

Halifax N. S.,

Jan. 6th.

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## A BAND OF SOLDIERS.

ANNA T. SADLIER.

**T**HE lion of that brilliant dinner-party given by a notable Upper Canadian was undoubtedly the young lieutenant of a crack cavalry regiment, crowned with nobly won honors in the Soudan. It was not that he talked of these things, far less did he display that magical Victoria Cross or the medals, which told of heroic acts and of a daring upon which home-going reports had dilated in glowing terms. But his merry-ringing laugh and his hearty, almost boyish, tones fell pleasantly upon the company. The lieutenant's popularity seemed momentarily on the increase, which, perhaps, suggested a motive for the somewhat malicious utterances of a very gilded youth, who made one of the after-dinner group. The group consisted altogether of young people, for their elders sat apart, gathered about a couple of luxurious arm-chairs, wherein sat the host of the evening in conversation with a high dignitary. With this latter personage our lieutenant had come to Canada, in the capacity of military secretary.

"By the way, lieutenant," said the very gilded youth, speaking with a pronounced and intolerably affected drawl, "I heard an extraordinary story about you the other day. Upon my life, it was scarcely credible."

"I say, let us hear it," said the lieutenant in surprise, without having much curiosity; "one does like to hear extraordinary things about oneself."

"My informant was a lady, which is a voucher for the truth of my story. She's a bit peculiar, a Roman Catholic, and goes in for being devout. When I twitted her with going to church at unearthly hours and that sort of thing, she answered: 'What would you say, had you been there yesterday morning?'"

Interest was excited, but everyone waited in silence. "'Lieutenant —,' she went on, 'who is such a lion at present, was not only at mass, but actually said his beads.'"

Every eye was upon the young soldier, who, looking the narrator full in the face, said quietly:

"And why not? I am a Catholic."

Never was there a more crushing retort, and for a moment it had its effect. But the youth, who prided himself upon a shallow kind of scepticism, returned after a pause to the attack.

"Oh, but you must admit, my dear fellow, that it is somewhat startling to hear a man of your calibre going up to the altar and taking the Sacrament, or whatever you call the ceremony."

The sceptical youth glanced around. Even the elders were listening attentively. Perhaps he caught some furtive smiles. In any case he had made a sensation, and ridicule is so potent a weapon against success.

"My fair friend assured me," he continued, "that you really wore what she called a badge, which, being translated, means a bit of cloth, bearing some religious device."

"What I am at a loss to understand," said the lieutenant, calmly, "why all this should be supposed to interest the present company, or why any one should be surprised to hear that I do sometimes perform my religious duties."

"The fact is, lieutenant, in this country at least, a man of the world who has convictions tries hard to conceal them. Of course, I am speaking of a gentleman."

"It would be a poor sort of gentleman who was afraid to profess his convictions openly," said the lieutenant with honest scorn. "What would you think of a soldier who was ashamed of his colors?"

There was a flash in the speaker's eye and color on his cheeks, which made one listener, at least, remember the gallant charge at Tel-el-Kebir.

"I like that boy," said the Canadian millionaire to the dignitary. "If he were not in the army, I might find a good berth for him out here."

"The army has need of honest men as well as your great companies," said the dignitary with a smile; "but that lad's a gentleman to the heart's core."

There were few so frivolous in that company as not to echo this sentiment, and some who stifled in their hearts the unspoken longing for faith so firm and so fearlessly professed.

The sceptic felt anything but sure that success had fallen to his share.

## II

It seemed that opportunities were multiplying for the young cavalry man to show his colors. The following Sunday afternoon he strolled down to the pier. He liked to look out upon the lake. How tranquil and beautiful was the scene in the Sabbath stillness. The island with its groups of grim and leafless trees, which had a beauty of their own, outlined against the sky. This Toronto, he reflected, was a finely situated town. The young officer sauntered idly about; he stopped beside the projection of a low wall to light a cigar, and became the involuntary listener to some curious snatches of conversation. The



voices of several men were raised as if in argument, and the words came to the lieutenant's ear distinctly :

"When those priests get hold of a fellow, there's an end of it. I wouldn't give a puff of smoke for him."

It was evident to the young soldier's olfactories that the speaker had suited the action to the word, by sending forth a whiff of strong and not too fragrant tobacco.

"Yet Rob's a good enough sort," said a second voice. "Priests or no priests. none of us has anything agin him."

"True for you, Bill," said a third voice. "I say, let every man have his own way, if only he don't try to come it over other folk."

"Here comes the lad, and we'll have a fling at him," said another.

The lieutenant could perceive a tall, fair young man, advancing awkwardly towards the group. He was evidently in his Sunday best ; his hair was smoothed down over his forehead, a bright red handkerchief took the place of a collar. He had the indefinable look of one who had either followed a seafaring life, or at least had spent much of his time working about ships or dock-yards.

He was greeted by a very storm of rude chaff, of vulgar personalities, of half-insulting, half-derisive epithets. Even those who had spoken well of him before he had approached seemed to relish this new sort of sport.

"I say, Rob, how much did you pay at confession. The priest must have chalked up a pretty big score." "Where's that bit of red rag you wore last Sabbath at the Mass-house? Bill Squires seen you with it," were among the most refined of the exclamations.

The poor lad grew red and pale alternately, he twisted his hands uncomfortably. With all his surprise, confusion and anger, there was a curiously blended desire to nail his flag to the mast, and show that he was a man.

"A poor rag of a man," said the first speaker, he of

the aromatic pipe. "Sponging around the priests, can't take a drink like an honest fellow, and runs with his whining stories to the parson. We won't have no such fellows among us, trying to cram Popish superstitions down our throats. I say, let us drive him out of our gang."

Poor Bill tried to speak :

"I allus does the best I can," he said ; "and I don't know as it's——"

But his voice was drowned by a chorus of angry or mocking shouts. The lieutenant felt the hot blood, which had glowed within him on more than one battlefield, mount to his face. An instant more, and poor, bewildered Rob felt an arm, firmly linked in his, and a voice raised gallantly in his behalf.

"Come, Rob, if you have that badge about you it will just match mine. We fight in the same ranks. See here."

The lieutenant drew from his pocket the Badge of the Sacred Heart, and involuntarily Rob produced his. Together they stood, a brave young pair, all difference of rank forgotten between them. The aggressors were silent a moment. Then there was an attempt at an apology.

"We meant no harm, sir. We likes our bit of chaff."

"Queer sort of chaff, tampering with a man's convictions," said the lieutenant, sternly. "Let me advise you in future to have some respect for a fellow who has got some belief and the pluck to profess it."

Before the lieutenant was quite aware of what was being done, the men had set up a rousing cheer for him and Rob. It sounded to his excited mood like the exultant shouts he had heard after a victory. Shaking Rob warmly by the hand, and with a hearty "good-bye" to the rest, the lieutenant walked away.

"That's a plucky young swell," said one.

"Know who he is?" said the man of the pipe.

"He's the officer what came out here with ——," mentioning the dignitary to whom the young soldier was secretary.

"You get along ; there ain't no Papists in that crowd."

"I know what I's talking about. That's lieutenant ——, and he's got a dozen medals, at least, not to speak of the Victorey Cross."

"Draw it mild!" and "Who'd have thought it!" were same of the comments provoked by this explanation.

"He knelt beside me last Sunday at the altar rails," ventured Rob. "He wore the badge that he showed you to-day."

"Gosh!" was the emphatic exclamation, following upon this information.

"These Papists is queer folk," said the man with the pipe, who appeared to be a sort of leader in the group ; "and, arter all, I likes to see a man stick up for his colors. So give us your fist, Rob!"

One or two bad Catholics who had been amongst this party of English workmen lately arrived from Liverpool, now stole shamefacedly away. They had that day learned a never-to-be-forgotten lesson.

The young lieutenant meanwhile found his way to the club, where he was to take his dinner, reflecting more seriously than was his wont upon each man's responsibility.

He had never been what is called pious, but always a practical Catholic. He had joined the League at college in England, and had been, through all vicissitudes, faithful to its practices. So that it was with curious emotion he had found himself, here in this strange country, that memorable Sunday morning, amongst the throng of communicants advancing to the altar for the Communion

of Reparation. He had worn the badge, but he had little idea that he was so shortly to appear on two occasions as a veritable confessor of the faith. It had hitherto seemed so natural to him to be proud of his religion. He could not guess what seeds of good he had that day sown. It was only in after years that they were to ripen. But he did draw a conclusion from all that had occurred.

"I suppose," he thought, "that one has to be a little aggressive in one's Catholicity at times. Not in attacking but in repelling attack. It is a cowardly thing to shut up one's religion for Sunday wear, especially when we carry about this militant emblem."

He looked at the badge, which unconsciously he had still retained in his grasp, and now restored it to his pocket.

"I never realized before-to-day," he added with a laugh, "that the League is a band of soldiers."

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## CATHERINE TEGAKWITA.

**T**RULY the Lord is wonderful in His Saints! Who can fathom His wisdom in their regard, or explain the high mystery of their vocation? How it is that He singles them out from all the human family, and makes of them special heirs of grace, that "chaste generation," the lilies of His garden, in whose beauty and fragrance His Heart delights?

In our old Canadian chronicles we read of a young Indian girl, Catherine Tegakwita by name, belonging to the fiercest of all the tribes, the mighty Iroquois, the deadliest foes of the Christian colonists, and the last to bend under the sweet yoke of Christ. This flower of the

wild wood was the niece of a powerful chief. She was left an orphan in her early infancy, and grew up to womanhood in her forest home in what is now New York State, and in that lovely vale

“—where the Mohawk gently glides  
On its clear winding way to the sea.”

Her childhood and first youth were spent in the dreary darkness of paganism, enriched, however, by natural virtues rarely seen in an Indian maiden. In the hard toil which then as now falls to the lot of the women of her race, Catherine arrived at the age of twenty, when the call of divine grace reached her young heart. She was baptised by the Jesuit father in charge of the mission, on the spot where Auriesville, N. Y., stands. From her earliest infancy she had shewn a strong predilection for the Catholic religion, and yearned for the time when she could openly profess its doctrines.

Her life hitherto had been comparatively peaceful. But no sooner had the saving waters of baptism been poured upon her head, than she was called to undergo every species of persecution by the people of her tribe, and especially her own kindred. Every practice of piety, every observance of her new religion was met by a storm of opposition, and the young girl became the object of the vilest contumely, the most virulent abuse that even the tongue of savages could heap upon her.

One instance of this cruel persecution is touchingly and reverently recorded by the pious annalists of those remote times. True to the teaching of the Church, Catherine could neither be persuaded nor forced to work on the Sunday. This excited the wrath of her relatives dwelling in the same wigwam, who could by no means tolerate her self-imposed exemption for one day from the toilsome labors of the week. But Catherine was not to be moved

from the path of duty. She would keep the Lord's Day holy and free from servile work, come what might. Then it was decided that if she did not work she should not eat. The heroic girl willingly endured starvation Sunday after Sunday, fasting all day long ; but violate the commandment of God she would not and did not. In this as in every other trial her faith and fortitude prevailed over every obstacle.

Then came a new ordeal of suffering. The old chief, her uncle, and her other relatives would fain have Catherine married to a young brave of her tribe, who wanted the gentle lily of the Mohawk to hoe his corn and cook his buffalo meat, and make sunlight in his wigwam. But Catherine, inspired from above, had consecrated her virginity to God even before her baptism and perhaps in preparation for that great Sacrament. Nothing could induce her to change her resolution, or accept other spouse than Christ Jesus the dear Lover of her soul.

This firmness on her part was the signal for still greater persecution, so that even her life was in imminent danger from the merciless cruelty of her own people. Then it was that the good missionary, her spiritual father and director, advised her to seek an asylum among the Christian Iroquois near the St. Lawrence, where she might practice her religion in peace and comfort. Catherine meekly prepared to obey, but her uncle fiercely opposed her departure, and every difficulty was thrown in her way. Submitting the righteous desires of her heart to the will of her Divine Master, the maiden calmly awaited His good time, and her patience was speedily rewarded. One of her relatives, a brother-in-law, at once expressed his intention of going North to Montreal, and with him a warlike chief of the tribe, Hot Cinders by name, a redoubtable escort for the meek Lily of the Mohawk ! So her uncle's further opposition was useless.

Who can imagine the hardships, the privations, the bodily fatigue of a journey on foot through hundreds of miles of wild forest land from the banks of the Mohawk to the shores of the St. Lawrence! Yet Catherine bore all without a murmur. The flame of divine love burning in her heart made all suffering welcome for the sake of her gracious Spouse!

Arrived at Laprairie Catherine was warmly welcomed by her Christian kinsfolk, very many of whom were no less fervent than herself, and amongst them she reposed in peace after the toils and perils of the wilderness. There, four happy years she dwelt in the calm delights of peace and the practice of every virtue in the highest degree of perfection. A veritable Apostle amongst the people of her tribe, she edified all by the holiness of her life and the fervor of her piety, while her gentleness and patience and her heaven-inspired teachings—simple and unlettered as she was—exercised a powerful influence on the half-civilized but wholly Christian children of the forest amongst whom she dwelt.

She became, as it were, the guardian angel of her tribe, venerated for her sanctity, loved for her gracious ways and her unvarying sweetness. Even the gift of miracles was not withheld from this favored child of grace during these last years of her life.

But Catherine was one of the early called. A flower blooming for Heaven only, the Master of Life accepted her fervent desires and transplanted her to the celestial gardens in the summer of her days. Twenty-four years had she lived on earth. She died in the odor of sanctity at La Tortue, near Laprairie, in the year of our Lord 1680, leaving her name and the memory of her saintly virtues as the richest inheritance of the Iroquois race. From the very time of her death pilgrimages to her humble grave became frequent, and many wonderful cures were wrought

by her intercession, amongst them those of notable persons both lay and clerical. In the days when the Marquis de Denonville was governor of Canada, the country was visited by a terrible pestilence. The noble and pious governor had recourse to the intercession of the Iroquois virgin, and the plague ceased its ravages. How God, our God, is magnified in His Saints !

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Two hundred and ten years after Catherine's death, in the early autumn of last year, 1890, while the green glory of summer still lingered on our fair northern land, a grand celebration took place at La Tortue, called Cote St. Catherine, in memory of her, when a granite monument erected in her honor was publicly consecrated. Prelates and priests assisted at this solemn rite in the presence of a great multitude of the faithful, amongst whom were the entire population of Caughnawaga, the Iroquois village on the St. Lawrence, some miles above Montreal, the inheritors of Catherine's faith and devoted children of the Church. With these were crowds of people of all origins from the city and all the surrounding country. A grand procession took place, orations were delivered in English, French and Iroquois, and the welkin rang with glad triumphal music and the plaudits of the people. "Homage," they cried, "to the venerable Catherine Tegakwita, our saint that is to be !"

Great is the God whom Catherine served so faithfully, and great is the glory wherewith He crowns His Saints even on earth ! Emperors and kings and mighty conquerors and great statesmen—men renowned for art and science,—women whose beauty and grace and rare accomplishments gave lustre even to noble or royal birth,—the historic personages of two centuries have been born and died since the day when the lowly Iroquois maiden breathed her last in an Indian settlement by the waters of the great



river of the North. The forests in whose deep solitudes she prayed and pondered on the Eternal Truths have been swept away in the advance of civilization ; towns and cities have sprung up where the forest homes of the red men were ; the Six Nations with their kindred tribes, once so mighty and so far-stretching, have well-nigh disappeared from the face of the earth, and are found only in the sagas of the bards or the pages of history ; yet the memory of Catherine Tegakwita, the Indian maiden, the angel of the Iroquois, the lily of the Mohawk, lives on from age to age amongst the people of the land, becoming brighter and more fondly cherished as the years roll on !

The children of the pale faces from beyond the great sea vie with the scattered remnants of her own once powerful nation in doing honor to the virgin of La Tortue, the humble Iroquois girl, the woodland flower

“ — born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

And the time, we may hope, is not far distant when Catherine Tegakwita will be raised to the altars of the Church by the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff, and become the patron of the North American Indians—the first canonised Saint of their blood, as she is now one of the chief glories of Catholic Canada, enriched by the possession of her honored remains.



## THE LEAGUE ABROAD.

### . South America—Hayti..

After leaving South America to continue our tour of League inspection around the world, there is another republic that claims our notice. This is the island of Hayti, where the Bishop, to preserve his people from the ravages of Free Masonry, lately delivered a Pastoral Instruction on the Apostleship of Prayer. He thus concludes. "It follows, beloved brethren, that the whole drift of the Apostleship is to secure the fervent practice of the Christian religion. The members who are leagued in this pious work are the army of our Holy Father the Pope. It is a peaceful but powerful army, praying, acting, and suffering for the most Catholic of intentions and the most pleasing to the Heart of Jesus.

Our Lord said to the young man who asked him the road to heaven: 'Do this and thou shalt live.' Do this, namely, keep the commandments and you shall have life. We do not hesitate to give the same assurance to the associates of the Holy League, because it is a work which makes the keeping of the commandments easy. Enter it, therefore, fulfil all its pious practices, and you shall live; you shall live here below, for you will not fall from the state of grace or you will immediately rise, and so you shall have the founded hope of dying in the state of grace and living forever."

He then adopted measures to enroll all the associates who had made their first communion in the Three Degrees from the beginning, and to have a special communion day for all the children every month.

## What they say across the border, and what they wish.

DETROIT COLLEGE, Jan. 9th.

DEAR FATHER ———,

Many thanks for your kindness in sending me a copy of the first issue of the Canadian *Messenger*. I like it very much. It is a credit to the Editor's taste and judgment. I am especially pleased with the announcement that he is to devote space to points connected with the formation and well-being of the Men's League.

The men's branch I organized here last April is giving great satisfaction. It is growing steadily and rapidly, Last Sunday, I had over three hundred at the meeting.

Our Ladies' Branch numbers 1150, and meet on the 2nd Sunday.

I wish to be placed on the list of subscribers. I wish also to receive a copy of the Handbook of the Men's League. I wish to know more about the Sacred Heart Union. I am anxious to keep posted thoroughly on the most successful methods employed in advancing the League, particularly among men.

Yours truly in Xto.

DIRECTOR OF THE LEAGUE.

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## AT HOME.

SOME MORE AGGREGATIONS IN ONTARIO.

### Grafton.

The people of this parish are exclusively agricultural, and noted for an earnest practical piety springing from a robust faith, which knows how when invited to carry heaven by assault. The League of the Sacred Heart

could not but gather a rich harvest in a parish with dispositions so fervent, and could not fail, by turning the light and warmth of the Sacred Heart on so sturdy a tree, to bring out an efflorescence of piety and rich abundance of fruit, such as will make Grafton a beautiful orchard of our Canadian church.

This was Father Larkin's desire in sending for the missionary, and he soon selected as Promoters a troop of young ladies, not only healthy as roses that breathe the fresh air of the fields, but also intelligent and active, such as at the approach of a church bazaar would think it nothing to dispose of their twenty tickets each, and count their five hundred dollars profit. These, representing almost every family, enthusiastically offered their services to recruit rosary bands, deal out tickets, *Messengers*, pictures, etc., and thus spread the fire of divine love over the parish. The men too are organizing, and will soon have their branch in thorough working order.

"We have now," writes the Rev. Local Director, Jan. 8th, "sixteen complete rosary bands and fifty *Messengers*, and we expect by Easter to have every communicant in the mission enrolled in the League of the Sacred Heart."

### Niagara.

Niagara is a great railway centre, the connecting link between the railway systems of the two peoples that divide the northern continent. The ruthless locomotive ploughing up church as well as home and town must be felt here. No class of men are more deserving of pity and interest than railroad men. For them no regular Sunday Mass, no stated times of daily prayer, none of those gentle but potent influences of family life to remind and help on to duty. How steep and swift the downward grade to indifference? Yet they have a preservative. The sense of danger, the shadow of death under all its terrible

railway forms ; the short narrow step, the plunge, that separates them from eternity, have a chastening effect on the heart that stand instead of many external helps. The Sacred Heart has no stauncher friends than railroad men.

The good Carmelite Fathers in default of the ordinary means to reach their charge invoked the aid of the Holy League, and had a mission given for its establishment. The men attended, some the morning, some the evening exercises, while not a few deemed themselves happy to be able to snatch an hour from their rest and duties to hear a sermon and receive the Sacraments. At one of the closing exercises eighty remained in the church to form the Men's League, led by the chief railway officials of the town. Around these many more at a convenient time were to group themselves. All with scarcely a dissenting voice engaged themselves to the profession of temperance together with the practices of the League.

The ladies likewise organized. There was a flourishing sodality of the Blessed Virgin, conducted by the Loretto nuns, of which all the young women of the parish felt proud to be members. The difficulty was not to find Promoters for circles, but circles for the Promoters. Father Dominick settled it by appointing two Promoters for every band of fifteen. These were to enlist their friends, not omitting fathers, brothers, and intended husbands, and keep all well supplied with rosary tickets and *Messengers*.

The school children too formed their Juvenile League under the immediate direction of the zealous Loretto nuns, the boys renewing their pledge against intoxicants and tobacco until twenty-one. The ceremony of the consecration of the children was a most imposing one. Father Dominick A. Malley, O.C.C., is still pushing on the work of organization, and already has twenty rosary circles supplied with sixty *Messengers*.

## RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE CANADIAN HIERARCHY.

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**S**INCE the time the February number was put in press, our *Messenger* has received with joy and thankfulness the following letters from distinguished Prelates of the Canadian Hierarchy. We can also report to our promoters and readers the good news of a special approbation given the Holy League and its organ for the Archdiocese of Kingston by the Most Rev. Dr. Cleary.

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Archbishop's House, Halifax, N. S., 16th Jan., 1891.

DEAR FATHER CONNOLLY,—I wish a large measure of success and a long career of usefulness to your *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart. So long as it is a faithful *Messenger* of that loving Heart which bled for sinners, it will be productive of great good. As such I bless it and pray for its prosperity.

Yours in Christ,

† C. O'BRIEN,

*Archbishop of Halifax.*

Archi-episcopal Residence, Ottawa, 24th Jan., 1891.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER,—The Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart should have as many subscribers as there are English-speaking Catholic families in this Canada of ours. We would wish to see it in every household of our Diocese.

Hoping that this very useful publication will meet with every success, I remain,

Reverend Dear Father,

Yours in Christ,

† I. THOMAS, *Archbishop of Ottawa.*

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Chatham, N. B., 11th Jan., 1891.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER,—I beg to thank you kindly for the first number of the Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart. I have read it with interest and pleasure. The Confraternity of the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been since many years established in Chatham, and our diocese has been specially dedicated to the Sacred Heart. The Guard of Honor of the Sacred Heart is also established under the direction of the superioress of the Hotel-Dieu, and has a numerous and fervent band of members. We shall all be glad to hail the Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart, and I hereby approve of its circulation in my diocese. With kindest souvenirs of past friendship,

Yours devotedly in J.-C.,

† JAMES ROGERS,

*Bishop of Chatham.*

Peterborough, 21st Jan., 1891.

MY DEAR FATHER CONNOLLY,—I heartily approve of the publication of a Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart, devoted to matters of local interest, and tending to promote love for our Lord and greater fervor in the practice of religion.

Beseeching the blessing of God on your undertaking, and praying for its abundant success,

I am, Yours in Christ,

† R. A. O'CONNOR,

*Bishop of Peterborough.*

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## THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

### CATHOLIC RECORD.

“Most welcome to our office is that neat and very instructive little monthly, the Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart. The articles are carefully prepared, and are always of an interesting character. Catholic families will indeed be much benefited by perusing its pages, and at the end of the year the numbers when bound will make a valuable volume in the family library. The subscription price is only fifty cents a year.”

### AVE MARIA.

“As a proof of the rapid spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, it is announced that no less than thirty *Messengers* are in present circulation. The latest, though not the least in any sense, to appear is the Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart, which, though not professedly a literary periodical, manifests, in addition to the devotional spirit, unusual regard for the canons of good taste. The initial number is highly creditable. We wish our new co-laborer unbounded success.”





## GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH.

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### PURITY OF CHRISTIAN MORALS.

**W**E should fail to reach the source of the prevalent feebleness of faith and to indicate a remedy, if we did not go to the heart. Out of the heart go forth not only the evil thoughts and desires that defile the conscience, but also the clouds that darken the mind. It imparts to the mind its own likings and dislikes. It occupies the mind with low and groveling pursuits. It fills the mind with thoughts of frivolous and sensual objects. It drags down the attention, fixes and absorbs it in the satisfaction of its desires, thus blinding the mind to all considerations that require exertion, purity and elevation above the things of sense. The loss of faith is the result as well as the punishment of sensual indulgence. The Apostle of the Gentiles, describing the nations of pagan antiquity in the height of their civilization, says that "knowing God" with the light of natural reason "they did not glorify Him or give Him thanks, but became vain in their thoughts, and their foolish hearts were darkened."

A similar darkening process is going on amongst modern nations that were once remarkable for the fervor and brightness of their faith. The world is lapsing back into a paganism not the less degrading and terrible in its consequences because the more refined. Paganism is but the deification of self and the

passions of the heart—what St. Augustin called the “love of self unto the contempt of God.” The ancients worshipped all the corrupt passions of the heart in idols of their imagination and handiwork ; modern paganism, more subtle and refined, dispenses with the block of wood and stone, and worships self without intermediary in Nature. Naturalism is the religion of the day. Nature and more particularly human nature, is the idol—not human nature elevated and deified by grace and sanctity, not an ideal nature purified by imagination and sentiment from all that is gross and vile, but a realistic nature in which every passion wears a crown, every instinct has its right of play, every emotion its expression and liberty of action. This is the only god recognized by the philosophy and the science of the age in its pet theory of evolution ; this is the god which gives inspiration to the literature and the art, and is exhibited on the stage of the French School, from which the world takes its fashions. Its object is to portray and idolize in realistic colors what the modern French man with cynical frankness calls “the human beast.”

This religion of naturalism has also its church and hierarchy and organization in the Lodge. Free Masonry, adapting itself to the ideas and prejudices of nations, is presented to the eyes of England and English-speaking countries as an institution of benevolence and fraternization ; but in the Catholic countries of Europe and South America, where it has succeeded in enslaving the masses, it shows itself in true colors, in literature and art, in the press, on the stage, in legislation, all animated with one purpose, rallying to a single cry, carrying out vigorously a simple plan : Destroy the Church of Jesus Christ by corrupting the hearts of her children. First dispose the heart of youth for corruption by imparting to it a mere pagan education without faith or religion, and then subject it to all the influence of an impure press.

It were, however, an illusion to suppose that this naturalism is confined to a few nations. The world's atmosphere is infected with it. It is taught from Sunday pulpits, in books of science, dealt out from railway stalls, placarded on the street walls

and public thoroughfares. It is exhibited in shop windows and in theatrical representations. A pharisaical secular press reeks with it. Whilst it devotes one column to the detailed narration and vivid description of crimes which the inspired Apostle tells us should not be so much as mentioned among Christians, it will deplore in another the growth of lawlessness, and censure the negligence of officials in repressing it, ignoring the fact that the very crimes it stigmatizes could not unfrequently be traced to its own disclosures and descriptions.

The punishment, too, of modern paganism is similar to that of the ancient. "Thinking themselves wise, they became fools. Therefore God gave them up to the desires of their heart, and they changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature rather than the Creator." This perversion and blinding of the mind, proceeding from the corruption of the heart, is the most dreadful of God's punishments. It is the beginning on earth of that eternal reprobation consisting in hell endured not once or twice but a thousand times over in the intensity of its pains and torture.

If we seek a remedy, we shall find it to be the same as that applied to ancient paganism—Jesus Christ yesterday, to-day and the same forever. He came upon earth to lift man from the degradation of paganism in all its forms. He began by the heart, setting before it the example of the highest sanctity. The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us that we might see in human form and habit the splendor of infinite holiness. "For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus." He is still with us in His Holy Church, from which He desires to shine in the hearts of all by the teaching of His heavenly doctrine, by the infusion of His grace through the Sacraments, by the devotion which has for its object to draw the hearts of all men close to His Sacred Heart, that they may be enlightened and warmed with His love. It is especially in the worthy reception of the Holy Eucharist that Christ shines in the heart, and the heart is drawn close to the Heart of Jesus. It

is the aim of the Holy League to draw hearts to the Heart of Jesus through prayer and the frequentation of the Sacraments. If it will succeed this year, consecrated to the Patron of Youth, in drawing the youth of all lands to the more frequent use of the Sacraments, how powerfully will it not contribute to the future sanctity of Christian morals !

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary I offer Thee the prayers, work and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular to save Thy children from the corruption of the world, ever growing more covetous, wilful and impure. Heart of Jesus, may we fly from all that is against Thy love. Amen.

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## TO THE SACRED HEART.

Oh Sacred Heart !

Witness compassionate of ev'ry woe  
Which mortal e'er hath known, or e'er shall know !  
Heart which hath borne all care,  
Carried all sorrow that on man can press !  
Oh ! writhing frame and tortur'd spirit bleeding !  
Against inhuman outrage vainly pleading !  
Each secret dark, each innermost recess,  
All to thy sight laid bare.  
Who shall Thy pangs express ?

Oh Sacred Heart !

Thy love for man hath to the altar bound Thee,  
To expiate the very sins that wound Thee—  
For thine own wrongs to die !  
That thou of suffering's chain might'st miss no link,  
From the dread vision of Thy Mortal Pain  
Outspread before Thee, Thou did'st not disdain  
With fear's intensest agony to shrink !  
In trembling shall not I  
Of Thy dread chalice drink ?

Oh Sacred Heart !  
 Sated with insult, mock'd, revil'd, despis'd !  
 Butt of all scorn by man or fiends devis'd !  
 What, save Thy Holy Will,  
 Restrain'd or yet restrains angelic swords,  
 As each vile worm, unawed by fear or shame,  
 Profanes Thy Truth, Thy Venerable Name,  
 The air polluting with his impious words !  
 My cup so let them fill  
 As they have filled my Lord's !

E. G.

## THE MEN'S LEAGUE.

IS THE DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART NEW ?

**Y**ES, Father, as you rightly divined at the close of our last conversation, I have a strong objection to all this League business. The old church is sufficient for me. To hear some people talk one would think there was no love of God, no genuine Catholicity before Margaret Mary and outside the Sacred Heart League. Was not Christianity, on your own showing, everywhere and at all times a religion of love ? I tell you what, in the good old days in Ireland we had none of those devotions, first-Fridays, this week-day church running, and yet there was just as much as now, and more too, of honesty and uprightness. My opinion is that all these new devotions are only spoiling the people. I have proof of it in my own wife and——”

What you say, dear friend, is partially true. The Christian religion, such as the Saviour of mankind founded it, the Apostles preached it, and the Church has always inculcated it, is essentially a religion of love. The love of God, our Saviour, which, I said the last time we met, is the chief object of this devotion, is not new. It is as old as Christianity, as old as eternity. Nor

is the human heart in which eternal love became incarnate new. It is as old as the Incarnation. The side against which it had been wont to beat was opened by a lance on Calvary. The stream of commingled water and blood that issued from the wound but figured the Church springing from the Heart of Jesus. So far, you see, Catholicity and devotion to the Sacred Heart are the same in their beginning and end and fountain-head. The principal object of this devotion, the love of the Man-God, is not new ; the material object, the heart of flesh, which is its organ and instrument, is not new ; but what is new is *the manifestation*. Though the side was opened on the Cross to signify that all had easy access through the Church to the love of the Heart of Jesus, nevertheless the heart itself remained buried in the Sacred Humanity. Likewise the devotion of which the seeds were planted on Calvary remained hidden in the Church through the long centuries. A few of the saints like an Augustin, a Bernard, a Gertrude, an Aloysius, and our own Mary of the Incarnation, in the light of contemplation and the ardor of ecstasy, caught but glimpses of it, which served as a preparation for the great manifestation vouchsafed to the Blessed Margaret Mary. Then, for the first time, did the Saviour set forth His Heart to be the especial object of our adoration and love. Then did the devotion to the Sacred Heart begin to spread like a conflagration, till it wrapped the universe, gaining strength from the very obstacles that stood in its way. This rapid spread was doubtless to be ascribed to the authentic approbation of the Church through her ritual, the solemn declarations of her Pontiffs, and the encouragement of her indulgences ; but there is a deeper cause still, namely, the spirit of God stirring in the Church, drawing souls by His inspirations and heavenly consolations, bestowing particular graces and favors, fulfilling, in a word, all those magnificent promises made by our Lord Himself in behalf of those who practised and promoted this devotion.

“ So far so good, Father ; but you are not yet at the root of my difficulty. Why was this special manifestation needed ? Could not the children of the Church go on loving God and our

Saviour as they had done before any apparition, without actually thinking of the divine Heart or making it an object of special worship?"

Yes, my friend, there was a reason for this manifestation. You have often read or heard the latter-day prophecy of St. Paul. "In the latter-days," he says, "there shall come dangerous times. Men shall be lovers of themselves,—covetous, haughty, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, ungrateful, wicked, without affection, without peace, slanderers, incontinent, unmerciful, without kindness, traitors, stubborn, puffed up and lovers of pleasure more than of God. Having an appearance indeed of godliness but denying the power thereof." The times always have been marked with the signs of anti-Christ, fraught with danger to souls and to the Church. Even in her children there has always been a tendency to lukewarmness and selfish indifference. Poor humanity in its struggle upward to that higher life which is set before it as a goal is only too prone to weariness; and not to press forward is to fall back. Nevertheless, in the sixteenth century those signs of the latter-days were multiplied and became more apparent till a furious tempest broke on the bark of Peter. Then were nations like loose planks swept from her deck and carried away by a deluge of errors, "Making shipwreck of the faith." Even on those who escaped the Reformation a cloud lowered in the shape of Jansenism, which, spreading from Belgium into France and thence to Ireland, and even beyond the seas to America, threatened to blight all spiritual life in the hearts of God's children. It instilled an exaggerated reverence and false humility that estranged the faithful from their Saviour, His altars and sacraments, especially the Eucharistic banquet of His love. From this exaggerated reverence there is but one step to indifference. France took the fatal step in the days of the Revolution, and has not yet risen from her fall. But Christ, always dwelling by His spirit in His Church, met the evil by what our reigning Pontiff has styled a new and gracious pledge of His charity for mankind. He took the heart that from the Cross lay buried in His

Sacred Humanity, set it before the eyes of men, bade them fix their gaze upon it, and consider the immense love of which it is the organ and symbol. He demanded in return an entire consecration, showing itself in zeal for His interests, in gratitude and reparation. Thus, the love is old, the heart is old, but the manifestation is new, and it has sent through the Church the thrill of a new life in the form of a devotion which has its widest development in the Holy League.

Listen to our reigning Leo XIII, who, if anything, is an intellectual Pope, not much given to pious exaggerations : "We desire with all the ardor of our soul that the devotion to the Sacred Heart may be propagated and diffused over all the earth. Knowing in truth how salutary and profitable it is to souls, we entertain a sweet and firm hope that great graces will be derived without fail from the Sacred Heart to be the efficacious remedy of the evils which afflict the world. Our confidence is further increased, when we reflect that the manifestation of this devotion is a new and gracious pledge of the charity of Jesus Christ, who has wished thereby to call back to Himself the world which has gone astray, that it may make its peace with God and enjoy the plentiful fruits of redemption."

One word before parting. Do not be too hard on the faults of devout people, especially of your own family. All of us here below have our faults. Even the just man falls seven times a day, and before setting yourself to remove the mote from your neighbor's eye, be sure there is not a beam in your own.

So now, my dear Catholic man, no more objections ; but give your name for the Men's League, and show you are in earnest by subscribing to the *Messenger*.





## IRELAND TO THE SACRED HEART.

*Ode in commemoration of the universal consecration,  
Passion Sunday, 1873.*

BY DENNIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

*(May we not venture to express the hope of seeing our own  
Canada at no very distant day consecrated to the Sacred  
Heart by the Hierarchy assembled in national Council.)*

**W**HERE'ER beneath the Saving Rood  
The nation kneels to pray,  
A holy bond of brotherhood  
Unites us all to-day ;  
From north to south, from east to west,  
From circling sea to sea,  
Ierne bares her bleeding breast,  
O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

She bares her breast, which many a wound,  
Which many a blow made sore,  
What time the martyred mother swooned  
Insensate in her gore.  
But, ah, she could not die, no ! no !  
One germ of life had she—  
The love that turned through weal, through woe,  
O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

She gave her sighs, she gave her tears,  
To Thee, O Heart Divine !  
She gave her blood for countless years  
Like water or like wine ;  
And now that in her horoscope  
A happier fate we see,  
She consecrates her future hope,  
O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

She consecrates her glorious past—  
For glorious 'tis, though sad ;  
Bright, though with many a cloud o'ercast ;  
Though gloomy, yet how glad !  
For though the wilds that round her spread,  
How darksome they might be,  
One light alone the desert led,  
O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

She consecrates her dark despair,  
Though brightened from above—  
She consecrates her Patrick's prayer—  
Her Bridget's burning love—  
Her Brendan sailing over seas  
That none had dared but he—  
These, and a thousand such as these,  
O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

And even the present, though it be,  
Alas ! unwisely sage—  
Its icy-cold philosophy,  
Its stained historic page,  
Its worship of brute force and strength  
That leaves no impulse free—  
She hopes to consecrate at length,  
O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

But oh ! forgive what I have said—  
     Forgive, O Heart Divine !  
 'Tis Thou hast suffered, Thou hast bled,  
     And not this land of mine !  
 'Tis Thou hast bled for sins untold  
     That God alone doth see ;  
 The insult done, so manifold,  
     O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

But still Thy feet I dare embrace  
     With mingled hope and fear—  
 For Joseph looks into Thy face,  
     And Mary kneeleth near.  
 Thou canst not that sweet look withstand,  
     Nor that all-powerful plea,  
 And so we consecrate our land,  
     O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

For us, but not for us alone,  
     We consecrate our land ;  
 The Holy Pontiff's plundered throne  
     Doth still our prayers demand ;  
 That soon may end the robber reign,  
     And soon the Cross be free,  
 And Rome, repentant, turn again,  
     O Sacred Heart, to Thee !


One valiant band, O Lord, from us  
     A special prayer should claim—  
 The soldiers of Ignatius,  
     Who bear Thy Holy Name :  
 Still guard them on their glorious track,  
     Still victors let them be  
 In leading the lost nations back,  
     O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

Like some tired bird, whose homeward flight  
    Reseeks its distant nest ;  
Ah, let my song once more alight  
    Upon my country's breast ;  
There let it rest, to roam no more,  
    Awaiting the decree  
That lifts my soul, its wandering o'er,  
    O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

Then break, ye circling seas, in smiles,  
    And sound, ye streams, in song ;  
Ye thousand ocean-girdled isles,  
    The joyous strain prolong—  
In one grand chorus, Lord, we pray,  
    With Heaven and Earth and Sea,  
To consecrate our land to-day,  
    O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

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## SAM ALLEN'S LITTLE JOKE.

 blithe cheery woman was Mrs. Lanigan, albeit that the battle of life was a hard one for her and circumstances were dead against her. Left a widow while still young, with three little children dependent on her for support, her days were spent in hard toil from Monday morning till Saturday night, and this she bore without a murmur, thanking God for the good health that enabled her to work for the children she so fondly loved. The only thing that troubled her was the hard necessity of going out on certain days to work, and so leave her little ones all day long without protection.

It was her custom, on those days, to give the children their breakfast and prepare their little mid-day meal before leaving them in the morning. On her return in

the evening she cooked the frugal supper, which she and her children enjoyed beyond everything, because they were together and could talk over all their family affairs at leisure. Then, when the little deal table was cleared and the tea-things washed and neatly arranged in the corner cupboard, good Mrs. Lanigan took up her sewing or knitting, and with her children nestled close around her gave herself up to the pleasure of listening to their innocent prattle, while they told her over and over the little incidents of the day,—how the task assigned to each had been executed, the plays they had played and the sights they had seen.

The humble abode of the family was in a small court opening on a broad suburban thoroughfare of a large city, where the stream of life ran swiftly past in all its bustle and excitement. So the Lanigan children, from their door-step, or the little window in their kitchen, saw many a thing to interest them in the street beyond their court, during the long hours of their mother's absence.

In those quiet hours of well-earned rest, the mother laid hold, too, of every opportunity of instructing her children in religion and virtue in the measure of her lights—not over brilliant, it is true, but sound and judicious, inspired as they were by simple faith and fervent piety.

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Only one of the children was old enough to go to confession, and had not yet made her first communion. This was Bessie, nine years old, a thoughtful, quiet child, whose chief pleasure it was to assist her beloved mother in any way she could, and to watch over her little brother Peter, seven years old, and Jennie just turned of five.

This last was not so easy a task as might be supposed, especially in regard to Peter, who had already "a will of his own," as his mother used to say, and was somewhat

given to climbing poles and fences, hanging on at the back of passing vehicles and other gymnastic feats, to the constant terror of poor Bessie and in forgetfulness of his mother's oft-repeated injunctions.

Another source of anxious fear to mother and daughter, on Peter's account, was the proximity of a well, situate in the centre of the court, and which supplied the families dwelling therein with water. It is true, there was a substantial parapet surrounding this well, strong enough and high enough to protect those who rested against it while drawing water from below. But who knows not the danger-loving propensity of boys, especially small ones? So it chanced that of all Peter Lanigan's amusements during the enforced absence of his good mother, the foremost was that of mounting the stone parapet of the well and leaning over to catch sight of his own image reflected in the water beneath.

Evening after evening, Bessie had to complain of little Peter's disregard of her advice and reckless indifference to danger. Then the poor mother in her easy, good-natured way took the little culprit to task :

"I declare now, Peter, you'll break my heart if you go on so. Don't you know it's a sin and a shame for you to be disobeyin' your mother this way, and keepin' poor Bessie runnin' after you when she has the work of the house on her hands all day long?"

Peter was ready enough to acknowledge his fault and promise amendment; but alas! after a day or two, he forgot all about it, and raced and ran and climbed on the parapet all the same. What would you have? After all, poor Peter was only Jean Ingelow's seven times one, and was left all the day long to his own resources for amusement. The worst of it was that, not content with running all sorts of risks himself, the sturdy urchin was fond of leading his little sister Jennie into all the pranks and gambols that were his own delight. This was, of

course, when tidy, matronly Bessie was too much engaged to notice their escapades.

It was hard enough for good Mrs. Lanigan to keep up her spirits and brace her energies day by day to take up the burden of her toil and to leave her little ones, so often, to the many perils to which the two younger were exposed, in her absence, from Peter's giddy and reckless nature.

The neighbors were wont to wonder how she could content herself away from her children, all so young, and one so wild and harum-scarum, as they said. Some five or six families dwelt in the same court, all of them working people like Mrs. Lanigan; but, more fortunate than she, the other women having their husbands to earn for them were not obliged to go out to work.

They were a kindly little colony, those dwellers in the court, and, as far as their own avocations permitted, the women were quite willing to look after little Peter and Jennie now and then, when Bessie—a general favorite among them—had to go an errand for her small *ménage* and leave the children to their own devices.

Amongst the families in the court only one was Protestant. Irish Protestants they were too, Allen by name, consisting of the father, mother and four children,—two boys and two girls. These children were not bad, as the world goes; the two elder, a boy and a girl, went to school, and the others spent their time, week in, week out, in the more or less noisy sports of their youthful comrades. The father worked in a foundry and the mother had constant work at home from a large clothing store.

"Why in the world don't you try to get work to do at home, Mrs. Lanigan, so as to be all the time with the children," was Mrs. Allen's frequent question. "I don't know how you can make up your mind to leave them, and they so young. Of course, Bessie is a wise, steady

little thing, but she can't be everywhere at once, and Peter would need some one after him the whole time not to speak of Jennie, the dear little lammie ! "

" True for you, Mrs. Allen," would her neighbor reply ; " but you see it's this way with me : I get three or four days' steady work every week at house-cleanin' and washin', and that's a great thing, you know, for a lone woman like me, for it helps me to pay the rent and to feed and clothe the little ones. So what can I do ? "

" But don't you be thinkin' all day long that somethin' bad might be happenin' at home—some terrible accident, you know? If I was in your place I'd never have an easy hour when I'd be away from the children."

" Well ! I declare to you, Mrs. Allen," said the little woman with an easy smile, " that's not the way with me, at all, at all. I don't fret a bit about the children while I'm gone from them. You see, ma'am, when I go out in the mornin' to my work, I just put the children and even the little place we have under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary, an' I ask Her to be a mother to them till I come back."

" Well ! an' what then ? " asked the other with an amused smile.

" Why, just this," said Mrs. Lanigan simply, " that I have no fear for my fatherless little ones when I'm out earnin' their livin', for I know they're better cared for than if I was with them."

A mocking laugh behind her startled the blithe little widow, and, turning, she beheld Sam Allen, who had entered, unperceived by her.

" What are you laughin' at, Sam Allen ? " she asked a little testily, for her.

" Why, what would I be laughin' at, Mrs. Lanigan, only at your simplicity? How do you think your Virgin Mary, up in heaven, can hear what you say down here in the court, or take care of your children? I always took



you for a sensible woman, but now I begin to doubt it."

"Sensible or no, Sam Allen, that's my belief; and you may laugh as much as you please, you'll not laugh me out of it. So, good-bye, Mrs. Allen dear, an' many thanks for the pattern you gave me for Jennie's hood."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Lanigan," called Sam after her from his door. "Won't you put in a word for us here with your Virgin Mary?"

"Put in a word with her yourself, Sam," replied Mrs. Lanigan, looking back over her shoulder. "My doin' it would be little use when you don't or won't do it yourself."

A few minutes later Mrs. Lanigan and her children were kneeling before a little plaster statue of the Virgin ever Blessed, saying the Rosary, as was their hallowed custom before retiring to rest.

The Allens enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of poor simple widow Lanigan, and after talking the matter over for some time, decided that it was tiresome to hear Papists going on about "their Blessed Virgin," all as one, as if she could hear them or help them.

"They're a queer lot all together," observed Sam, with a yawn, as he arose and began to prepare for bed. "You never know what they'll come out with next when you get talkin' with them. I'd like to make the trial some day of Mrs. Lanigan's belief, as she calls it, in that Virgin Mary of hers. I'll see about it when I have time on my hands for a little fun. Any way, let us get to bed,—we have to be up early."

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The long dreary winter had passed away, and the emerald sheen of the Spring was in its transit towards the more mellow brightness of the summer. One evening, Mrs. Lanigan, coming home tired from work, was met some way down the street adjoining the court where she dwelt by no less a person than her neighbor,

Sam Allen, wearing, as it struck the good woman, a particularly sombre aspect. He was ordinarily a long-visaged sallow individual, but on this occasion he looked doleful in the extreme.

"Why, then, Sam Allen," cried the widow stopping short and fixing her eyes on the man's face; "is there anything wrong with you at home? You look as if all belongin' to you were dead and buried."

"Well! no, Mrs. Lanigan, there's nothin' the matter with *us*,"—laying a strong emphasis on the pronoun,—  
"but—but—"

"But what, man? Out with it, whatever it is!"

"Oh! Mrs. Lanigan! Mrs. Lanigan!"

"Now, Sam," said the resolute little woman, "I want to hear the news. I see by your face that something has happened. What is it, I say again?"

"Oh! indeed, then, it grieves me sorely to tell, but I suppose I must. Poor little Peter—"

"What about Peter, Sam?"

"Why, he fell into the well there a little while ago, an' I'm afeard he's drowned. We haven't got him out yet."

"No, you didn't," Mrs. Lanigan quickly answered, "for the best of reasons, that he wasn't *in* it! Don't tell me, Sam Allen, that *my* child is drowned. If any one is, it isn't him."

By this time the pair had reached the entrance to the court, where beyond all doubt there was a wild commotion and a crowd of excited people. A child had just been taken from the well, and efforts were being made to resuscitate the little body, but evidently in vain. The child was dead. But it was not Peter Lanigan, for his mother found him with Bessie and Jennie on the doorstep of their little home, crying in piteous accents that Christie Allen was drowned in the well.

Yes, it was, indeed, poor Sam's youngest boy, a bright

little fellow of six or seven years old, who had come to so sad an end. Sam's little joke turned out no joke after all ! And Mrs. Lanigan's confidence in the protection of the Mother of God, Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, was triumphantly justified. It is worthy of remark that the Allens, from that sad day forward, laughed no more at widow Lanigan's trust in "her Blessed Virgin."

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## ST. JOSEPH, FRIEND OF THE SACRED HEART.

With many a noble title,  
By the fervent hearts of those  
Who call themselves his clients  
And recount to him their woes,  
Is the great St. Joseph greeted ;  
And from heaven's height he bends  
To listen to the praises  
Of his clients and his friends.

He is called the Foster-Father  
Of the Eternal Son ;  
The Patron of the Dying ;  
The Just, the Holy One ;  
The Model of all Purity ;  
The Guardian of Youth ;  
The Image and the Shadow  
Of the Almighty Truth.

But there's one among his titles  
In which we'd fain take part ;  
And that one we hold the dearest  
Is " Friend of the Sacred Heart."

By the blessed cot of Nazareth,  
And those years of sweet content  
Which in that holy friendship  
By thee were gladly spent,

Obtain for us, thy clients,  
To bear with thee a part,  
And become in thought and action  
Friends of the Sacred Heart !

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## RT. REV. ALEXANDER MACDONELL,

FIRST BISHOP OF KINGSTON.



ON the 17th of July, 1762, was born on the borders of Loch Ness, Inverness, Scotland, Alexander Macdonell, the future bishop of Kingston. Early showing a vocation for the priesthood, he was educated successively at the Scotch colleges of Paris and Vallodolid, at the latter of which he was ordained in February, 1787. While at the Seminary in Paris, he was brought face to face with the revolutionary horrors, having at one time been dragged with his companions to dance around a liberty pole. It was only by affecting lameness that he escaped the ordeal.

Thus did it please God to try his servant and prepare him for that life of self-devotion and zeal which he was called to lead first among his fellow-Highlanders in Scotland, on whom the shadow of the penal laws was still darkly resting, and afterwards amidst the uncultivated wilds of Upper Canada, to-day the rich Province of Ontario. At the close of the last century, when the proprietors of small holdings in the Highlands were ejected to make room for sheep walks, Father Macdonell accompanied

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some seven or eight hundred dispossessed farmers to Glasgow, where he found interest with the manufacturers to give them employment, and in face of the anti-Catholic agitation consequent on the Gordon riots, courageously administered to their religious wants.

The alarm caused by the outbreak of the French revolution was followed by a general summons to arms throughout the British dominions, and volunteers were urgently demanded. Father Macdonell, seeing his men exposed to be drafted into regiments where they would be compelled to follow the Protestant worship, organized, with permission of the Government, a Catholic regiment, the first since the Reformation, which rendered valiant service for many years as the Glengarry Fencibles. On the disbanding of the regiment he obtained in recognition of his merits certain grants of land in Upper Canada, whither he determined to transport his impoverished flock. After overcoming many obstacles, he arrived with his little colony at Glengarry in 1804, where he lived with them for a quarter of a century.

Having secured the holdings of his people by legal tenure, he set about building churches and schools. He found but two churches in the whole Province, and but two priests, one of whom was a Frenchman unacquainted with the English tongue, and yet there was a by no means inconsiderable number of Catholics, chiefly Irish, scattered over the wide expanse of country from the frontiers of the Province of Quebec to Lake Superior. Father Macdonell began at once his missionary labors. His zeal and charity overcame all obstacles. To him it mattered little that there were no bridges over rivers, no pathways through the forest. A bark canoe, a rude waggon, or the saddle, sufficed to speed him on his way, bringing the light of the Gospel into the rudest of encampments, the most remote of wildernesses. Here it was rude men, long strangers to sacramental grace; there it

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was the child who had never been baptized. He followed the lumberman, the voyageur, or the shantyman upon his adventurous course, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated where the name of God had scarcely before been heard. The extent of his labors, his self-abnegation, the privations he endured almost surpass our imagination.

Mgr. Plessis of Quebec was then the only bishop in the British North American possessions. Father Macdonell was one of his vicars general, and finally coadjutor, being appointed Vicar Apostolic for Upper Canada. The difficulties put in the way of this appointment by the English Government were trifling to those attendant upon the foundation of the see of Regiopolis or Kingston, of which Father Macdonell became the first bishop. His history, it has been well said, was the history of his section of the country. His vigorous and active mind saw what was essential for the good of religion and the glory of God, and he allowed no obstacles to stand in his way. Despite the magnitude of such an undertaking in those days, he made more than one visit to England, treating with the Colonial Office concerning the spiritual interests of his diocese. He brought thence with him some co-laborers, notably Father Peter Macdonald, who became his Vicar-general, and assisted him in the foundation of St. Raphael's Seminary. This institution, for the education of priests, was followed by the foundation of the College of Regiopolis, of which the corner-stone was laid on the 11th June, 1838. Within the walls of this institution many a learned and devoted priest received his classical and theological training. Some went forth to adorn the ranks of the secular clergy, others the regular orders, and many more to carry the torch of learning and religion among a prejudiced population. Education was a work which the good bishop had much at heart, and not content with the propagation of secular

learning, he was wont to distribute books treating of piety amongst his people.

In the troubles of 1837, Bishop Macdonell proved himself a valuable aid to the Government in exhorting his flock to loyalty, in warning them against the insidious counsels of agitators. It was not that he ignored the existence of serious grievances, but he argued that time and a resolute constitutional stand must overcome them, while an appeal to arms could only involve all who participated therein in a common ruin.

Meanwhile, the work of religion went on apace. When Mgr. Plessis made his first pastoral visit to Upper Canada, before the appointment of the Bishop of Kingston, there were colonies of Catholics at Glengarry, Sandwich, and at Kingston, where 55 Scotch and 20 Irish families had located. There were St. Peter on the Thames, and Malden on the very outskirts of civilization. As early as 1818, two French ecclesiastics had gone to the Red River, there laying the foundation of the flourishing church of the North-West. Before the death of Bishop Macdonell, churches and schools had sprung up, priests were multiplied, and the corner-stone had been laid of that splendid Cathedral, of which to-day Kingston is so justly proud. To the sturdy Highlanders, who had brought their faith with them as a most precious legacy, to the faithful children of Ireland who preserved their ancient creed in the wilds of Western Canada, Bishop Macdonell was ever the devoted apostle. He had cheered them in the dark days of struggle and hardship and disappointment. He lived to see their prosperity, and to celebrate his own Golden Jubilee at old St. Raphael's. The memory of the noble old Highland bishop who laid the first foundation of the Church in Ontario, and who fought its first battles, hovers over it like a benediction, for "praise becometh the upright."



## THE LEAGUE ABROAD.

### Mexico.

In Mexico, too, the episcopate has turned to the Holy League for aid to effect that change in the ideas and sentiments of the people which must eventually bring about good laws and good government. The part they assign the *Messenger* in this happy transformation may be inferred from the fact of their granting 80 days indulgence to all who subscribe to the *Messenger*, who make it known, or who read any of its articles.

### Australia.

In no country is the Holy League making such rapid strides or accomplishing so much good as in Australia. In fact, though it originated in France, it seems to be specially adapted to the wants and character of English-speaking people, and amongst none does it receive more encouragement. At a meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops of Australia, the programme was arranged for the celebration of the Blessed Margaret Mary's tercentenary, —*general communion* of all the faithful, *first communion* for children, and, finally, the *solemn consecration* of all the children to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

We congratulate our younger sister colony, though as far as the Holy League is concerned we humbly acknowledge her seniority. If we mistake not, the Australian *Messenger* is entering on its fourth year of usefulness.



## Ireland.

To those who read only the newspapers, Ireland's thoughts and energies seem all absorbed in the Home Rule agitation. But there is another movement going on in the land of faith, affecting the interests not so much of time as of eternity, and with currents wider and deeper still. During the past five years, the Holy League has swept like a triumphant wave over the island, with results that bid fair to regain for Ireland the most glorious of her lost titles, that of the Isle of Saints.

The last fibres are being torn up of the spirit of Jansenism which preached the doctrine of fear and instilled an exaggerated reverence estranging the faithful from the love of their Saviour and the reception of His sacraments. Thus it chilled and froze the spiritual life in the veins of a people remarkable for its deep and sturdy faith, and there was disappointment and surprise that a root so vigorous, a trunk so ancient and so sound, should not yield a more exuberant foliage, a richer efflorescence of piety, more abundant fruits of sanctity. But the winter is passed, and the summer with its bright warm sunshine and golden harvests is coming on. According to an English Catholic periodical, Ireland is the only country in the world where you will see the Holy Table frequented, on week days as well as Sundays, by as many men as women. The *practical* Catholic Irishman of forty or fifty years ago, who gloried in his *Sunday* mass and his *Easter* communion, for which the time was lengthened out until July, and who stigmatized as Pharisees and hypocrites those who went at other times, this type of Irishman is fast passing into the stage of fossilhood. If he would see the outcome of his *practical* Catholicity, he should follow his sons throughout the length and breadth of America, and find how many go to the Sacraments or Sunday mass only once, perhaps, in five years, when the band of Missionaries comes around that way, and hardly do that much unless they *chance* (which is not always the case) to have a Catholic wife who herself had been stirred up by a week's mission.

We have another gauge of the movement in the unparalleled increasing circulation of the Irish *Messenger*, which, after four years' existence, counts twenty-eight thousand subscribers. Father Cullen is carrying out *his* plan of campaign on very practical lines. Starting from the principle that there is no home like the Irish home if it gets a fair chance, he has inaugurated a series of crusades against the enemies of the Irish home. The first he directed against the castle of the invader, —intemperance, which he followed up by several others against its attendants and allies,—uncleanliness, untidiness, lack of thrift and self-helpfulness, to which latter cause he attributes the fact that so many mature Irish men and women do not marry. If our promoters on their rounds should enter homes with signs which betray a tippling father and especially a tippling mother, unscrubbed floors, untidy children and furniture, dusty curtains, broken doorbells, dingy wall-paper, etc., let them advise subscription to the Irish *Messenger*, not, however, to the exclusion of the Canadian. It can be obtained at 5 Great Denmark street, Dublin.

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### What they say and do down South.

(Letter from Father Ryan, S.J.)

Loyola College, Baltimore, 1st Feb.

DEAR FATHER,

*Mille mercis* for *Messenger*, *mille pardons* (you see I have not forgotten my French) for not saying so sooner. 'Tis——. I hereby subscribe for a year. Have it sent to me regularly. The League here is doing well, about 5,000 in all. We have 1,700 men who have a meeting to themselves every third Friday, and a men's Communion every third Sunday of the month. It takes all my time.

Yours in C.J.

F. RYAN, S.J.

**AT HOME.****LEAGUE CELEBRATIONS.****Gesu, Montreal.****CONFERRING THE PROMOTERS' CROSS AND DIPLOMA.**

(From the *Montreal Star*, Jan. 14.)

The organ poured forth its sweet melody of Christmas symphonies, as two hundred promoters and countless associates of the League of the Sacred Heart gathered Sunday night in the Gesu. It was to be the celebration of their anniversary feast, the decoration of the new promoters with the gold cross, and blessing of badges for the associates. At eight o'clock every seat was filled, and Father Connolly, S. J., director of the League, ascended the pulpit to tell the vast audience how Jesus loved the children of men with a human heart; how, from the moment of His Incarnation, on through all the varied scenes of His wonderful life till His last breath on the cross, that sacred heart throbbed with love for mankind. After death His side was opened with a lance that He might draw all hearts to His heart. Nor, notwithstanding the ingratitude of men, was his love unrequited. For, from the cross of Calvary the preacher, as he looked down through the generations, saw myriads of red-clad martyrs who gloried in laying down their lives for Jesus; he saw groups of white-robed virgins who followed the Lamb wherever He went, and sang the privileged canticle, a multitude of confessors practising the sublimest Christian virtue in every walk of life, an endless hierarchy of popes and bishops and priests carrying on His work in labor and toil and sweat. After the great schism of the sixteenth century, the sacred flame began to grow cold among the children of the Church, even the more

faithful, on account of the errors and spirit of Jansenism. The angel of darkness transformed himself into an angel of light, and, under the garb of an exaggerated reverence for God and holy things, estranged men from their Saviour, rendered them timid and fearful in approaching His temple, His altar and His sacraments. But the Divine Lover would not allow Himself to be vanquished. He opened His bosom and laid bare His wounded heart, and invited all to fix their eyes on that furnace of love, and form with Him a compact of everlasting friendship. "Such is the devotion of the Sacred Heart." It is chiefly practised and spread by means of the League of the Sacred Heart, an organization the main feature of which is a body of lay promoters, who, moving in their own sphere, by their influence, good example and zeal, draw others to the practice of the devotion. They are the recognized and accredited assistants of the priesthood carrying on the work of the Church. This is the meaning of the diploma and cross which are accompanied with special blessings and privileges. After the sermon Vicar General Marechal, administrator of the diocese, assisted by the Rev. Father Drummond, proceeded to bless the badges and confer the crosses on the new promoters who had merited this distinction. Some thirty gentlemen and ladies were decorated. This imposing ceremony was concluded by one of those solemn benedictions which have won for the Gesu a reputation more than continental. The orchestra and soloists under Professor Clerk acquitted themselves in their usual creditable manner, and all returned home pleased with the celebration.

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The Montreal English Centre counts over three thousand associates in two hundred and thirty Rosary bands, under one hundred and fifty promoters, representing the most influential classes of the city, not, however, to the

exclusion of the poorest. It has nine hundred *Messengers* in monthly circulation.

The men's Sacred Heart Union counts two hundred members under fifty promoters, mostly of the professional and higher business walks. They pledge themselves to the Monthly Communion of Reparation, subscribe to the *Messenger*, and have a meeting on the first Friday evening of each month.

At their meetings, according to the spirit of the Holy League, they aim rather at benevolence than self-improvement, choosing as subjects of their lectures and papers topics of interest to Catholics of our times. Papal Infallibility, the Temporal Power, American Free Masonry, Capital Punishment, Catholic Education have been treated. Besides diffusing truth they use their example and influence to help on Catholic observance in social life, by temperance, Friday abstinence, etc. They walk in a body with the badge of the Sacred Heart pinned on at the Corpus Christi procession, to the edification of the city.

A body of lady and gentlemen promoters like the Sacred Heart Union will of necessity seek outlets for its zeal and activity. In the Gesu Church, Montreal, it has established a free circulating Catholic library, from which five hundred volumes on average are taken out every month. The ladies have also organized a benevolent sewing society, which collects and refits cast-off clothes and distributes them among the poor in winter time.



### St. Gabriel's, Montreal.

On Sunday, January 25th, took place the Holy League celebration at St. Gabriel's Parish. First, an exhortation was given to the promoters, who formed quite a representative body assembled in the Vestry. The rev. local

director, the officers, and promoters under them were congratulated on the flourishing state of the Holy League in the parish, and exhorted to extend the work more and more. At the evening service a crowded church listened to a sermon on the Devotion to the Sacred Heart, at the close of which all were exhorted to join the Holy League and embrace its practices, since they were intended for all who desired to be good Catholics. Then took place the imposing ceremony of the decoration of new promoters with the gold cross and the blessing of the badges. Father O'Meara, the pastor and local director, presided at the blessing, assisted by the rev. central director, who distributed the diplomas and crosses. Ten new promoters who had given proof of their zeal and constancy were decorated with the indulgenced cross. At the solemn benediction which followed, the officiating priest being assisted by deacon and sub-deacon, the act of consecration to the Sacred Heart was read before the exposed Host surrounded by a blaze of lights. The music for the ceremony was furnished by a full choir. The St. Gabriel's League number five hundred associates under thirty promoters, who distribute every month about one hundred *Messengers* and thirty sets of rosary leaflets.

A PROMOTER.

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### Ingersoll, Ont.

Convent of St. Joseph.

DEAR REV. FATHER,—I am happy to tell you that the children of our school are much interested in the Holy League. They go to Holy Communion every first Sunday, wearing their little badge. We have noticed with pleasure that since they have become children of the Sacred Heart there is a marked change in their behavior. All strive now to conquer self, and their highest ambition is who will

be the most meek and amiable in order to resemble the Sweet Heart of Jesus.

The promoters are very zealous in furthering the interests of the Holy League among their relatives and near friends. Their field of labor, to be sure, is very limited, but they look forward with pleasure to the day when it will be more extended.

Begging prayers for the success of the Holy League among us, I remain very respectfully,

SR. M. S.

### What they say at Home.

Ont., ———

DEAR FATHER,

It will be so nice to have our own Canadian *Messengers*. We will take fifty. I am afraid we will be getting vain, having our own Canadian *Messengers* and Rosary sets.

Yours sincerely,  
*Secretary of the Holy League.*

### New Aggregations.

Since our last issue, diplomas of aggregation have been granted to the following new centres :—

Convent of the Sacred Heart, London, Ont.

St. Joseph's, London, Ont.

"De La Salle" Institute, Hamilton, Ont.

The Congregation, Our Lady of the Lake, Kingston.

Loretto Academy, Wellesley Place, Toronto, Ont.

## From Various Centres.

*Amherstburg.*—The League was established here the week before Christmas. It is working admirably so far, and the people are quite enthusiastic.

*Montreal.*—Would you please announce in the *Messenger* the following favors obtained through petitions to the Sacred Heart : My brother who was out of employment since last Fall has obtained a nice situation. A lady who was in bad health has quite recovered, and her husband who came nigh losing fourteen hundred dollars has been spared the loss. I feel happy to be able to acknowledge these favors in our dear little *Messenger* which the members of the League appreciate so highly.

*London, Ont.*—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart through the *Messenger* for the gain of a hopeless lawsuit by a family of which all the members belong to the Holy League.

*Goderich.*—Thanks are offered to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a young man who had been years away from his duty, and of whom all his friends had despaired;

*Montreal.*—In a difficulty I promised the Sacred Heart that I would acknowledge the favor through the *Messenger*. The very next day the favor was obtained.

*Montreal, Jan. 11.*—(The following, alas, is but one of a score of similar letters that reach our intention box or office every month.) "Your prayers and those of the League are earnestly requested for the conversion of one greatly addicted to the vice of intemperance. By offering your prayers and those of the Holy League to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus for his amendment, you will give great consolation to a most unhappy wife."



**PROMOTERS' PAGE.**

It has been remarked that promoters who have been punctual at meetings and zealous in paying the monthly visit to associates have been first in with subscriptions, and have experienced no difficulty in obtaining them. Associates, excepting a few of the ungrateful, are found prompt and willing to give when they have been well attended to throughout the year. If they are slow, or refuse altogether to renew their subscriptions, in most cases it is because they have been left weeks and perhaps months without Rosary tickets or *Messengers*.

2. Now is the time for promoters to examine their conscience on the manner in which they have attended to the interests of the Sacred Heart for the year 1890, especially that portion of them confided to their zeal, and which they undertook to provide for. They have a great deal to be thankful for. Their humble efforts have been rewarded with such results ! But, if we all had been more exact in the observance of the rules of our office and charge, and the instructions given for their perfect fulfilment, what a harvest, if not of souls, at least of deeds, would have been gathered into the Lord's barn-floor ! Let us begin to be as we should like to have been.

3. It may not be out of place at this season of the year to recall a piece of strong advice lately given by the Director General of the League, to certain Spanish Local Directors who had allowed their centres to fall into a decline : " If on examination they found themselves unable to fulfil their duties, they would render a great service to the Sacred Heart of Jesus by asking to be relieved and replaced." We consider this piece of sound advice is particularly applicable to the Officers and Councillors of the several local branches, on whom more than on Local Directors it depends to keep the centre in a flourishing condition. It is bad enough to neglect the interests of the Sacred Heart without becoming a block in the way of their progress, by excluding from posts of influence those who would advance them with zeal and energy.



## EASTERTIDE.

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**L**IFE ! How all nature craves for it ! What a fierce struggle for existence is going on about us ! Mother earth, after shrouding herself in her mantle of snow and ice, is flinging it off with exuberant life revived in her teeming bosom by the sweet kisses of the dazzling sun, more dazzling than ever as it flashes from the melting crystals of dying winter. Soon the first leaves will be sprouting, and the flowers budding, and the insects humming, and the birds chirping, and every living thing that grows, or creeps, or walks, or flies will be tingling with life renewed, and stretching itself out unto life as complete as it can compass.

Of all beings that live and die, none is so fond of life as man. Even when, mummified by age, or stupefied by disease, he merely vegetates, yet does he cling to his shred of life and grapple with the grim destroyer, as if there were something more than bare existence at stake. Should reason be dethroned by excess of mental anguish, the animal within us will often take a new lease of life,

a fresh respite from death ; the body will fatten and batten at the expense of the mind, thus asserting in its own gross way its desperate love of life. How much more beautifully is this strange tenacious love exemplified in the survival of mind over matter ! Look at that poor shrivelled frame. It can hardly crawl. Speech has become a whisper. Ninety winters have frozen the very blood in the once throbbing veins. But mark the eye, bright with an unearthly brightness whenever a chord is struck that speaks to the intellect. Though the voice may be but as the zephyr's echo, the words which the still active brain distinctly formulates are words of wisdom deep as the experience of a century. What is left of the great man, the leader of his fellows, energizes in the undying splendor of his intellect, and exhibits the highest kind of natural life exulting in the very jaws of death. And well may it triumph, for the mind will never die. Blessed is that mind if it is clothed with the still higher, because supernatural, life of grace. Without this supernatural gift, intellect will but feel all the more keenly the agony of eternal loss. With it the weakest mind overtops immensely the strongest grace-bereft intelligence.

Yon old woman, crippled with pain, clouded in mind, but loving God's Holy Will, cleaving with her whole pure heart to the behests of the Heart whose love surpasses the love of mother, father and earthly lover, has a firmer grasp on life, true unending life, than the proud genius whom all the vain world belauds in acknowledg-

ment of the fine systems he has spun from the dark recesses of his godless brain. She longs to be dissolved and be with Christ. Aye ; there's the rub ; there must be dissolution : the inchoate death of pain, or the utter severance of body and soul for a time. Only for a time. Courage, Christian soul ! You must die to sin, to sinful pleasure, if you would live the life of grace. You must one day die outright, shuffle off this mortal coil ; but then, if you have lived aright, if life vegetative, life sensitive, life intellectual, if these three lives we all live perforce have been willingly subordinated to the life of grace, oh ! then will begin for your purified soul the rapturous life of glory.

This is what reason and faith tell us with the organ-voice of Holy Church at this blessed Eastertide. The King of angels and of men came to give us life, and life more abundantly. Nay, He spoke of Himself as the Way, the Truth and the Life ; the Way that leads to Life, the Truth that lights up that Way, and the Life Substantial, Life in all His fulness, Who is to pour into the faithful heart of the Christian those torrents of delightful life that ever flow from the throne of the Lamb. Now, He was emphatically the Man of Sorrows, the central truth He taught was the necessity and priceless value of suffering. If He rises in glory on Easter morning, it is because He has borne His cross, despising the shame and the pangs thereof for the sake of the everlasting joy to come. So, too, if we want to be co-heirs of glory with Him, we must suffer ; we must, like the Apostle, die every day to

our evil inclinations ; we must bear our cross unto the bitter end. That is the price we have to pay for life everlasting. If in a miserly, mistrusting spirit we refuse that price, we shall have no part with Him.

“I am the Resurrection and the Life,” Jesus said to Martha when His Sacred Heart was moved to tears for the death of her brother. And only when the sisters and the Master had mourned together did He exert his divine might and call Lazarus from the stench and the cerements of the grave. Resurrection and life, what a joyous hope for the suffering soul ! Brother, sister, father, mother, all ye who are burdened with grief, taste the sweetness of Eastertide. You will one day be glad for evermore : for you have endured pain in union with the Heart of Jesus. Each Easter is for you a trumpet-call to fresh courage in the battle of life. How, in this happy season, the angels of God rejoice over converted sinners ! Their conversion was painful, else theirs were no true contrition, no bruising of the heart ; there was a ripping up of old wounds, but there followed fast the peace and joy of a spiritual resurrection. Once more their souls are alive and well. Once more they begin an earnest joyous, struggle for eternal life. God grant they may realize that as “the wages of sin is death,” so most truly the wages of death—daily death to the world, the flesh, and the devil—is life.



## GENERAL INTENTION FOR APRIL, 1891.

LEARNED CATHOLIC MEN.

**W**HAT Catholic faith may shine steady and bright amidst the errors of the world, it is of vital importance that there be learned Catholic men—men who, to wide, varied and solid learning, join unswerving fidelity to Catholic principle. It is the few holding the supremacy of mind and intellect who impress their ideas and views on the multitude, just as among the angels the higher orders transmit illumination to the lower. Where there are no lofty minds, the people are handed over to false and fickle guides, and become a prey to the impostors of the hour.

One of the separations which this age of divorces has been working hard to bring about is that between learning and religion, science and faith, the Church and intellectual progress. The enemies of the Church strove to cast her down from her throne as teacher of the nations, and snatch from her brow the crown she had won by gathering, preserving and spreading among the barbarous races that entered her fold the treasures of ancient art and learning. They took advantage of the false systems of

religion based by the Reformers on private judgment, of distorted facts like the imprisonment of Galileo, and latterly of the new-fangled theories of evolutionists and agnostics, to misrepresent her and blacken her before the world as the enemy of intellectual progress, the enslaver of minds and the foster-mother of ignorance.

Knowing that her strength lay in mental philosophy, which is the science of truth, and her most powerful weapon in logic, which is the sword of truth, they conspired to cast discredit on them, to belittle them, to hold them up to ridicule and contempt. For philosophy they have endeavored to substitute experimental science limited to the study of matter and nature, to the sphere and methods of which they would confine all scientific knowledge and research. Because the Church, forsooth, will not give herself up to the study of fossils, to the application of steam and electricity in locomotives, telegraphs, air-ships and telephones, to the discovery of lymphs for the destruction of microbes and bacilli, she is estranged from modern science and an enemy to progress. Likewise, instead of logic they have substituted mathematics, which drill and sharpen the faculties of the mind without directing their tendency to truth, or supplying them with the principles on which all truths rest; like the bar and trapeze of the gymnasium, which serve to exercise the limbs and render them agile, but supply no food to the muscular tissues. They dread truth, especially that of the highest order, and the methods which lead to its discovery, because their works are evil and cannot stand the light. In its full blaze their systems of religion and of philosophy and social science would melt and flounder like icebergs in the sunny southern seas.

Combined with false science against the work of the Church is the greed for money, which exaggerates the benefits and importance of a commercial education. It

will insist on developing the business aptitudes of youth to the neglect of higher talents and the stifling of nobler aims and aspirations. It will send them out at a tender age, before principles of truth and faith have been able as yet to take root in the mind, or habits of virtue in the heart and character, to meet the errors and corruption of the world, and to fall under the influence of its maxims, bad examples and prejudices.

Even the children of the Church, in her colleges, in her universities and schools of philosophy, were becoming entangled in the new theories and methods, after drifting from the channels that had borne to them the truest kind of learning. They were thus beginning to play into the hands of their enemies and unfit themselves for their work of opposing error and defending supernatural truth, when Leo XIII ascended the Chair of Peter, and set himself to the task of his Pontificate,—the restoration of Catholic philosophy. He has succeeded in spreading throughout the Church the teaching of true science, solid in its principles, sure in its method, and conformed to the doctrines of faith.

In this he but followed the footsteps of his predecessors ; for at all times the Roman Pontiffs have been the patrons of true learning. How could it be otherwise, since they were appointed the light of the world, the pillar and ground of truth ? Can truth come into conflict with truth ? Do not all orders of truth emanate from the same source—the Word in whom all things were created, who was made flesh, who sent the apostles to teach the world ? Light cannot hide light, ray cannot darken ray or dim its lustre. On the contrary, each illumines the rest, and all blend together in one glorious sunbeam. Only men of shallow minds and superficial knowledge, who do not go to the depths and last causes of things, imagine they see contradictions between the truths of faith and the facts of science.



The Church cherishes human learning because it is necessary for the fuller knowledge of the truths of faith. The supernatural is grounded on the natural; and the foundation on which faith immediately rests, the faculty in which it is received, is the intellect. The broader, keener and loftier the intellect, the greater shall be its grasp of supernatural truth, the greater also its influence on the religious life and character. St. Teresa used to pray ardently for the thorough conversion to God of university professors. It would cost them so little, she used to say, to become great saints. Nothing can be a better preparation for a spiritual life than an intellectual life, not only on account of the empire wielded by the latter over flesh and blood and animal passions, but also because in the intellect, nature and grace, the natural and the supernatural, blend together, if there be no wall of pride to separate them. Thus the Church demands a long course of training from the candidates for her priesthood, that the reign of intellect and virtue may be solidly established before the Levites are entrusted with her sacred ministrations.

Again, the Church encourages learning and demands it of her children, because it is necessary for her defence against the attacks of her foes. Their own arms must be turned against them, and to do this she needs men familiar with every branch of knowledge. This is especially true of our epoch, when war is waged against her, not so much in the field of scriptural controversy and supernatural truth as of philosophy and science, when she has to uphold the beginnings of faith and those natural truths which lie at the foundation of all rectitude.

In return for the help she derives from his learning, she will bestow upon the learned Catholic man two priceless gifts,—first, a surpassing knowledge of her divine truths and mysteries, like that which made the Doctor of

the Gentiles exclaim in ecstasy: "O the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God." This is the highest order of knowledge crowning all earthly wisdom, and the beginning even in a mortal life of the beatific vision of the blessed.

The second is an infallible rule by which he may protect himself against dangerous error in every department of learning and science; for, whatever is at variance with the teaching of the Church must be also in contradiction with the light of reason.

What, therefore, God hath joined together let no man put asunder—science and faith, learning and religion. During this month let us pray the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the lustre of all light, to raise up a few of those providential men, who, by the authority of their genius and learning, matched only by their simplicity of faith, will bring back human science to the channels that lead to justice and truth.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular for Catholic men of learning, that, giving their knowledge in service to the Church, they may strive to lead the victims of deception, ignorance and error back to the truth. AMEN.

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## THE MEN'S LEAGUE.

### IS IT A TEMPERANCE LEAGUE?

“I frankly avow, Father, that my objections have been removed against a devotion and work so in keeping with the mind of the Church, confirmed by so many Papal acts, and blessed by so many indulgences. I desire with all my heart to avail myself of its advantages, and were it not for that temperance clause, I would readily give in my name. I can see no special reason for associating devotion to the Sacred Heart with the profession of temperance. There are vices that work deeper ravages in the heart and on a far wider scale than indulgence in strong drink. Is it not a kind of hypocrisy and real cowardice to set the weaker passion in the forefront and hide from view the real enemy more violent in his assaults, more deadly in his aims and unrelenting in his tyranny over his unhappy victims?”

Dear friend of the Sacred Heart, I cannot restrain the pleasure I feel in finding that we are sailing in the same boat. There is, indeed, no particular connection between the practice of devotion to the Sacred Heart and the profession of temperance, so far as it concerns abstinence from strong drink. It is possible and advisable for a man to join the Sacred Heart League, even though he should be unwilling to make any special profession of temperance. He will find in the practice of prayer and frequent reception of the Sacraments which the League

inculcates a safeguard and remedy, not against one only, but against all the vices to which our fallen flesh is heir. Take, for instance, the monthly Communion of Reparation with the confession preceding it, which is the Third Degree, or at least the Communion five times a year, which is an approach to the Third Degree. Does it not contain first the noblest of pledges, instituted not by Father Matthew or any other mere man but by Jesus Christ himself? Is it not, secondly, a universal pledge not against one sin or vice, but all sins? Is it not, thirdly, a sacramental pledge, that opens in the heart a fountain of grace and divine strength, lifting man to a higher spiritual level and enabling him to maintain himself there? On this pledge, or supernatural resolution, taken in every good confession, he sets the seal of another—the divine pledge of his Saviour's love in his Body and Blood, containing a fresh and unspeakable infusion of supernatural and enduring power, with the promise of everlasting life and a glorious resurrection. What more can any man desirous of saving his soul hope for? After all, it is not pledges and good resolutions that we need—it has been said that hell is paved with them—but strength of will and purpose to *keep* our resolutions. However, more of this on a future occasion.

To come to the second point on which we agree, that excessive indulgence in drink is not the most degrading of vices, nor the most hateful in the sight of God, nor the most disastrous in its consequences—present and future. I think it is Aquinas who holds that the kinds of sin which are most offensive to the eyes of men are least so to the eyes of God, and *vice versa*. Take, for instance, those which go by the name of respectable sins, certain forms of intellectual pride, rationalism, agnosticism, contempt of authority in matters of belief, no class of sin gives more dishonor to God or is visited by more dread-

ful chastisements. The world, however,—such is its hypocrisy, contemplating only the outside of the dish—may pay them a kind of homage like that it gives to the fashions. The loss of faith, we have said, is the most terrible of all the effects of divine vengeance ; rarely do we find mere drunkenness punished with it, whereas it is the natural consequence of other vices.

Nevertheless, Christian man, do not take it, I beseech you, that I wish to palliate the awful sin of intemperance or hide from view its chastisement—for “drunkards shall not possess the kingdom of God,”—or minimize its woe-ful consequences in the heart of the drunkard, if he has got one, in his home, if it is not already broken up, and in the community in which he lives, if it continues to tolerate him. On the contrary, so great and manifold is the evil and such is its nature, that I stoutly maintain, where a men's branch of the Holy League is organized in a centre where this vice lifts its hideous head, it would only be beating the air, unless it unfurled the banner of temperance and added to the ordinary practices a special declaration of war against intemperance.

It is a maxim of heavenly wisdom, handed down by the saints, particularly by St. Ignatius, that we must aim our first blow in the spiritual combat against the fault in our conduct which is most offensive to our neighbor's eye and the cause of scandal or disedification. So heavy is the obligation weighing on the Catholic man, especially if he be head of a family, of giving good example, of letting his light shine before men, and not proving a stumbling block in their path, that his religion and piety, unless it had a special regard for this first duty of charity, would be a mere illusion. Such faults also appearing on the external surface of his life are more tangible and easy of attack. Their hideousness strikes the senses and imagination, excites horror, fixes the

attention, and arouses a holy indignation in the will of the delinquent as well as in the bosom of his family. Victory over these faults is not only easier, but it strengthens the soul and disposes it to carry the war into the stronghold of the interior vices and passions. The vices as well as the virtues are leagued together ; the exterior opening a way to the interior, and giving them their food. Strike one and you strike all ; subdue the exterior passions and you cut off the base of supplies from the interior.

Now, what is true of the single-handed, spiritual combat of each one is more widely applicable to an Association like the Holy League, directing its united efforts to the spiritual welfare of its members and neighbors. If it is established in the bosom of a community ravaged by intemperance, being a League of the friends of Jesus, that takes His interests to heart, and sets the good things of eternity above the transient advantages of time, it will unite against the enemy that attacks it in front, rally to the war-cry of temperance, and desist not till it has overcome. What cannot even a small body of earnest men effect in a town or parish, when united in a holy cause and supplied from a source of supernatural strength ? Their zeal will be inflamed by the havoc this fatal vice works in souls, depriving them of grace, and opening a door to every sort of sin and wickedness, leading infallibly to eternal destruction. Their pity will be moved at the sight of the unhappy wives, the desolate homes, the neglected and scandalized children. If their lot is cast in a mixed community amongst sectarians whom they esteem and respect for their natural virtues, and whom they desire to lead back to the true fold, they are filled with indignation at the obstacles thrown in their way by their unworthy brethren, and they exclaim with the Apostle, "The name of God is blasphemed among the

nations through you, brethren." Well they know and feel that the brightest and clearest note of the true Church, whereby she excites attention and draws souls to her bosom, is holiness, and by every outward degrading sin its beauty is dimmed, by every unworthy member addicted to vice, it is hid as though behind a cloud.

The associates of the Holy League will therefore pray and do more. They will unite word and action, example and association with prayer. They will brave human respect, scorn criticism and ridicule, bearing in mind that virtue, like truth, gives out a double ray : one, lighting on the wicked, engenders hate ; the other, falling on the good, begets love. Gaining strength from the good results which, with God's blessing, will crown their first endeavors, and encouraged by the approbation of the wise and the good, they will add to their numbers and extend the sphere of their influence, until vice will soon yield or at least hide its head. According, too, as the obstacles are removed, the devotion and symbol of the Sacred Heart, under which they rallied, and from which they drew their strength and earnestness, will spread among men, and they will find verified in it what Holy Writ says of Eternal Wisdom, of which it is the fountain head : " All good things came to me together with her."

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## THE VIRGIN'S PRAYER.

Within the humble cot of Nazareth  
The Blessed Mary knelt in earnest prayer ;  
Her very soul seemed trembling on her lips,  
Her eyes all radiant with supernal light ;  
The pearly pink that mantled o'er her cheek  
Had deepened to a glowing, crimson flame,  
As though the ardor of her burning prayer,  
Too great to be confined within the soul,  
Burst forth, a beacon to the sin-stained world.  
Before her lay the mighty Prophet's word,  
A message sung by the inspired lips,  
A message from the mighty Maker, who,  
In pity, promised to the guilty race  
A Saviour ; and, as Mary read the words  
Of deepest mystery, she saw : " Behold !  
A virgin shall conceive and shall bring forth  
A Son, who shall be called by heaven and earth  
The Holy One, the Son of the Most High."  
And, bowing o'er the book her virgin brow,  
She kissed the sacred page, and, with clasped hands  
And eyes to heaven raised, she poured in love  
And ecstasy her aspirations to the throne of God :  
" Oh ! Thou ! the Maker of this guilty world,  
Who hast been pleased to promise to mankind  
A Saviour, born e'en in our human state,  
I give Thee thanks for this, Thy clemency.  
I thank Thee in that Thou dost will  
A woman to take part with God Himself



In thus repairing woman's fatal sin.  
Oh, blessed woman, who in thy pure eyes  
Hath favor found. Oh ! all unworthy I,  
And lowliest of Thy creatures though I be,  
Yet grant to me to see that woman blest,  
To be her humble handmaid ! This one boon  
I crave, and with it will my inmost soul  
Be inundated all with deep delight."  
And, as she prayed, the heavens opened wide  
And budded forth the Saviour long foretold ;  
And she, who, in her sweet humility,  
Had begged to be but servant to the one,  
The peerless Virgin Mother of the Lord,  
Was hailed herself God's Virgin Mother blest.

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## NEW AGGREGATIONS.

Society of the Children of Mary, Kingston, Ont.  
Curran, Ont.  
Fort Erie, Niagara, attended by the Carmelite Fathers.



## A VISIT TO OUR HOLY FATHER LEO XIII.

**I**O have wished all your life to see Rome, to have read, thought and dreamed of it, and at last to awake on a beautiful morning, with the bright sun of Italy pouring into your window, and say : " To-day I shall kneel in St. Peter's," is a joy that can scarcely be equalled and cannot be surpassed. Yet, marvellous though the temples of Rome are, wonderful its art treasures, and sacred its relics to the Catholic heart, the Vatican is the centre and soul of it all. Without the Holy Father, Rome would no longer be Rome.

We had been several days in the Sacred City,—each one filled to overflowing with delight of rare sights and rarer emotions,—when the supreme moment came. We learned that the greatest of favors awaited us. We were invited to assist at the Mass of His Holiness, in his private chapel, and receive Holy Communion from his hands !

It was on a Sunday morning, late in November. The clear air had a touch of frost in it, very like a September day in our own country. What a drive that was to the Vatican ! Through the narrow streets, over the old stone pavements, which kings and conquerors, saints and martyrs have trod, across the Tiber, by the bridge of St. Angelo, passing under the shadow of the Great Castle, till at last the Piazza of St. Peter's came upon our view, and a few moments after we were mounting the royal stair-

way of the Palace of the Pope. Not the purity of the gleaming marble that we trod upon, nor the lofty corridors we passed through, nor the soldiers of our King, the Swiss guards in their yellow and black uniforms, who met us at every step ; no, none of all these took up our attention at this moment. There was room for only one thought. Beneath this roof dwelt the Representative of Christ, the successor of St. Peter ; here was the rock upon which the Church was built.

In the Chapel, there were about twelve other favored ones like ourselves, already kneeling ; when the number was completed there were about twenty. The deep silence that reigned seemed to hold a throb of expectancy. The tapers were lit. We heard a solemn murmur of prayer, and in the archway before the little altar behold ! We saw Leo XIII. Feeble and slightly bent with age he seemed as he entered, but he stood tall and erect when he turned, with hand uplifted, to give the *Asperges*. Shall I ever forget that sight ? A man etherialized ! his clothing, his hair, his childlike skin, all white of beautiful whiteness. One could easily imagine a halo round his venerable head. Involuntarily, we bowed our heads before him. "He is a king," I thought, "he is a saint," and tears of loyalty and love blinded my eyes as I followed him through the Holy Sacrifice. Never before, it seemed to me, had I heard Mass said as on that morning, slowly—slowly—with deepest devotion. every word seemed to dwell upon his lips before being uttered. It was the Vicar of Christ offering Christ to His Father, and then, as we approached His feet, bestowing Christ upon His little ones. Oh priceless gift that angels envy !

A mass of thanksgiving followed, at which our Holy Father assisted, and shortly after came the moment of our audience.

The Sovereign Pontiff was seated at the foot of the

altar in a low divan, the draperies of the archway, which separated him from the apartment in which we stood, were half drawn, and each little party, in twos and threes, were invited in their turn to enter. A marquis, blazing with decorations, accompanied by his wife was the first. We did not hear what was said ; but we could see the benignant, the gentle, the tender reception with which they were greeted. Then came an humble nun and her seemingly more humble attendant ; but the world's ranks have no meaning here ; even more kindly did he bend toward them, more earnestly seem to converse. At last our own turn came, we were three who were kneeling at his feet ! What words can I use to tell of his paternal kindness,—or how all thought of his great age vanished as we looked into his clear eyes, deep, holy eyes,—and heard the interest which he took in every detail concerning us. We were introduced as Canadians ; but on learning that English was our tongue, a shade of regret seemed to pass over his face as he said : “ *Oh je ne parle pas anglais.*” Finding that French was not unfamiliar to us, he at once expressed his affection for our native land, mentioning our principal cities and different subjects connected with them. He whose kingdom takes in every nation of the Earth, whose subjects are in every city, town and village of the Universe ! I think that it was at this moment I first fully understood the meaning of “the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff” for which we are so often asked to pray. His intentions are our own, his prayers are all for us. Afterwards he addressed us upon more personal things, his hand resting in affectionate benediction on one or another's head all the time. As he blessed us again, we felt that we fain would have brought all those whom we loved or honored within the circle of that holy benison. We mentioned our home, and once again his hand was raised as he said

*"Pour votre mère, vos frères et toute votre famille."*

Need I say that it was with reverence—oh what reverence, and affection, and loyalty!—we bowed down to kiss his hands and feet. Our souls swearing allegiance and glowing with enthusiasm for the Holy See. Yes, Rome is the centre of the world, and the Vatican is Rome to the Catholic heart!

That blessed day shall never be forgotten. It was to be our last day in the Eternal City; so to the Pincian Hill, in the afternoon, we wandered to take our last farewell. Oh Fountain of Trevi, how deep would I drink of thy limpid water, if only I could believe that thou hadst the power to bear my footsteps back to this sainted spot! But thy charm fades before that which lies beneath my eyes; here is the magnet. A chain of dim purple mountains encircles the picture; the World's Cathedral, where human art has outdone itself to make a worthy habitation for the King of Kings, God's most beautiful Temple pencilled against God's most beautiful skies. The turrets of dim and dusky churches, where untold treasures of beauty lie hid. The soft blue air—the same air which has wafted the last sighs of martyrs to Heaven—the same air which has first syllabled the great dogmas of our Faith. Oh Holy Rome, good-bye. The sun has thrown a glory now about thee, and so would I remember thee. Soon thy golden garments shall slip from thy shoulders into the grey shadows of night; but whether thy fate shall long lie in wearing the penitential purple, or whether thou shalt soon again behold the glory of the Easter morn, thy children shall always turn to thee with deepest devotion.

We from our Northern home shall claim thee ever as the native land of our souls.

Beloved Rome, good-bye.

BELLELLE GUERIN.



## THAT PICTURE OF THE SACRED HEART.

ANNA T. SADLER.

### I.

**A**N early Spring had come to Canada. It had touched the buds into life; it had clothed the trees with a delicate green. Cattle were lowing, sheep bleating, the air was full of faint fragrance, as in anticipation of those many odorous plants which should later fill the gardens and the woodlands with their profusion.

Mary Leonard sat upon the porch of her father's little stone house. Tangled creepers of honeysuckle fell about her. A lilac-bush beside the door was sending her its grateful sweetness. A bird or two sang in a neighboring tree. Mary was absorbed in a letter, four pages of closely written school-girl news from a convent friend. On the last page a few lines caught her attention particularly:—  
“We are all busy here about the League of the Sacred Heart. I am a promoter and have got a cross. Lots of our old convent friends are in it. But, perhaps, you do not know what all this means.”

A brief explanation followed, and Mary mechanically took up an inclosed printed card, "The Promises of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary." Mechanically, too, she began to read. Her thoughts were busy with that madcap, Lucy Nearn, the wildest girl in the class, transformed now into a promoter of the Sacred Heart. One promise particularly appealed to Mary :

"I will bless the houses wherein an Image of my Heart shall be exposed and honored."

Acting on a sudden impulse, Mary went up to her room and took from a drawer a colored print. It was of no particular value. It had been given as a reward of merit in the young girl's convent days. It was an Image of the Sacred Heart. She brought it downstairs, and with some hesitation hung it up in the sitting-room, just above a rude little shelf. She did not know what her father might say, and she stood considerably in awe of him and his opinions.

She passed out into the garden and gathered a handful of early Spring flowers, and put them in a vase upon the shelf. Then, she sat down at the window, and looked out over the fields just turning green and the road stretching away into the distance. At last she could see afar off her father approaching, a bent and toil-worn figure. His clothing was rough, his air and manner, as he entered the house, dejected and even morose.

Thomas Leonard's life had been one of hard and prosaic labor. He had had but little time to attend to his religious duties, and the suburb where he lived gave but narrow scope for anything more than the baldest practice of religion. It was only occasionally visited by a priest, the Catholics in the vicinity being the merest handful.

After supper, Mary Leonard carried the lamp into the sitting-room, where her father usually smoked his pipe. Scarcely had he seated himself, when the light of the

lamp fell full upon the picture and the fragrant blossoms before it. Thomas Leonard started as if he had seen a ghost. The divine face and figure rudely outlined, but yet full of meaning and majesty, strangely awed him.

"What's that?" he said, shortly, jerking his thumb in the direction of the Sacred Image.

"A picture of the Sacred Heart, father."

"Who put it there?"

"I did."

"Humph."

No more was said. Mary was rejoiced that her father had not ordered the picture to be taken down. So hard and absorbed in material things had he become, that beauty, sweetness, spirituality, paused without the stone porch. Work and economy were all the duties that Thomas Leonard imposed upon his daughter. If she wanted to say her prayers—short ones—well and good. If a priest came, she might go to mass, but there must be no humbug. At first when a priest came at Easter, Thomas Leonard was careful to receive the Sacraments. Of late, he had contrived to be out of the way at that particular time, and his faith was apparently dead.

The picture had been in its place a week or more, when Mary surprised her father, one evening, standing, with a light in his hand, attentively examining it. She stole away, unheeded, and again she caught him painfully spelling out "the Promises," which had been left upon the shelf.

Once a grandchild came from a still more remote country place, on a visit. Its mother was a Protestant. The child had been taught nothing of its father's religion. One day Mary overheard a conversation between her father and the little lad.

"Grandpapa, who is that in the picture?"

"Its our Saviour, I suppose," said the man, shamefacedly, the name was so unfamiliar on his lips.



"What is he doing?"

"Oh, I don't know; Mary can tell you."

"He has a beautiful, kind face; and there is a lady in the picture. What is she doing?"

"Praying."

"Do you ever pray, grandpapa?" asked the child earnestly.

Grandpapa growled something in answer. He did not want his young inquirer to learn that for years he had scarcely ever bent his knee.

"Grandpapa is too busy," he added aloud.

"If you tell me how, I will," said the child eagerly.

Something like an expression of pain crossed the old man's face, as he rose and left the room. He was a skilled workman, and had risen to a foreman of the factory wherein he had worked for forty years. No one could replace him when he was absent, and he taught many of the new hands their work. But he had never taught one to pray. He had almost forgotten how himself.

As the weeks and months went by, the picture and Mary's daily offering of flowers before it made a spot of beauty in the house. The bare walls of the sitting-room seemed less dreary. The perfume of flowers had replaced that of new carpet or of stale varnish.

Once when Mary spoke of removing the picture to her own room, her father almost sternly bade her "Leave it where it was."

It had so far worked its way into his hardened and toil-worn heart.

## II.

Spring had softly stolen away at the touch of Summer, and the ripe fruits of Autumn had fallen before the vigorous blast of a northerly Winter. Icicles hung upon

the trees, the garden of the little stone house was piled high with snow. The roads were blocked, so that Thomas Leonard could scarcely get to his work in the neighboring town. Mary was shut up in a dreariness, which she enlivened by decorating, as best she might, the space around the picture. She had begun to burn before it a small oil lamp, which was another school-day relic. Her father had at first said something about the danger of setting fire to the house, but he made no very great objection, and seemed at last to look for the light, on his return at evening. The little sitting-room had an end window, through which the red gleam of the lamp shone out upon the road.

One particularly wild and stormy night came about the end of December. Drifts of snow were whirling, blizzard fashion, up and down the road. The wind howled about the house and rattled the frost-bound trees. Just as the father and daughter sat down to supper, they were startled by a stamping of feet outside and a loud knocking at the door. Thomas Leonard threw it open, and discovered a young man, evidently belonging to the higher classes. The stranger briefly explained that, being on his way to the residence of a gentleman—whose name Thomas Leonard at once recognized—some distance further on, he had got off the direct road and lost himself.

"You had better stop here to-night," said Leonard, with rough civility; "there's no chance of making your way before day-break, and not then, unless this blizzard holds up."

"But I have a horse and sleigh," objected the traveller.

"There's an out-house for them. I'll see that they're all right."

The stranger yielded, and having partaken of the humble but plentiful supper, sat in the little sitting-room, watching Mary knit and her father smoke. All at

once he said, glancing, with a smile, at the lamp before the picture :

"That must have been the light which guided me here. It was like a tiny red spark in the darkness. But it answered the purpose. Had I not seen it I should have wandered on in the drifts, or have gone down an embankment."

"If you hadn't found your way here, somehow," said Leonard, "you wouldn't have been a living man to-morrow."

"A very little thing to save a life," said the stranger, rising and going over to examine the print. "Will you permit me to inquire," he added, involuntarily addressing Mary, "what this picture is intended to represent, and why you burn a light before it?"

Mary, summoning up all her convent lore, gave as clear an account as she could of the significance of the picture and her reasons for burning the lamp. The stranger listened attentively, asking many questions. He read over "the Promises" more than once, and returned to the subject of devotion to the Sacred Heart with a persistency which astonished Tom Leonard.

"What had men got to do," he thought, "with all this religious business. The women were the only ones who had time for that."

Unconsciously, however, he learned a great deal, no less than his guest.

The inclemency of the weather detained the young stranger for two or three days under that humble roof. During his stay he conversed more than once with Mary upon the subject of religion, examining her beads, her prayer-book and a catechism, which last he jestingly begged from her as a memento of his visit. Perhaps it was because of the lamp which had saved his life, but he talked most of all of the Sacred Heart.

## III.

Ten years had passed away, and again the April blossoms had replaced the Canadian snows. The honeysuckle was climbing once more over the porch of the stone-house, and the leaves were fast sprouting on the trees. Mary Leonard was all absorbed by one thought: Her father lay dying, there was no priest nearer than the neighboring town, she dared not go so far, leaving the sick man alone. Besides, he had repulsed her so sternly when she touched upon the subject, and had broken forth into so savage threats, that she was fairly terrified. The picture of the Sacred Heart had been brought with its little red light, and hung in view of the bed. Before it stood the vase of spring flowers. It seemed to have an extraordinary fascination for Leonard. Even in his ravings he talked disconnectedly about it. A doctor came once, and pronounced, carelessly, that the patient might live a month or two, but that his case was hopeless. He gave his instructions, and departed. Mary was left alone.

The dusk of an April evening was closing in, and recalling to Mary that other twilight, when, reading her schoolmate's letter, she had resolved to hang up the picture of the Sacred Heart. She sat now overwhelmed by the thought that her father might pass into that terrible unseen world, unshriven, unprepared. Oh, if she could but get a priest! If only one were near. A sound of wheels and of voices aroused her from her reverie, then a knocking at the door. Mary threw it open, and found herself confronted by the stranger of long ago. For some time after his visit he had sent them occasional tokens of friendly remembrance, then there had been silence. Mary recognized him at once.

To her wonder, he wore a distinctly clerical dress.

The explanations which followed were not long.

"I shall not try," said the stranger, smiling, "to unravel for you the tangled skein of my experiences since we met. The clue must be looked for in your picture of the Sacred Heart, and the light burning before it, which saved my life. Do you remember how we talked religion during my visit; how you gave me a catechism; above all, how you made me acquainted with that wonderful devotion to the Divine Heart? Once set thinking, reading, studying, the path was clear to the Church and to the priesthood. My friend, Father——, and I, being in this neighborhood, I made it a point to come and thank you for your hospitality of long ago."

"Perhaps you can do more than that for us," said Mary, quietly. "My father is dying, and has refused to let me go for a priest, even if I could have left him and made my way to town. He will see you. My prayer to the Sacred Heart is answered."

An April evening was closing in dreamily. Sunset was fading from the landscape, a faint breeze was stirring the elm-trees, wherein were heard the songs of birds, an echo, perhaps, of the canticle of joy which the angels were singing for one that had done penance. Thomas Leonard had passed beyond earthly speech or sound. But at his bedside was the priest, the stranger of ten years before, and in his hand was a Crucifix. His last words had been an appeal for mercy to the Divine Heart. His dying eyes had rested upon the picture. The red light from the lamp fell as a benediction over the pallid and stiffening form from which the spirit was passing with the last April sun. It fell, too, upon the bowed figure of Mary Leonard, who, through all her grief and desolation, could perceive that the promise had been realized. Great blessings had come from the honor paid to that picture of the Sacred Heart.

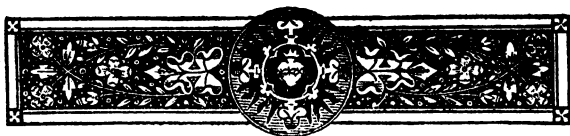
**THE MASTER'S PORTRAIT.**

Gaily the "God of the morning"  
Was flashing his pinions of light ;  
He glanced o'er the earth and the ocean  
And flushed them with radiance bright ;  
He shone on the roof of a dwelling,  
And gleamed on the golden-brown hair  
Of an artist of Judea's great city,  
A boy still unbearded and fair ;  
He kissed the clear brow of the Saviour  
As He trod o'er Judea's brown sand,  
Bringing joy to the heart of the mourner  
And health to the sick in the land.  
As He walked in the light of the morning  
No sound nature's harmony broke,  
Till the trumpet that rang from the temple  
The echoes from slumber awoke.  
And on the broad pathway before Him  
Two women now came into view :  
One, so modest and gentle and lovely,  
Half-hid by a mantle of blue ;  
The other, a maiden, who numbered  
Of years still full less than a score,  
And when the Rabboni had joined them  
She lifted her voice to implore :  
"Oh, Master ! Thy friends they have told us  
That far from Judea's fair vale  
Thou art going. How far wilt thou journey ?  
, And shall we once more bid Thee 'Hail' ?"  
"For a little while yet ye shall see me,  
And again, for another short space,  
My voice shall not sound in Judea,

Nor shall ye then look on my face.”  
“Then, Master,” the maiden’s voice pleaded,  
“While Thy Face thus our eyes cannot see,  
Oh! leave us a print of Thy features  
To look on and dream that ’tis Thee!  
Thou sayest the time will be *little*  
Thou wilt dwell from Thy children apart;  
Perchance short if thou count it by *years*,  
But *we* count it by *tears* of the *heart*.  
There is Luke, Thy disciple, the artist,  
He’ll paint me a picture so fair  
That I’ll feel, as I gaze on its beauty,  
That in truth ’tis Thyself who art there!”  
And the tone of the Master was kindly,  
As He answered the pleading request:  
“Oh! daughter! thy prayer shall be answered.  
I’ll give thee my portrait—the best  
That artist can trace on a canvas—  
From no painter who here has had birth  
But from one who surpasses Judeans  
As the heaven surpasses the earth.”  
And the maiden, Veronica, thanked Him,  
But His Mother, who heard and who knew  
All the mystery, spoke not, but, sighing,  
Drew closer the mantle of blue.  
The day wore on slowly, the sunset  
Was glowing in purple and gold;  
Its splendor was painting the hill-tops,  
And shining o’er hamlet and fold;  
And when the great “day-god” had vanished,  
A flashing of torches was seen,  
And the maiden, Veronica, saw them  
And gazed on their crimson-red sheen.  
But she felt a foreboding of evil  
As she heard, coming faint from the East,

The shouts of the far-distant rabble  
Like the cry of the desert's fierce beast.  
And forth on the morrow she wandered  
To the Temple's great courts to repair,  
For she hoped that the Master would see her,  
And answer her yesterday's prayer.  
But she hears a great cry in the distance,  
A shouting of women and men,  
And a vision of horror and cruelty  
Bursts forth on her wondering ken :  
A prisoner, led to the slaughter,  
By a rabble insatiate and fierce :  
On His brow is a garland of thorn-points,  
Which His temples most cruelly pierce.  
A prisoner—and, as she gazes,  
The maiden grows trembling and pale.  
" 'Tis the Master ! " she cries out in anguish.  
Then, taking her long linen veil,  
She bursts through the menacing rabble  
And kneels at His way-weary feet ;  
She tenderly wipes off the blood-drops  
From those eyes so benignant and sweet.  
She wipes off the sweat from His forehead,  
And fain would more comfort bestow,  
But is seized by the hand of a soldier  
And thrust from His side with a blow.  
But on her veil's deep, snowy whiteness  
Is imprinted a picture of red,  
A portrait indeed of the Master—  
But with blood-stains and thorn-crowned head.  
'Twas no artist of earth who had traced it  
But Jesus himself had impressed  
The print of His sorrow upon it—  
The portrait He wills we love best.





## THE LEAGUE ABROAD.

### England.

Many of our Associates have learned from the little English *Messenger* what earnestness has been manifested in the work of the Holy League, and what a beautiful harvest has been reaped in England. One hundred and twenty thousand children were consecrated last year to the Sacred Heart! Twenty-three thousand in Liverpool alone! The question arises, whose children are all these? What a Godlike vengeance has Ireland taken on England? How mysterious are the ways of Providence? Are we beginning to see the dawn of the fulfilment of the prophecies concerning the conversion of England?

### United States.

The Cathedral centre of the League of the Sacred Heart in New York city is about to present St. Patrick's Cathedral with an ostensorium, which shall rival the one at Lourdes. The design has already been chosen, and the artists have begun on what is to be the most beautiful ecclesiastical work of art on this side of the Atlantic. The ostensorium shall be in two parts—the monstrance proper and the Thabor—and shall stand six feet nine inches high. Ornamentation, delicate and appropriate, is to be lavished on this treasure, with its symbols wrought in gold and silver, and its diamonds and emeralds, and rubies, and opals, and sapphires. But shall it not be a throne for God?

## THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

### Renfrew.

A promoter thanks the Sacred Heart for two temporal favors received.

### Toronto.

A lady correspondent thanks the Sacred Heart for a signal favor received. One of her friends—a widow—had not heard from an absent son for a number of years. She was advised to recommend the affair to the prayers of the Sacred Heart. She did so, and, as a matter of course, shortly afterwards received news from her long-lost boy.

### Curran.

The League was established in this enterprising little parish in the course of last month. The enthusiasm displayed by the four or five hundred new members, during the few days of mission which was preached to them, is an encouraging sign for the future of the parish. Father Pilon is an energetic pastor, and does not retreat before obstacles when there is question of the spiritual welfare of his flock.

### Kingston.

We take the following from a letter sent us by one of the Reverend Sisters of our Lady of the Lake: "Allow us to inform you that we are doing our utmost to interest our pupils in the admirable work of the League. We have enrolled about one hundred and seventy of them—upwards of seventy of whom have already made the monthly Communion of Reparation. All seem enthusiastic over the work; and we hope it will be the means of promoting the good of souls in this Protestant city."

**DON'TS FOR SOME CHURCH GOERS.**

The following don'ts taken from the excellent *Antigonish Casket* we recommend to associates of the Holy League. They are founded on common-sense as well as on the ritual of the Church, and will contribute much to interior piety and general edification :—

Don't bring a crying baby.

Don't dress so as to attract attention.

Don't forget your prayer book or rosary.

Don't stand on the sidewalk after mass is over.

Don't complain that the services were too long.

Don't take up a whole pew, but move up to the farthest end.

Don't forget the fasts and the feasts that the priests read out

Don't forget to take or send the children that are old enough.

Don't forget to genuflect before you enter the pew and after you leave it.

Don't turn round to see who is there or to find out what that noise was.

Don't come late to mass. Be in church before the Holy Sacrifice begins.

Don't forget that God is really present and that you are in His house.

Don't go up to the first seat if you come in after mass or sermon is commenced.

Don't pray out loud or in a manner to cause people to look at you.

Don't forget to pray for the deceased persons whose names the priests read out.

Don't fail to bless yourself with holy water when you enter, and again when you depart.

Don't talk in church. Don't leave before the mass is over, unless absolutely compelled to do so.

Don't become over-pious and bury your face in your hand just as the contribution box comes round.

Don't refuse a person a seat in your pew because he or she is poorly dressed. That is not Christian charity.

Don't forget to take along extra money on the Sundays when a collection is taken up for the orphans or some benevolent society.

Don't answer the prayers after mass as if you were afraid God would hear you, but raise up your heart and voice, and answer in a manner that will show that you are not ashamed of your religion.

Don't, gentlemen, stand up, leave the pew and go out in the aisle to let a lady enter. This is entirely unnecessary and causes great distraction. All you have to do is to move along and let the last comer be the first in the pew.

## THE TREASURY OF THE SACRED HEART.

### GOOD WORKS OFFERED FOR THE INTENTIONS OF THE LEAGUE.

Acts of Charity, 166,643.—Beads, 222,832.—Stations of the Cross, 38,492.—Holy Communions, 89,377.—Spiritual Communions, 207,854.—Examinations of conscience, 119,618.—Hours of labor, 113,525.—Hours of silence, 115,797.—Pious readings, 32,686.—Masses celebrated, 155.—Masses heard, 74,014.—Mortifications, 70,782.—Works of charity, 12,667.—Works of zeal, 16,096.—Prayers, 999,032.—Charitable conversations, 113,967.—Sufferings, Self-conquests, 65,327.—Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, 154,752.—Holy hours, 1,038.—Various good works, 257,873.—Total :—8,808,200 good works, contributed by 175 local centres of the League.

An Indulgence of 100 days, applicable to departed Souls, is attached to every good work offered for the intentions of the League. Use the *Daily Handbooks* or the *Treasury Sheets* to mark down your works.

## PROMOTERS' PAGE.

The Apostolical Resolution for April recommended to our promoters and associates is to work with greater ardor than ever, to propagate the Doctrines of salvation and the knowledge of the treasures of the Sacred Heart. The reading and distribution of good books, pious and instructive books, books that make us wiser and better Catholics, is perhaps the easiest means to do this.

\* \* \*

And let us begin with ourselves. It is not such a tremendous task to live piously, if we only have a mind to. The saints became saints by reading pious book, meditating on the lives of other saints and practising their virtues.

\* \* \*

When we set about looking after the spiritual interests of other people, the first thing that strikes us—at this season chiefly—is the Easter Duty, so binding on us Catholics. We trust the councillors and active members of the Men's League are zealously working up the General Communion of Eastertide. Perhaps it may not be amiss to say that the same Communion may be offered for several intentions, so as to fulfil the requirements of several societies.

\* \* \*

Preparations are going on on a magnificent scale throughout the world for the celebration of the Tercentenary of the saintly death of St. Aloysius of Gonzaga. Pilgrimages to Rome, Loretto and Castiglione and other places are being organized. An idea that commends itself to us here in Canada is that of having allegorical processions of children and youths, wherein the various edifying scenes in the Saint's life shall be represented. A short and beautifully illustrated life of the gentle Aloysius will be issued from the *Messenger* office next month.



## OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.

MAY, 24TH.

O Virgin Mother, Lady of Good Counsel !  
Sweetest picture artist ever drew,  
In all doubts I fly to thee for guidance—  
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

By thy face to Jesus' face inclining,  
Sheltered safely in thy mantle blue ;  
By His little arms around thee twining,  
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

By the light within thy dear eyes dwelling,  
By the tears that dim their lustre too ;  
By the story that these tears are telling,  
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

Life, alas ! is often dark and dreary,  
Cheating shadows hide the truth from view ;  
When my soul is most perplexed and weary,  
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

See my hopes in fragile vessel tossing ;  
Be the pilot of that trembling crew :  
Guide me safely o'er the dangerous crossing,  
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

Should I ever, wilfully forgetting,  
Fail to pay my God His homage due ;  
Should I sin and live without regretting,  
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

Stir my heart, while gazing on thy features,  
With the old, old story, ever new—  
How Our Lord has loved His sinful creatures ;  
Then, dear Mother, show me what to do !

Plead my cause, for what can He refuse thee ?  
Get me back His saving grace anew.  
Ah ! I know thou dost not wish to lose me—  
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

Thus alike when needful sorrows chasten,  
As amid joy's visits fair and few,  
To thy shrine with loving trust I hasten  
Mother, tell me, what am I to ?

Be of all my friends the best and dearest—  
O my counsellor, sincere and true !  
Let thy voice sound always first and clearest,  
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

In thy guidance tranquilly reposing,  
Now I face my toils and cares anew ;  
All through life and at its awful closing,  
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

MISS E. C. DONNELLY,

In the "AVE MARIA."



## GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY, 1891.

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*Named by Leo XIII with his special blessing, and  
given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the  
Propaganda—the Protector of the Holy League  
of the Sacred Heart—for recommendation  
to the prayers of all the Associates.*

CATHOLIC ARTISTS.

**I**T is St. Paul who tells us that the invisible perfections of God are clearly seen in the works of the creation. They shine through it in a triple ray of truth, goodness and beauty. These are but different glimpses of the same absolute perfection, even as light, warmth and brilliancy are different properties of the same ray. The man of learning, the philosopher, devotes himself to the study of truth, the saint gives himself up to the pursuit of goodness, but the beautiful is the especial aim of the artist. The artist's endeavour is to grasp the ideal of beauty, to embody it in sensible forms that will speak to eye, ear and imagination, and through these to the soul itself, the seat of beauty. Let us hear the illustrious Father Burke :—"What is it



that forms the peculiar attraction—that creates the peculiar influence of art on the soul of man? It is the ideal that speaks to him through art. In nature there are many beautiful things, and we contemplate them with joy and delight. But in nature, because it is nature, the perfectly beautiful is rarely or never to be found. Some one thing or other is wanting that would lend an additional feature of loveliness to the scene which we contemplate, or to the theme the hearing of which delights us. Now, the aim of the Catholic soul of art is to take the beautiful wherever it is found, to abstract it from all that might deform it, or to add all that might be wanting to its perfect beauty—to add to it every feature and every element that can fulfil the human idea of perfect loveliness, and to fling over all the still higher loveliness that is caught from Heaven.” Hence the refining, elevating influence of art on the mind. When the ideal of Beauty, especially beauty of the moral order, is thus presented clearly defined in sensible form by a masterpiece of art, it ravishes the mind and lifts it for the while to communion with itself. Who that stood before the “Angelus” of Millet did not feel this influence?

What is true of painting is true also of music, architecture and sculpture.

Hence the wide and mighty sway of art. It is more potent than the pen or the eloquent word, because it obtains a ready admission to the heart, and speaks a more persuasive language in forms that strike and impress and ravish. There is an apostleship of art as well as of the word and of the press, and this apostleship strives to range this mighty power on the side of virtue and religion, to prevent it from debasing itself and destroying souls by being turned into an instrument of vice. We have it from St. Theresa, that to look at a sacred picture was to her as good as a sermon. How many a

child has received its first ideas and impressions of the mysteries of faith from the pious pictures that adorned the walls of its Catholic home ! How many children, alas ! of so-called Catholic parents drink in their first impressions from pagan ideals, or models more debased still !

On account of the incalculable power for good or for evil held by the artist, his responsibility is grave. A fall from the ideal of true beauty may drag along with it multitudes into the degradation of sensualism. How many artists of unquestioned talent, enslaved to the realistic school, instead of representing the beautiful in nature, picture only its deformity, its ugliness, its corruption ! Thus they side with the enemies of virtue and true art.

The Catholic Church, besides fulfilling her direct mission of saving souls, has at all times shown herself the mother of inspiration and art. She gathered together and preserved what masterpieces remained from the crumbling ruins of empires. She set them up for imitation in her monasteries and in the schools which she founded and fostered, taking care to fling over ideals of earthly beauty, "a higher loveliness that is caught from Heaven." The greatest artists the world ever saw in all lines—poetry, architecture, music and painting—flourished precisely at those epochs when her influence was greatest. They were the outcome of the civilization which she nurtured, and of the inspiration which she imparted. Says the Protestant Ruskin :—"Raphael, Michael Angelo, Leonardo were all trained in the old school ; they all had masters who knew the true ends of art, and had reached them, and drinking at the same time from all the fountains of knowledge opened in their day became the world's wonders. Then the dull wondering world believed that their greatness rose out of the new knowledge instead of out of the ancient religious root, in which to abide was life, from which to be severed was

annihilation. And from that day to this they have tried to produce Michael Angelos and Leonardos by teaching the barren sciences, and still have mourned and marvelled that no more Michael Angelos came ; not perceiving that those great fathers are only able to receive such nourishment because they were rooted on the rock of all ages, and that our scientific teaching now-a-days is nothing more nor less than the assiduous watering of trees whose stems are cut through."

In view of all the Church has done for the fine arts which she prizes so highly, we will send up our earnest prayers this month that Catholic artists, adhering to the footsteps of so many illustrious models, may consecrate to God and to the cause of virtue all the power of these talents, and that they may always turn to Jesus Christ and His adorable Heart—the centre of all beauty—for inspiration.

By lending them the help of our prayers in this work of regeneration—a work which belongs to religion as well as to art—we shall be taking part in an apostleship of the highest order.

#### PRAVER.

Jesus ! I offer Thee, by the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the prayers, works and sufferings of this day for the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart.

I offer them in particular for the gifted family of Catholic artists, that they may turn to Thee, Centre of all beauty, for inspiration, and make the Beautiful serve the cause of religion and virtue. Amen.



## THE MEN'S LEAGUE.

### MORNING OFFERING.

**N**OW, Father, I am persuaded that the temperance clause, far from being an obstacle, ought to be an inducement to every public spirited man to enter the ranks of the Men's League. It places at his disposal such a simple, practical and influential organization for helping on the spiritual and temporal welfare of his fellow-man. You have rolled away the stone from the door which opens to the treasures of the Holy League ; but, behold, on the very threshold, I see facing me the morning offering, with a host of difficulties.

You tell me it is the fundamental practice and the only essential condition for gaining the spiritual favors of the Holy League. How can an offering of the Sacred Heart, made at morning, and a mere mental offering at that, be the door to so many graces and privileges ? How can it be the foundation of a world-wide organization like the Apostleship of Prayer ? Instead of fostering among its members a spirit of prayer, does it not seem to dispense with prayer altogether by attaching the treasures of grace and of glory, of time and of eternity to a breath of wind, to a simple offering of the heart to the Heart of Jesus ?"

Dear Associate of the Men's League, I am thankful to you for having broached such an important topic as the Morning Offering. Your desire to understand its real significance is a test of your earnestness and a pledge of

your fidelity to this practice, once you are convinced of its importance. You will readily understand why the Holy League of the Sacred Heart, which is an association of earnest Catholics, should have made this, so to speak, its bottom plank, if you reflect that it is but the application to a man's daily life, through the devotion of the Sacred Heart, of the fundamental principle which ought to govern every Christian and rational life, namely, that man is placed on earth but for one end—to glorify God, and thus save his soul. All other ends of thought, action and suffering should be rendered subordinate to this essential one. According to St. Paul, "whether you eat or drink or do anything else, let all be for the glory of God." As the sea-captain takes care every morning to straighten his ship on her course, that she may make direct for port, and afterwards throughout the day keeps her on it, so should every rational man shape the course of his life to his one final destiny, by directing his intention, making up his mind to tend to it in all that he does, and never to stray from it. The will of man, too, is fickle and inconstant. It is tossed to and fro by passions surging within, by gusts and storms of temptation assailing without. Woe to him if he will not keep steady and straightening and bracing it by renewed intentions and resolutions. Woe to him if he will not invoke aid and assistance from on High. A prosperous journey to eternity is not so much his work as God's work. Now, what time can be better fitted for this prayer and direction of intention than the morning? The morning is the dawn of a new existence, when man, emerging from the forgetfulness of sleep with the forces of nature restored, begins life afresh. If he is bound to make of his whole life an offering to the glory of his Creator, and to pray for strength to fulfil this first of duties, should he not every morning, at the beginning of his daily life, renew the offering and the "prayer to the God of his salvation?"

"Surely, Father, you do not mean to tell me that a fleeting offering of the heart in the morning can shape a man's life for the day, and impart to all its actions a tendency heavenward?"

That is just what I maintain. After all, it does not take the will long to determine itself, nor a man to make up his mind, especially when the motives of conviction that have already often determined him are ready at hand. Nor, once determined on a course and with mind made up as to a line of conduct, does he suddenly in a few minutes or a few hours change, especially if the same motives are in readiness to prop his will.

To use a familiar illustration of St. Thomas Aquinas, that prince of moralists, when a boy is sent on an errand by his father, it is enough for him to make up his mind to do what he was told on starting out. He will then take the direct street leading to the store, and continue on his way until he has reached it. He does not renew his intention every moment or actually think of every step he takes in order to direct it. He keeps on his way chattering with his play-fellows, seeing the sights, enjoying the sounds, so long as they do not stop him or turn him aside from the straight way. But should they endeavor to stop him or tempt him into by-paths, he will, if he is faithful, at once resist. All this he does in *virtue* of the intention which he formed on setting out, and which without his advertence or actual consciousness has directed all his steps. His play-fellows, acting the part of the tempter, endeavor to make him change his intention, break and replace it by a contrary one. But, propped by his filial obedience, he holds out against their assaults, and vanquishes the foe. Thus, a fervent morning offering, accompanied by morning prayer, will often suffice to impart to all a man's actions, occupations and sufferings, no matter how distracting, a direction towards heaven.

Should the tempter come with his suggestions of evil, morning, noon or night, he will be met with a prompt "no," and resolute resistance. "How can I sin against my God?" exclaimed Joseph, in the most violent of assaults. How can I take back from my Saviour the heart I consecrated to Him, or the actions I offered Him this morning? I admit, however, that we have subtle enemies and invisible foes on our way through life, the most subtle and dangerous perhaps being our own self-love, always on the alert to rob God of His glory and ourselves of merits. Our intention, under its influence, is easily and imperceptibly warped. We often begin a good work to please God, but end it to please ourselves, self-love having crept in and changed our motive wholly or in part. Hence we should renew our intention and offering throughout the day, especially at the beginning of more important actions.

As a good deal must be said short about intentions, and I am afraid I have already trespassed on your time, let us leave that topic for our next talk. Good day, dear friend, but do not forget morning prayer and offering.



EACH sigh, each look, each act of mine  
Shall be an act of Love Divine,  
And everything that I shall do  
Shall be, dear Lord, for love of You

Here is my heart. Oh ! let' it be  
A fountain sealed to all but Thee.  
What is there that I would not do,  
My God, my All, for love of You !

## THE TERCENETNARY OF ST. ALOYSIUS.

*Cardinal Parocchi, Vicar of His Holiness, to the Director General of the Holy League.*

ROME, 5th February, 1891.

*Reverend Father*,—I thank you for the little Life of St. Aloysius which you have been so kind as to send me, which is admirably adapted for its purpose, and will prove, I hope, very acceptable to our Catholic youth.

I take the opportunity to congratulate your Reverence and the Apostleship of Prayer, which is so well promoting the movement to honor this year with special solemnity the Angelic Patron of youth.

St. Aloysius, who so loved the Heart of Jesus, will be pleased with the honor offered him by a work which is so entirely devoted to the glory of the Sacred Heart; he who was in life a seraph of prayer will welcome the homage of a League which plants the spirit of prayer in so many millions of hearts.

LUCIDO MARIA,  
*Cardinal Vicar.*

The beautiful little illustrated Life mentioned in the Cardinal's letter shall be translated, and ready for all our Associates, young and old, on the 15th of May next. It will cost only five cents a copy, and will be given to Local Directors at reduced rates.

What else shall our young Canadian League do for the Patron of Youth? All the Messengers are publishing programmes for June next. The following points will commend themselves to our Rev. Local Directors and Promoters.

1. The Holy Father, by his brief of January 1st, has granted a Plenary Indulgence to all who celebrate the



anniversary by a Novena or Triduum, on the usual conditions of Confession and Communion and prayers for his intentions in a church or chapel where the feast is celebrated, with permission of the ordinary. The Triduum or Novena for the children might consist of a short reading taken from the little Life of the Saint, followed by the Act of Consecration, recited before a picture or statue of St. Aloysius set up in the school-room. They will go to Holy Communion with the badge within the Novena or Triduum, or on the Feast.

2. A good day for the Communion would be the feast itself, which this year falls on the third Sunday of June, were it not that we should like to see this great day reserved for the Men's League Communion. As we stated in the Intention for January, last year was the children's year for consecration. This is the young men's year. What more appropriate day could they have for their June Communion and their consecration to the Sacred Heart, than the anniversary feast of the pattern youth?

"It is a praiseworthy thing," says the Sovereign Pontiff in his Brief, "to pay special homage to the singular holiness of Aloysius, and still more praiseworthy when it comes from men who are in the prime of their life, since he was the best example of youthful purity that the world ever saw."

At the Sunday evening Vespers, more solemn than usual, all the Associates being present with badge, the Act of Consecration under the protection of St. Aloysius might be publicly read during benediction.

3. Children, or parents for small children, who desire to have their names inscribed in the Album to be placed in the tomb of the young saint in Rome, may hand them in, christian and surname in full, to the school or local secretary, who will forward them to the Messenger office at the end of June.

**A GRANDFATHER'S STORY.****MRS. JAMES SADLIER.**

PLEASANT home-circle was that which gathered round the cheerful blaze of the parlor-fire in a comfortable homestead in a town of Western Canada one stormy evening in late November, some few years ago. The party consisted of the father and mother, three fair daughters, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-five, and a son, a pale student-like young man of twenty-eight or thirty; last, but by no means least in importance, was a silver-haired, patriarchal-looking old man, the grandfather of the young people and father of the comely matron who looked more like their elder sister than their mother.

While the mournful winds shrieked and howled without, increasing the sense of comfort and security within, and the fire-light cast strange weird shadows over the cosy room, with its cretonne-draped windows, and the group around the fire-place, conversation flowed freely in the careless ease of home-life, interrupted only by the merry laughter of the younger girls, or now and again

“The quick questioning that brought  
Such gentle calm replies.”

One of the girls had mentioned a wedding that was soon to take place in the neighborhood, and to which all the family were invited.

“What a splendid match it is for Alice Costelloe!” said Mary, the eldest girl; “they say the intended groom is quite well off, besides his profession. And we all know the Costelloes are anything but well off.”

“You forget one thing, Mary,” said her father earnestly. “The wealth and position are all very well, as far

as they go. But what of religion—the main thing after all? You know this Mr. Barrington is a Protestant.”

“Oh! but every one says that he is very liberal,” cried Bella, another of the girls, and will never interfere with Alice’s religion. Indeed, they say he has made all sorts of promises.”

“And probably means to keep them, too,” replied the father. “But what of that? The fact remains that he is a Protestant, and that being so, all his other advantages cannot make the match a splendid one for poor Alice.”

“That is so, Edward,” said his wife in her cheery pleasant voice. “No worldly advantages can make up for difference of religion. No matter how good the man is, or how bright his prospects may be, I would rather see one of my children dead than marrying out of her own church.”

The girls were loud in their protestations that people were too hard on mixed marriages, declaring that no girl ought to lose the chance of a good settlement in life on account of religion. There was always a hope, they said, that the husband might be converted. Their brother was partly of their opinion, frankly admitting, however, that there was more chance of happiness in the married state where both parties were of the same religion.

The old grandfather had not yet spoken. He had been quietly smoking his pipe in the chimney-corner, an attentive listener to the conversation, an amused smile flitting athwart his aged face at the childish arguments advanced by the young people in support of their worldly ideas. He now took the pipe from his mouth, and, holding it suspended between two fingers, thus spoke :

“Children, I hardly wonder at your way of thinking and talking on this all-important subject of mixed marriages, considering that you have been brought up amongst non-Catholics, and are too young to understand

yet how it is that they may be very good neighbors and pleasant acquaintances, even friends, yet most unsuitable for a husband or wife for a Catholic woman or man. I have just been thinking of a little story, an 'ower true tale,' as the Scotch are wont to say, for it came within my own personal experience."

"O grandfather, let us hear it," cried Rosa, the youngest daughter, the others eagerly seconding her request. The old man cleared his throat, and, after a brief pause of what was evidently painful recollection, began his little story :

"You are aware, my dear grandchildren, that before I came to Canada to make my home with you—when your dear grandmother died and left me alone—I had spent the greater part of my life in one of the great cities of the neighboring republic. I had emigrated from Ireland in early youth, and after a little while of striving and waiting in that strange city where I had at first no one to give me a helping hand, I at last found lucrative employment in the workshops of a large manufacturing firm. It was not long before I found a friend in one of my fellow workmen, a young Irishman and a Catholic like myself, whom I will call Lawrence Rourke. He was a good honest fellow, devotedly attached to the traditions of his race, and faithful in the discharge of his religious duties. In our leisure moments, and especially in our long Sunday afternoon walks in the pleasant suburban places around our great city, my new friend and I often talked of the dear old home so far away, and the good old days we might never see again. We spoke of the pleasant gatherings in fair or market or rustic festival ; of the kindly ways of the simple folk whom we loved to call our own, and very often reminded each other of some well-loved

,—chapel in the glen

Where oft with bare and reverent locks we stood  
To hear the eternal truths.'

Of the dear old priests, the teachers of our childhood, who had married the parents, baptized the children and blessed the graves where the grandparents were laid to rest.

"In those long-past days, children, our holy religion occupied a very different position in the cities of the Union from that which it does to-day. You will find it hard to believe that the really respectable firm in whose employment Rourke and I were, insisted that we should work on Christmas Day, declaring that they could not allow any such nonsense to interrupt their works. I'm glad to say that of a dozen Catholic workmen in the place, not one would consent to work on the great festival; the superintendent insisted, the men were firm in their refusal, and all the Catholics were, in consequence, dismissed.

"Rourke and myself, finding ourselves so unexpectedly thrown out of employment, were at first bewildered and at a loss to know what to turn to for a living. But even then neither he nor I regretted for a moment what we had done. Duty, before all, was our motto, and especially religious duty. So it was that, cheered by the approval of our conscience, and trusting in Divine Providence, we set about seeking other employment. In this we succeeded beyond our expectation, thanks to God and Our Blessed Mother, to whom we were at that time equally devout. After a time each of us commenced business on our own account.

"It would be tedious for you, children, were I to go over in detail all that befell Rourke and myself during the long years that followed. Suffice it to say that we both prospered exceedingly in our undertakings. I married a young girl from near my own place at home, and of a family well known to me. She was possessed of good sense and a good heart, and by her prudence and industry, above all by her practical piety and cheerful submission to God's will in all the vicissitudes of life, she helped me

to gain a still better position, and sustained me in many an anxious hour. Her death, ten years ago, was my first great sorrow."

The old man's voice faltered and he remained silent a moment, as did all his listeners, who understood and shared his emotion. Looking round with a sad smile, and controlling himself by an effort, he resumed :

"Children were born to us who grew up in the love and fear of God. Nearly all of them, like your dear mother there, have sons and daughters of their own, all good Christians—a son of one family, as you know, studying for the priesthood, and two daughters of another family members of religious communities.

"You will ask how it fared with Lawrence Rourke. Alas ! for the sad story I have to tell of him and his ! He made what our Mary here would call a splendid match. He married the daughter of a wealthy merchant who brought him a fortune of several thousand dollars, which enabled him to extend his business operations and even to invest in property. He bought a fine house on one of the grand avenues as a home for his family. So far all was well. But there was one fearful drawback. The young lady and her family were of the sect of Methodist Episcopalian, and deeply imbued with strong prejudices against the Catholic religion and all that belonged to it.

"Up to the time of his marriage, Rourke had been, not indeed a very zealous Catholic, but still a tolerably practical one. He had even worn the scapulars of the Blessed Virgin, and been enrolled, as I was, in her sodality. This went on for some time. His wife went regularly to the Methodist meeting house on Sunday morning and Rourke to his own church as usual. The first trouble came with the first child, a son. The father would fain have had him baptized in the Catholic Church, but the mother positively refused to allow it, and waxed alarmingly hysterical over

the matter ; then her mother declared it would kill her darling in her weak condition if her child were taken to a *Roman Catholic* church for baptism.

“ ‘ So what could I do ? ’ said Lawrence to me when unbosoming himself of this new trouble. ‘ I could not run the risk of killing my poor wife, you know ? ’

“ ‘ I don’t know about that,’ I said, ‘ where your child’s soul was at stake. And besides I don’t think it would have killed your wife. She’d soon have got over it, depend upon it, if she found you were not to be frightened out of doing your duty.’

“ ‘ Oh well ! it may easily be remedied afterwards,’ was the reply. ‘ I tell you, Ned, I can’t go against poor Elsie’s wishes at such a critical time. The old folks would never forgive me if I did.’

“ I shook my head but said nothing more. I saw it would be all in vain. At first my friend seemed troubled and anxious, but the boy was strong and healthy, and all went merry as a marriage-bell. Of baptism nothing more was said by Rourke, but I had reason to know that the child had been baptized, after two or three months, by a minister of his mother’s religion. Other children came in due time and were baptized in like manner, the father no longer daring, or perhaps not caring, to protest. By and by all were sent to Protestant schools, and grew up in the ways of their mother’s family, staunch out-and-out Protestants.

“ And still prosperity flowed in on Rourke. His business increased to an enormous extent, and the upshot was that in the course of years, by the time his sons and daughters were grown up, he declared himself to me, in our occasional conversations on the subject, far too busy to practise his religion. The sodality meetings were out of the question, the scapular was half jestingly laid aside, and when Sunday came, poor Lawrence was tired and worn

out with the manifold affairs of his vast business during the week.

"It was only now and then that he managed to go to mass, always avoided hearing sermons, and *never* approached sacraments. It took years and years to bring all this about, but it came surely and sadly, even as constant dropping wears the stone.

"It was not without many a strenuous effort on my part that my early friend—now a middle-aged man with grizzled hair and portly figure—sank into this state of awful indifference. He always listened good-humoredly, admitted the truth of all I said, but always wound up with—'It will be all right some day. Never fear, Ned, I appreciate your good intentions, but nothing can be done at present. Let us talk of something else.'

"In vain I endeavored to remind him of the danger of putting off his conversion. 'My conversion, indeed!' he would exclaim with heightened color. 'I tell you, Ned, I'm as good a Catholic as you are. I have lived a good Catholic, and hope to die one, too!'

"It is so happened that, after one of these discussions, Rourke was more than usually excited. He seemed rather depressed in mind for some cause unknown to me, and after a short silence he suddenly said :

"'Ned Dalton, you are my oldest friend. I know your advice is good, and I wish from my heart I could only follow it. But I can't, Ned, I can't! You don't know how hard it is for me to do even the little I do in the way of religion. And when it comes to the end——' he paused again, then, as if making a violent effort, he said in an agitated voice :

"'There is one thing, Ned, I want you to promise me. When you hear of my being taken sick—I mean, of course, dangerously sick—will you make it your business to bring the priest to me?'



"I was startled by this strange request, wholly unexpected as it was, but I willingly gave the required promise, adding with a smile, 'that is, if I am alive. I may die before you, you know.'

"'Oh! I hope not; but in case you should, you must ask your family beforehand for some one of them to render me that last service. They all know my wife and children, and can easily do what I ask.'

"'I am not so sure of that,' I replied, 'but we will do our best.' Whereupon he wrung my hand with a nervous grasp and I left him. More than once after he reminded me of this promise, and I could only make the same reply. He was evidently troubled in his mind.

"One day about three months later word was brought me that poor Lawrence was seriously ill. I went at once to his house, and was told he was too ill to see any one—the doctor had given strict orders that he was not to be disturbed on any account. Knowing very well that the priest would not be admitted, I was wholly at a loss how to fulfil my promise. In my perplexity I went home and told my wife and children how matters stood.

"One of my daughters, a warm-hearted, impulsive girl, declared she would go and try to see a faithful old Irish servant of the Rourke family, and a fervent Catholic, who might succeed in bringing the priest upstairs to her master to whom she was much attached. 'I know Nellie will do it if it can be done,' she said, 'and then, father, you can go at once for Father Williams.'

"My daughter hastened to the Rourke mansion. The bells were all muffled, but by tapping at a window in the basement she succeeded in attracting old Nellie's attention, and, having secured her willing aid in her charitable undertaking, she was leaving the house when one of the Rourke young men came down the stairs.

“‘How is your father, Mr. Charles?’ she anxiously inquired. ‘Do you think he would like to see a priest?’

“‘Thanks very much, Miss Dalton, but my father is just dead!’

“‘Dead!’ said my daughter horrified and amazed—  
‘and without any preparation!’

“‘Oh! not quite,’ the young man replied with a half smile on his lips,—‘the Rev. Mr. Jenkinson, our minister, prayed beside him.’

“The girl came home with tearful eyes and pallid face and told the awful news. My wife and children were loud in their lamentations, but for me I only said—‘Ah! poor Lawrence, poor friend, so much for your oft-repeated protestation that you were a good Catholic and would die one.’ Alas! he died as he had lived, at least for years and years.”

The old man ceased to speak, and was evidently overcome by the sorrowful recollection of vanished years that crowded upon his mind. The young people were deeply impressed by their grandfather's simple story, and all were fain to admit that mixed marriages were not desirable after all.

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While writing the above story of a mixed marriage the writer was told of a death noticed in some of the American papers. It was that of a man of ninety, a nominal Catholic, at whose funeral service no fewer than fifty-one descendants, all Protestants, were present. So much for mixed marriages.

**THE BIRTH OF THE MAYFLOWERS.**

Oh ! gay was the forest in the springtime,  
The wild-birds were warbling their lay,  
The moss-covered banks were half hidden  
By the sweet, rosy flowers of May.  
And their pearly and pink star-like petals  
Unfolded themselves one by one,  
Awakened from winter's long slumber  
By the kiss of the ardent spring sun.  
And I bent me down o'er the sweet blossoms  
And whispered my longing to know  
When first, in our fair Nova Scotia,  
They bloomed 'neath the melting spring snow.  
And they opened their pearly-pink petals  
And told me the tale of their birth,  
How first they saw nature's bright sunshine  
Upspringing from out the dark earth.

"There dwelt 'midst the shades of the forest  
A chief, great and mighty and strong ;  
He loved the bright flowers upspringing,  
He loved every wild-bird's sweet song.  
But he loved, more than all nature's beauties,  
The dark-haired Winona, his wife ;  
And their one child, the little Anita,  
Was e'en as the light of his life.  
But the little Anita was drooping,  
And fading away like a flower,  
And he saw, with the deepest emotion,  
That weaker she grew every hour.  
But lo ! the third day of her sickness  
She stretches her little thin hands  
And looks toward the door of the wigwam,  
When, just at the entrance, there stands

A pale-face, with black robes around him,  
And holding aloft in his hands  
A cross with a Figure upon it,  
The Figure of Him who thus died  
To save the dark sons of the forest.  
'For all He was crucified.'  
And a look of unutt'able longing  
On the face of the fast dying child  
Turned the Indian's heart toward the Black-robe,  
Who stood there so grave and so mild.  
And in a few words he unfolded  
The truth to their wondering gaze,  
And they heard of their Crucified Saviour  
In tender and loving amaze.  
And he told of the spotless white garment  
That covers the Christian's soul,  
As the waters of baptism free it  
From sin's all-enthraling control.  
O'er the face of the little Anita  
The death angel's wings cast their shade ;  
Ere they fold her within their embraces,  
And she in the dark earth be laid.  
The waters of Baptism clothe her  
In the garment so'spotless and white,  
And the soul of the child of the forest  
Becomes all resplendent and bright.  
And when her pure spirit had wandered  
To the regions celestial above,  
They laid her to rest in the forest,  
Where the pine trees o'er-shade her in love.  
And the bosom of earth thrilled with rapture  
To receive that first spotless white soul,  
And gave birth to our pearly-pink blossoms.  
And, as the long ages still roll,  
Adown Time's deep swift flowing river,

We treasure the memory sweet  
Of Anita, the child of the forest.  
And our watch 'neath the snow-wreaths we keep  
O'er her grave. And the emblem they made us  
Of the land where God gave us our birth,  
The purest and fairest of blossoms  
That spring from the heart of the earth."

HALIFAX, N. S., April 5th.

### A TRUE STORY FOR MAY.

It was a lovely morning in early May.

Two little girls were roaming about in the suburban park of a Canadian city. They were busily gathering green leaves, with here and there a fragrant May-flower from the moss at the foot of the old, gnarled trees.

A hurried glance in the direction of the sun, which was rapidly increasing in brightness, showed that it was almost school-time, and so, with a longing, backward glance at the woody nook, they retraced their steps to the high road and ran merrily along towards the city.

"It's too bad we couldn't get more flowers," said the elder of the two, ruefully, as she glanced at the green leaves. "If we could only place a lovely bunch of real flowers before the Blessed Virgin's statue every day this month, I should be so glad."

Before her companion had time to answer, a pleasant voice called out: "Well! little girls, where are you going with the leaves? Come into my garden and I'll give you some flowers to put with them."

It was an old man who spoke, and as the delighted little girls followed him into his well-stocked flower-garden, he picked a large bunch of bright-hued spring flowers, and handed them to the happy children, saying: "Every morning when you're passing I'll have a nice bunch ready for you."

The little ones were overjoyed, and hurried off with

their treasure, after thanking their new friend most cordially. And every morning after that, there he stood at the gate of his little garden with the promised blossoms.

One day he asked : "What do you do with your flowers? "

"We give them to our Lady."

"What Lady? "

"The Blessed Virgin, the Mother of God. We put them before her statue."

"Well, I don't know anything about that ; but if the flowers please you, you're welcome to them."

And the bright, many-colored spring blossoms were followed by the fragrant June roses, and those by the rich hues of the autumnal plants, and the bouquet was always ready and always composed of the richest and most fragrant blossoms. Even in winter some delicately nurtured house-plants supplied a bunch of rich coloring to honor the Queen of Heaven.

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It was the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, the titular feast of the Cathedral. This year it was celebrated with unusual magnificence, and priests from all parts of the diocese, as well as several strangers who were spending a few weeks in the cool climate of the north, after escaping from the intense heat of the Southern States, were present at the celebration.

One of the latter—Rev. Father N——, who was in ill health, feeling too fatigued to attend the ceremonies, having said Mass at an early hour, strolled off in the direction of the Park. On the way, feeling thirsty, he stopped at the door of a cottage to ask for a drink of water. While he was awaiting an answer to his knock, he stood admiring the little garden which bloomed with a profusion of the loveliest flowers.

Not many seconds elapsed before an elderly woman appeared, and, at his request, brought him a glass of clear,

cool water. Seeing on her face the traces of recent tears, he said kindly : " My good woman, you seem in trouble ; can I be of any service to you ? "

Bursting into a flood of tears, the woman answered : " My poor husband is very sick, and I fear he is going to die."

" Has he had a doctor ? "

" No. He doesn't want the doctor."

" May I see him ? "

" Certainly, sir, if you will be so good."

Father N—— went in, and, after a few minutes' conversation with the sick man, asked : " What religion do you profess ? "

" Well, sir, I've never belonged to any church. In England, where I come from, I went 'sometimes to one and sometimes to another, but here I've never gone anywhere. That worries me a little, too, for the Bible tells us that unless a man is baptized he cannot be saved, but there are so many different religions all calling themselves right, that I don't know what parson to ask to baptize me."

" Well," said the good Father, " I'm a Catholic priest, and I'll give you some information about the church Christ built on a rock."

His explanations were so successful that, when he rose to go, the sick man asked him to come again the next day. After a few visits the old gardener was ready for Baptism, and when the ceremony was over his wife said : " Father, the old man and I have travelled the same road these forty years, and I don't want this to come between us so near the end, you had better instruct me too, and I'll be baptized as soon as you think I know enough."

Thus did Our Lady reward an act of kindness done her.



## THE HOLY LEAGUE ABROAD.

### France.

An official report on the state of the Apostleship of Prayer in France, submitted to the Catholic Congress of Lille in November last, sets down the number organized in bands of the Second Degree at 1,400,000. That is not many, you will say, in a population of 30,000,000 of Catholics. But if we only knew the obstacles the fervent French Catholics have to overcome from organized indifference and rampant hate of religion, we should consider the increase of 130,000 in the 2nd degree since the previous report a solid proof of the zeal and energy displayed by the French Promoters.

An extract of the report on the organization of the Holy League in parishes is well worthy our attention : "It is marked by an extreme simplicity. None of its practices oblige under pain of sin, even venial. What can be more simple or easy than *to offer every morning one's day to God*. Is not such a practice the foundation of a rational and Christian life? *The daily recitation of a decade of the beads*, is it not the minimum of observance for serious piety? *A monthly communion*, is it not for a large number of the faithful a necessary condition of perseverance ?

"The League lends itself admirably to the perfect organization of a parish or house of education, by grouping together all the members, according to their degree of fervor, in a body of Promoters or active members and associates of first, second and third degrees. Hence the fruits of sanctification and the consoling results wherever he work has been solidly established."



### Italy.

Italy is at present the centre of the preparations undertaken for the tercentenary of St. Aloysius. All the young men's associations are astir. Religious festivals, with plays, artistic exhibitions, orations in honor of the young saint, are the order of the day. At Rome a new college is to be founded for the youth of all nations. A petition will be laid at the feet of the Holy Father to raise the annual feast of St. Aloysius, Patron of Youth, to the rite of *major double*. A special Album will be placed in the tomb of St. Aloysius at Rome, containing the names of children desiring to be consecrated under his protection. This consecration may be made by parents for their young children. The first act of consecration and name written in the album was that of the Infant King of Spain and his little sister, made by the pious Queen Regent, their mother.

A great feature of the celebration will be two great pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Aloysius, in September : one *international*, representing the Catholic countries of Europe and South America under Cardinal Mermillod ; the other of the *Association of the Catholic Youth of France*. Let all our Canadian youth, especially the children of the Juvenile League, join in spirit this great manifestation in September next, and thus have some share of its fruits as promised by our Holy Father in his Brief of January 1st.

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### THE HOLY LEAGUE AT HOME.

The Lenten season just closed and its after harvest have been rich in fruits for the Sacred Heart. We are happy to be able to contribute to the Easter joy of our Associates by recording the aggregation of five large centres of Holy League activity. As they came in at the close of missions or triduum when the people were fervent, the good work struck all at once roots deep and wide, as we shall see by the following reports.

**St. Columban's, Cornwall, Ontario.**

This large and flourishing parish, with its many mills and factories, all centres of busy life, had long since shewn its sympathy for the Holy League and longed for its establishment. The devoted Father Corbett seized the first opportunity to bring the missionaries and set it on a canonical basis, while extending its benefits to all the inhabitants.

Great was the enthusiasm manifested by the people in attending the exercises four times a day and embracing the practices. The elite of Cornwall took out Promoters' lists and associated in the work a number of intelligent young ladies, through whom they were enabled to reach every family in the parish. The enrolling began at once before the fervor of the mission had time to cool, and in a few days one thousand associates were enregistered.

Our account should be very incomplete if we omitted mention of the Men's League, which fell into line on Sunday, the closing day of the mission. This is to be the mainstay of the Holy League in St. Columban's parish, and a strong one it promises to prove. Two hundred and fifty men of influence and respectability, besides adopting the ordinary practices of the League, lifted the hand in token of their promise to promote temperance and regular frequentation of the Sacraments. They then came forward to the altar to record their names and receive the badge of the Sacred Heart. Who can calculate the effect on the religious life of the town of such an influential body of men united by the ties of religion and strengthened by its solid practices?

According to latest reports the Holy League in Cornwall is growing apace. Some seventy rosary bands have been completed, and their Promoters spread amongst them two hundred Messengers monthly.

**ST. RAPHAEL'S, GLENGARRY.**

By taking possession of old St. Raphael's Cathedral, erected by Bishop Macdonnell, of patriarchal fame, the Holy League captured the first stronghold of Catholicity in Ontario. It is now a rural parish, the spacious stone church of mediæval appearance standing amidst fields dotted here and there with comfortable farm houses.

The energetic pastor had taken pains to prepare his people for the Mission and Holy League by distributing the Promise leaflets through the homesteads of the farmers. When the exercises opened, the people came in sleighfuls from a radius of ten miles, morning and afternoon, not deeming it too much to give a whole week, and horses in the bargain, to the work of their salvation. Attached as they warmly are to the time-honored devotion of the Scapular, those sturdy Scotch people at first seemed loth to accept another. But once they understood the nature of the Holy League, and that instead of enjoining new practices and obligations, it would rather breathe fresh life and spirit into old ones, they came forward in crowds to make their promises and receive their blessed badges. Here, too, a troop of fifty intelligent ladies, the freshest roses of Glengarry, came forward to volunteer their services as Promoters, and spread the devotion over the broad extent of St. Raphael's parish. They have already enlisted seven hundred associates in 50 rosary bands, through which one hundred Messengers circulate monthly to preserve and instil the spirit of the Holy League, which is a spirit of prayer, zeal and devotion to every good cause.

On Sunday, at the close of the Mission, the Men's League organized, and one hundred and fifty of the sturdy descendants of the Glengarry Fencibles made their promises to the Sacred Heart, and received on their knees the

blessed badge. The St. Raphael's branch, under Father Fitzpatrick's energetic direction, promises a bright future for Glengarry. Already a parochial library is projected, to break the monopoly held by the common newspaper, or the ubiquitous "novel," through the long winter evenings in the homes of the farmers.

## ST. LAWRENCE'S, HAMILTON.

"Another parish has been added to the Church," said somebody on Easter Sunday morning, at the close of the week's Mission given at St. Lawrence's Church, Hamilton. And a fervent parish, too, for it entered the Holy League in a body, and embraced its practices. One hundred stalwart men came to the altar rail after High Mass, to sign their promises to the Sacred Heart of temperance and regular frequentation of the Sacraments, and to receive on their knees the badge. The women, too, enlisted under fifty lady Promoters. All this took place without any perceptible reduction of the crowded congregations attending the Cathedral and St. Patrick's on Easter Sunday. This wonder—the mushroom growth of a parish—is the effect of Father O'Sullivan's zeal. The story is short and easily told. The people at the Lake had the good old Irish faith, but little or no opportunity to practise, there being no church. A good Providence sent among them Father O'Sullivan, who had rendered service to his fellow countrymen on the English Mission. With his large eye and larger heart he took in at a glance the situation. He set to work, nobly supported and kindly encouraged by Bishop Dowling. A handsome church in brick, of Roman design, was the work of a few months. Ornaments, altars, wall-pictures and lastly a magnificent painting of the Crucifixion, a perfect copy of a great

masterpiece, were the generous gifts of a grateful people. And now came the Mission to crown the work and gather in the dispersed sheep of Israel. Who that witnessed it, pastor, missionaries or people, can ever forget the demonstration of faith, a full attendance every morning at five o'clock, another at eight ; at night, packed seats, thronged aisles and crowded galleries? The groups besieging the confessionals all day till close on midnight ; the numbers going round the Stations ; beads, scapulars, crucifixes blessed ; finally, the enthusiastic acceptance of the practices of the Holy League told the tale of awakening faith. Yes, St. Lawrence's parish came to remain ; it rose to live and to flourish, to be the joy of its pastors.

## ST. PATRICK'S, HAMILTON.

The priests of the influential congregation of St. Patrick's, witnessing the magnificent fruits produced by the Holy League in the Cathedral centre, were long awaiting an opportunity to establish it in their beautiful church of the South end. A Triduum was opened on Easter Sunday evening, with a view not only to start a league centre, but also to prepare the people for a mission, shortly to be given at St. Patrick's. It was well attended throughout, a large number profiting by the opportunity to perform their Easter duty.

An influential body of lady Promoters was organized, who began the work of enrolment, with such bright promise, that one hundred lists were called for. Though the Men's League was organized on a week day evening, fifty representative men came forward to receive the badge, amongst them the most eminent professional men of Hamilton. This number will form a nucleus around

which more will gather at the mission. A juvenile branch was also established in the separate schools of the parish.

Now, the Holy League has taken a thorough hold of Hamilton, with its three parochial centres organized in three branches each, for men, women and children, and three community centres, in the La Salle Academy of Christian Brothers, Loretto Convent and Sisters of St. Joseph, respectively.

## ST. PATRICK'S, OTTAWA.

A most important centre of the Holy League was inaugurated on Low Sunday in St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa. There the people were already ripe, for it was not long since the Mission, and there had been two hundred communions of reparation the Friday previous, first Friday of the month. Nor could there be any obstacle in the way of the men, for nearly all are total abstainers, and, headed by the fervent society of St. Vincent de Paul, were accustomed to approach the holy rail four times a year. The children, under the Christian Brothers and Sisters of Charity, were anxious to wear the badge. St. Patrick's whole parish is imbued with the spirit of its pastor—that of earnestness in every good work.

There was demand for one hundred enrolling lists, a thousand badges, and at the inauguration of the men's branch on Sunday evening one hundred and fifty representative citizens of Ottawa responded to the appeal to encourage temperance and add to the four communions a fifth every year, by lifting the right hand and coming to the altar rail to receive the badge. We shall hear more about Father Whelan's centre in the near future.

## VARIOUS CENTRES.

*Toronto.*—The Brockton School boys enclose their Treasury and Intention sheet. They seem to be in excellent disposition, are quite regular in their visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and more earnest than boys usually are. There are very few who are not active members.—

*Bro. Orbanus.*

*Hamilton.*—Dear Messenger. Now that we have a Canadian Messenger I am able to acknowledge a favor I obtained through the Sacred Heart last summer. Having joined the Holy League, I asked the favor of passing a good written examination about which I was very anxious, having failed the year before. I was successful, and could not hope for better prospects.

*Montreal.*—Dear Messenger. Permit me to return thanks through your pages for a signal favor obtained through the intercession of the Sacred Heart, namely, recovery from illness when scarcely any hope was entertained.

Letters containing *Intentions* and *Treasury Reports* were received last month from the following Centres:

*Acton.*—*Acton Vale*: Convent.—*Amherstburgh (Ont.)*: St. Joseph's Academy; Parish.—*Barrie.*—*Belleville (Ont.)*: Loretto Convent.—*Belle River.*—*Burlington (Ont.)*.—*Calgary*: Sacred Heart Convent.—*Campbellford.*—*Carleton (Que.)*: Convent.—*Chatham (Ont.)*: Ursuline Convent.—*Cobourg (Ont.)*: St. Joseph's Convent; Parish.—*Cornwall (Ont.)*: Congregation N. D.; Parish.—*Crown Point (N. Y.)*.—*Dundas.*—*Eganville.*—*Falls View*: Loretto Convent.—*Faribault (Minn.)*.—*Georgetown (Ont.)*.—*Goderich.*—*Guelph*: Church of Our Lady; Loretto Convent and Separate School.—*Hamilton*: Mount St. Mary.—*Hammondville.*—*Hochelaga*: Convent.—*Ingersoll*: St. Joseph's Convent.—*Kingston*: Congr. N. D.; St. Mary's School.—*Lewiston (Me.)*.—*London*: Sacred Heart Convent; St. Mary's School; St. Joseph's Convent; St. Peter's School.—*Marlboro*: St. Mary's Convent.—*Midland.*—*Montebello.*—*Montreal*: Gesu; Grand Seminary; Hotel-Dieu; Infant Jesus Parish; Reform School; St. Anthony's Academy; St. Joseph's Academy; Jesuit Scholasticate; St. Mary's College.—*Mount Saint Patrick.*—*New York*: Mothers' Home.—*Niagara Fort Erie.*—*North Onslow.*—*N. D. of Stan*

*bridge.*—*Oakville.*—*Orillia.*—*Ottawa* : Gingue School ; La Salle School ; Youville School.—*Penetanguishene.*—*Quyon.*—*Renfrew* : Convent ; De la Salle School ; Parish.—*Sandwich.*—*Sault Ste. Marie (Ont.).*—*Sault-au-Recollet* : Jesuit Novitiate ; Sacred Heart Convent.—*Sherbrooke* : Parish ; Seminary.—*Stratford* : Loretto Convent ; St. Joseph's School.—*Strenton (Vt.).*—*Ste. Anne de Bellevue.*—*St. Anne (Ill.)* : Academy St. Boniface ; College ; St. Joseph's Convent.—*St. Catharines* : St. Nicholas' School ; Parish.—*St. Eugene.*—*St. Philip of Argenteuil.*—*St. Raphael of Glengarry.*—*Toronto* : De la Salle Institute ; Loretto Abbey ; Loretto Academy ; Notre Dame Convent ; St. Helen's Boys' School ; St. Joseph's Convent ; Novitiate and Academy ; St. Mary's Boys' School ; St. Mary's Parish ; St. Michael's School (Girls' Dept.) ; St. Paul's Parish and School ; St. Patrick's Boys' School.—*Williamstown* : Convent N.D.—*Windsor (N.S.).*—*Winnipeg* : Academy of the Immaculate Conception.—*Wonooski (Vt.)* : Convent ; Parish.

Intentions sent for insertion in the monthly calendars should reach the Secretary's office before or on the first of the month.

## THE TREASURY OF THE SACRED HEART.

GOOD WORKS OFFERED FOR THE INTENTIONS OF THE  
LEAGUE.

Acts of Charity, 103,271.—Beads, 216,409.—Stations of the Cross, 56,356.—Holy Communions, 29,466.—Spiritual Communions, 298,321.—Examinations of conscience, 119,618.—Hours of labor, 283,190.—Hours of silence, 168,520.—Pious readings, 39,015.—Masses celebrated, 119.—Masses heard, 93,133.—Mortifications, 57,557.—Works of charity, 28,068.—Works of zeal, 13,283.—Prayers, 713,978.—Charitable conversations, 114,162.—Self-questions, 63,180.—Sufferings, 51,143.—Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, 124,764.—Holy hours, 1,232.—Other good works, 286,097. Total:—**2,775,862** contributed by 182 local Centres of the League.

An Indulgence of 100 days, applicable to departed Souls, is attached to every good work offered for the intentions of the League. Use the *Daily Handbooks* or the *Treasury Sheets* to mark down your works.



**PROMOTERS' PAGE.**

1. Promoters may have observed that the Messenger articles under the heading of Men's League may be read with equal profit by all Associates, as it is their aim to explain briefly and clearly the spirit and practices of the Holy League. They are intended indeed to draw to the easy and solid practice of piety the splendid bodies of men who have lately entered the parochial organizations; but in things pious and religious, women are less fastidious than men, and often can derive the fullest benefit from articles written for the latter. There is not one of the thirty-six compact pages which fill our little monthly magazine that does not contain matter suitable for all our associates. Soon we hope to add a special department for the benefit of the academies, the convents and schools—that flower of our Canadian League—who swell the Treasury every month with their numberless good works and generous acts of self-sacrifice.

2. The edition of the Messenger for the first quarter is almost exhausted, and demands for back numbers are fast coming in. Associates who intend binding the monthly copies into a volume at the end of the year had better keep them carefully; those who do not, we will thank for the first four numbers, and compensate by a fair price.

3. A resolution in keeping with the intention for May is to help on the Apostleship of Art by spreading Catholic pictures and works of art, especially pictures of the Sacred Heart. This is one of the practices revealed by our Blessed Lord to Margaret Mary for the propagation of devotion to His Divine Heart. This is the origin of the Badge. And there is the magnificent promise, "I will bless every house in which a picture of my Heart is honored."

We shall have ready for June a larger copy of the devotional and artistic engraving of Imilé, and shall meet orders at the lowest possible price, that every Catholic home in the land may have the blessing of the Sacred Heart.



## ST. ALOYSIUS, PATRON OF YOUTH.

TERCENTENARY DAY, 21ST JUNE, 1891.

**I**N the long chaplet of the year, each day of which is illumined by the graces and virtues of some patron saint, ever and anon we stop with more than usual reverence to contemplate a beautiful life, or lay our homage at a favorite shrine. The month of the Sacred Heart is one long festival—the air is teeming with the sweetness of opening flowers and the fragrance of the incense from the altar, and when our souls are most filled with delight in Him whom we adore, lo ! here we meet the feast of St. Aloysius, just as we might expect to find the angel saint himself in the very centre of the Sacred Heart. It brings us but nearer to Jesus to stop for a moment and rest our eyes upon the unsullied whiteness of this life's story ; to bow our heads with reverence before one who lived upon the earth without seeming to tread upon it, who passed among men borne along upon the wings of innocence and love.

Oh favored Catholic youth to have such a Patron ! Come and behold the gentle light which the Church holds up to lead your faltering footsteps !

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Only twenty-three years upon earth. A child—a student—and an humble novice and scholastic of the Society of Jesus. No great heroic deeds that the world would wonder at mark the short career ; yet, when the world's heroes shall have passed away and their names be forgotten, that of Aloysius shall still be honored upon the altar, and the memory of his virtues shall fill young hearts with emulation as it does to-day, three hundred years after his thrice happy death.

A child like other children, and yet how unlike ! Consecrated to God from his earliest infancy by a pious mother, we find him at the age of seven renewing that consecration, aspiring to Christian perfection, and devoting himself to long hours of prayer. At nine, before an altar of Mary in a little church in Florence, his heart filled with admiration and zeal and filial love for the spotless Virgin, he makes to her his first religious vow. How tenderly our dear Mother must have looked upon this holy child, how carefully she must have guarded this pure heart, until at last she led him to the altar to receive her Divine Son for the first time.

The first Communion of Aloysius shines out resplendently in his life. The first Communion of an angel ! Only he was an angel with a human heart, for it is to man alone that Jesus gives Himself in the Bread of life. Oh blessed Aloysius, the rapture of the Seraphim was thine ; it shone upon thy brow and beamed from out thy holy eyes ! Those pure beings who surrounded thee, who cast no shadow about them, and through whom the radiant

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smile of God shines with eternal splendor, must have gazed with envy and awe and admiration at this miracle of love and grace ! Yet if we saw our saint only in the delight of God's embraces, we might hesitate before his example, for we all know that though Heaven is to be found within the sacred precincts of the altar rails, beyond them stretches the greyness and gloom of the life of every day. Into these shadows St. Aloysius passed with a strong heart and firm will. We see the student bent over his books, plodding the same dreary, weary way along which all must plod to attain knowledge. Endowed with a rare intelligence and remarkable talents, he applied himself with such energy and zeal to the tasks before him, that his progress in piety and learning went hand in hand. His life, we are told, was one continual penance, the self-denial of every wish, the martyrdom of every moment, long painful vigils, austere fasts, the cross, always the cross, but with the light from the sanctuary shining ever upon it, for fervent prayer seems to have been his daily bread.

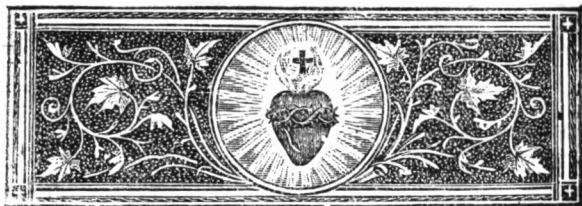
As the flower of his youth unfolded, the world smiled upon him. He was heir to a noble name, with all the qualities of mind and heart which would add new lustre to it. The hopes of a proud father were centred in him ; but in the midst of the magnificence and royal pomp of a court he had already renounced vain joys, and decided to give himself to God in the illustrious order which bears the Sacred name. Behold, the sublimity of sacrifice is here attained ! Beyond the portals before which he stands

and seeks admittance neither self nor the world can enter. Home, parents and friends are parted with forever—humility, poverty and abnegation are the Jesuit's lot. Thank God that the light of their intellects, the renown of their virtues, and the example of their lives] penetrate space and time ; and now as then the world is elevated, hearts are solaced, and souls are saved by the gentle ministering of the sons of Ignatius.

It was as a novice that the holiness of Aloysius shone most radiantly. The humblest offices were his delight, perfect obedience his blessed guide, and the love of his Divine Master so ardent, that no one could approach him without feeling revived by the sacred flame. The Heart of Jesus, which responds to every feeble effort of the poor hearts that He has created, poured down blessings illimitable on the angelic youth, and in transports of rapturous prayer he already had a foretaste of the joys that "eye hath not seen nor ear heard." Jesus chose him to be the model of young lives—innocence and penance are his prerogatives—but they are set like gems in the burning gold of a worshipful love of the Divine Person. Oh, throbbing, glowing, fresh young hearts, love Jesus ! love Him, and you shall not neglect His glory !

On this tercentenary of the angelic saint who also bears the glorious title of "Saint of the Sacred Heart," a litany will arise from all the world. "St. Aloysius, pray for us," will be sung by treble voices in every tongue. Let the memory of his virtues awaken our enthusiasm, let innocence and self-denial be our motto, and our prayer will be borne to heaven on the outspread wings of rejoicing angels, and will be sweet to the Heart of our Saviour, sweet as the song of the ever-adoring Seraphim !

BELLE LLE GUERIN.



## GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE, 1891.

*Named by Leo XIII with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart—for recommendation to the prayers of all the Associates.*

### PRACTICAL WORSHIP OF THE CROSS.

**I**N the Catholic Church everything points to the cross, and the cross points to heaven. It is the sign of redemption, the symbol of faith, the pledge of salvation. And so it has ever been. From the day it was first uplifted on Calvary it has not ceased to draw to itself all that is greatest and best on earth, the best minds, hearts, lives and nations, the flower of science, art, literature and civilization. To the Jew a stumbling-block, to the Gentile a folly, "it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." It has been the love of the good, enkindling their hearts with the enthusiasm of devotion and self-sacrifice even unto martyrdom. It has been an object of hate to the wicked, "a sign of contradiction" and persecution. The only religion not a sham religion is the religion of the cross.

This is the explanation of the singular love and veneration the children of the Church have always shown for the cross. Tertullian, the great witness of the traditions and customs of the Western Church of the third century, says : " Whatever we do, we make the sign of the cross. Whether we go to table, or light a lamp or fire, all our actions we begin by signing our forehead with the cross." " Yes," exclaims St. Ephrem, one of the most illustrious Fathers of the Eastern Church, " let us paint and grave this sign on our doors, our foreheads, our eyes, on our mouth, on our breast and members ; for it is the conqueror of death and the hope of the world, it is the light which illumines the earth to its farthest limits. It is the sign which opens to us the gate of heaven." We were born children of God and members of the Church of Christ through the sign of the cross in Baptism. Each sacrament we receive through life, every religious rite, all acts of public worship are administered and performed in the sign of the cross. Happy we, if we die with the sign of the cross ! "

But what signify all those external and visible crosses on our foreheads, churches and institutions, if the cross is not planted in our heart and soul, if it is not graven on our life. In true religion what is outward and visible has worth and meaning only so far forth as it is the expression of the interior and invisible, or is conducive to it. This is the adoration " in spirit and truth," with which Our Lord in the Gospel tells us all " true adorers shall adore the Father." There are false sects and counterfeit religions that outwardly make much of the cross, but inwardly " deny the power thereof." They erect the cross on the top of their churches, but within they worship their private judgment ; they harbor a spirit of disobedience and rebellion ; they are devoid of the spirit of self-denial in judgment, will and actions ;

the very opposite of St. Paul, who desired to know but "Christ crucified," and who always bore about in his body "the mortification of Jesus."

Even though we have the happiness to possess the true religion of Christ, the gauge of its depth, its sincerity and earnestness must ever be the practical love of the cross. If the religious life of the Catholic world to-day is at a low ebb; if faith is weak; if morals are lax; if ideas are perverted and tastes depraved, it is because we have departed from the practical worship of the cross, to strain after the good things of this life and thus practically deny the value of suffering. The cross to us, instead of being the power of God whose almighty arm no power on earth can stay, is become as of old to Jew and pagan a stumbling-block and a folly, a sign of contradiction from which we turn, if not with hate, at least with repugnance or fear or pusillanimity. It would sever us from the satisfactions of sin and deprive us of the enjoyment of our creature-comforts; it would thwart our pet schemes of ambition and worldly aggrandizement; it would prove an obstacle in our way to posts of advancement. We forget that "from the days of John the Baptist *until now*, the Kingdom of Heaven suffers violence, and only the violent carry it away."

This is why the Vicar of Christ so strongly appeals to all Christians to turn to the cross for salvation and for the remedy of the evils which weigh on the world. After declaring that it is the essence of a Christian life to reject the corruption of the world and to oppose constantly any indulgence in it, imitating "the author and finisher of faith," who "having joy set before him endured the cross," he adds: "Wherefore let men understand this, specially, that it is most contrary to Christian duty to follow in worldly fashion pleasures of every kind, to be afraid of the hardships attending a virtuous life, and to



deny to self nothing that soothes and delights the senses. This is not a counsel but a duty, not of those only who desire a more perfect life, but clearly of every man." "No man can be high-souled, kind, merciful or restrained who has not learned self-conquest and a contempt for this world when opposed to virtue." The cross therefore is to-day what it ever has been, the salvation of the world, the only hope of individuals and peoples. If they return to it by practical worship and love, they shall find in it a remedy and health.

God in his fatherly Providence has made this return smooth and easy by the manifestation of the Sacred Heart. The devotion to the Divine Heart is inseparable from devotion to the cross. It sprang from the cross; it was revealed with the cross; and ends by planting the cross in the heart. On the cross the Heart of Jesus was opened by a lance, that we might draw from the inexhaustible treasures of its love, and find a refuge in life and death. When Jesus manifested his Heart to the Blessed Margaret Mary, and through her to the world, it was surmounted by a cross and encircled with a wreath of thorns. He asked of us the consecration of our hearts to His, by the devotion of self-conquest and zeal for His interests. He asked for reparation by the union of our atonements with the atonement of Calvary, that thus we might fill up what was wanting to His sufferings. There can be no atonement except through the cross. "In Him it hath well pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell, and through Him to reconcile all things in Himself, making peace through the blood of His cross."

The League of the Sacred Heart renders the practical worship of the cross sweet and easy, by leading us to view it in a blaze of light and a flame of love bursting from out the Saviour's Heart. It leads us near the furnace of that love which is "stronger than death," and

which enkindles a corresponding flame in all hearts that approach it. "Let me suffer or let me die," said St. Teresa, a client of the Sacred Heart and a lover of the cross. The love of the Sacred Heart, after consuming all sinful attachments, will infuse a strength that will enable us to take up our cross and follow our Saviour with loving patience and resignation. No sorrow can come to us that has not been first felt in that human heart of deep and broad and tender sympathies, that has not been blessed, that has not been sent to us accompanied by the grace to bear it with loving patience.

This month of June we are celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of one who was a Saint of the Sacred Heart and a Saint of the cross. His pictures represent him absorbed in prayer with the crucifix in his hands. Though a seraph of purity and devotion, his life on earth was a continuous self-crucifixion, stamped with the practical and ardent love of the cross. Thus has it deserved to be set up as the pattern life of Christian youth. Let us this month offer up our prayers to Jesus and Mary through the saintly Aloysius, that he may obtain for us, and especially for all Christian youth, a practical worship and love of the cross, and the spirit of atonement that comes from the cross.

#### PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular that all Catholics, renewed in the practical worship of the cross, may thence derive the spirit of atonement.



## THE MEN'S LEAGUE.

MORNING OFFERING.—*Continued.*

“**I**F I mistake not, Father, you told me in our last interview that the Morning Offering was something more than a mere intention animating all the actions of the day. You ascribed to it a real praying power, and made of it a kind of philosopher’s stone, that converted all it touched into the gold of prayer, for our own intentions and the intentions of the Sacred Heart. And it is precisely this pleading power of our actions which you told us constitutes the capital of the Apostleship of prayer.”

“Assuredly, what is prayer of petition but the desire to obtain some favor from God, and the direction of this desire to Him by an intention of the will? If we keep our desire in the will without expressing it, it is mental prayer; if we express it in words, it becomes vocal prayer; and if in action, it becomes what I might call prayer of action. Now, it is our actions and sufferings transformed by the morning offering into so many prayers, and elevated infinitely by union with the Heart of Jesus, always living to intercede for us, and the appropriation of his intentions, the highest and best possible, it is this which makes up the stock-in-trade of the Holy League.

“Bear in mind that the two most excellent prayers ever offered,—that of the Man-God on Calvary, by which He obtained the salvation of the human race; and its continuation in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, by which the

fruits of Calvary are applied to our souls,—were prayers of action. When we perform a good action redounding to God's glory and in conformity with His will, accompanied with the desire or intention of obtaining by it some favor from God, what wonder is it that we should obtain that favor? On Calvary, Christ, to please His Father, became obedient unto death, "and being consummated He became to all who obey Him the cause of eternal salvation." As His obedience so pleased His Father as to move Him to grant to mankind abundant means of salvation, so our obedience—*i.e.*, all good works performed in conformity with His will—shall move Him to bestow upon us all the graces conducive to our salvation. Christ could have done nothing more pleasing to His Father, and consequently more beneficial to us. He is still living at the right hand of the Father and in our tabernacles, "to make intercession for us," offering the merits of His passion and death, dying over and over again in a mystic manner for us, that the fruits of His first death might not be lost on us. It is ours to appreciate them by desires and good actions, by entering into the intentions of His divine Heart, by uniting our heart with the Heart of Jesus, and thus feeling in ourselves that which Jesus felt according to the injunction of the Apostle. Thus shall we make up "what was wanting to the sufferings of Christ "

" You understand, therefore, dear Associate of the Holy League, that every reasonable action, on account of its innate power of pleasing God, may be directed to Him by an intention of the will to obtain some favor, and thus be transformed into prayer. Furthermore, by being directed to Him through the Sacred Heart, and for His intention, the best possible, its pleading power is immeasurably enhanced. Now, this is precisely the effect of the Morning Offering fervently made, to infuse into all the work, intentions and sufferings of the day the spirit and efficacy

of prayer in union with the Heart of Jesus and for His intentions. Is the matter getting clearer?"

"Yes. I understand more clearly now how our daily actions may be sanctified by the Morning Offering. But there is something else that is not so clear. I am really puzzled at that maze of intentions which the Holy League sets before its associates every month,—intentions of the Sacred Heart, of the Pope, of the associates, general, particular, monthly, daily. What man of a busy life like mine could attend to all those?"

"A very easy matter, dear friend; but a word of strong advice. You cannot over-estimate the importance of intentions. The intention is the soul of the action. It makes what is indifferent, good; what is good, better; what is merely natural, supernatural; what is of ordinary merit, an act of the highest charity. If one man after death barely obtains a footing inside the gate of Peter, and another like the youthful Aloysius is elevated to a dazzling height of glory, it mainly depends on the intention that animated their actions in life.

"Now, this is the great advantage of the Holy League. It breathes into all we do or suffer the highest and best intentions possible, namely, the intentions of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Sacred Heart is the furnace of divine charity, from which alone an adequate hymn of praise and worthy prayer, as well as an acceptable oblation, ascend as an odor of sweetest incense to the Divine Majesty. That prayer is ascending in our behalf in heaven and in the tabernacle, where Jesus 'is always living to make intercession for us.' It is directed by an infinite wisdom, a knowledge that takes in the whole universe at a glance, and extends itself with the utmost distinctness to every minutest detail. Each individual heart lies open to it, its wants—temporal and spiritual, its dispositions, the correspondence it will give to grace or the resistance it will oppose to it, the ties

of kinship and friendship, of justice and charity that bind it to others. This divine knowledge of the Sacred Heart is accompanied by the experience of human life which the Saviour stooped to, that we might 'not have a High Priest who cannot have compassion on our infirmity, but one tempted in all things like as we are, without sin.'

"Every good and rational intention, therefore, that man can pray for is comprised in the intentions of the Heart of Jesus. Our intentions are His intentions. That Sacred Heart is the meeting point of all holy desires, upright purposes, honest claims and pious petitions. Not only so, but it well knows how to apportion to each a due measure of its merits, graces and helps. In no heart is the word of David so well verified, 'He has ordered charity within me.' By no way, therefore, can we render our life more full and efficacious than by appropriating the intentions of the Sacred Heart, and breathing them into all our prayers, actions and sufferings. They shall thus acquire not only surpassing merit for ourselves, but a pleading power that can suffer neither loss nor waste,—nay, that will be intensified immensely by union with the pleading of the Heart of Jesus. Whatever deposit we entrust to that bank of spiritual treasures, we shall draw with interest a hundred-fold. A feeble electric current from a simple pile by transmission through the silken coil acquires a prodigious energy; so our feeble prayer by union with the pleading of the Heart of Jesus will be omnipotent with God, and open the door of His treasures to ourselves and to our neighbors."

"In that case, Father, we may as well dismiss all particular intentions from our prayers, and content ourselves with the simple offering for the intentions of the Sacred Heart."

"Absolutely speaking, yes; and hence it is that we attach such importance to the Morning Offering, and

admit it as the fundamental and only essential practice of the Holy League. Nevertheless, we can derive great help from particular intentions, and to neglect all of them or scorn them would be the greatest of illusions. The intrinsic worth of a petition for a favor is proportioned to the intensity of the desire that prompts it, to the earnestness with which we arouse our will and apply it to prayer. It is necessary to do violence to the will, excite it, move it, animate it, if possible, with our feelings, else it remains cold, heavy and motionless. Now, creatures of sense as we are, the feelings and the will are not much affected by what is general and vague. There must be something definite and palpable with which their sense of pleasure and pain is bound up, to excite, to touch and to move, else motives will fail of their effect. This is why we pray more earnestly for temporal favors than spiritual graces. A woman will shed tears, asking the conversion of a drunken son or husband; but she will not feel the same concern at all about his privation of Catholic faith or his neglect of religious duties, though the latter state is unspeakably more deplorable. We are the friends of our Saviour, and take His interests to heart, and pray for His intentions, and all the more fervently because we belong to a world-wide association praying with us for the same intentions. 'When two or three are assembled in my name, I am in the midst of them,' is the divine promise. What a praying power is an association of so many millions united in the Heart of Jesus! But let the Vicar of Christ, His visible representative on earth, name one of the intentions that is uppermost in the Heart of Jesus, some pressing want of the Church His spouse, and set it forth for a whole month to be the special object of the united efforts of millions that make up this immense army, and shall not their loyalty be aroused to an enthusiasm of devotion that will increase immensely the earnest

ness of their prayers? Whenever I say the *Our Father*, I pray for all men without exception; but when I meet a man who has given his name and his word of promise to the Holy League, and who has offered this very morning his day in a special manner for me and my intentions, shall I not be excited and aroused to be faithful to my word of promise given in behalf of him? Thus, particular intentions are necessary for the fervor and efficacy of our prayers for more general ones. They bring the latter home to our feelings, and thus excite the will to prayer, when otherwise it would remain cold and inert. Therefore, dear associate of the Holy League, never lose sight of the general intentions of the Heart of Jesus; but be always provided also with some particular intention to render your prayers more earnest and fruitful, and pay particular care to the monthly intention named by the Sovereign Pontiff."

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## THE TREASURY OF THE SACRED HEART.

### GOOD WORKS OFFERED FOR THE INTENTIONS OF THE LEAGUE.

Acts of Charity, 157,738.—Beads, 268,732.—Stations of the Cross, 384,079.—Holy Communions, 38,474.—Spiritual Communions, 269,436.—Examinations of conscience, 47,904.—Hours of labor, 291,301.—Hours of silence, 284,246.—Pious readings, 39,543.—Masses heard, 73,670.—Acts of mortification, 21,083.—Deeds of charity, 31,083.—Works of zeal, 22,155.—Prayers, 465,615.—Hours of recreation, 98,220.—Sufferings, 95,822.—Self-conquests, 56,113.—Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, 40,888.—Other good works, 371,967. Total:—2,745,982, contributed by the various local Centres.

An Indulgence of 100 days, applicable to departed Souls, is attached to every good work offered for the intentions of the League. Use the *Daily Handbooks* or the *Treasury Sheets* to mark down your works.





## A SEPARATE SCHOOL-BOY.

ANNA T. SADLER.

### I.

**H**OW good it is of you, Emily, to remember all these little devotions!" said Mrs. Watson, patronizingly. She was leaning back in a comfortable arm-chair, leisurely observing Mrs. Rowan, who was busy arranging a bunch of June lilacs before her picture of the Sacred Heart.

"Oh, this is my special devotion," said Mrs. Rowan, pointing to the picture; "and just now, I am asking a great favor."

Mrs. Watson smiled a dubious sort of smile.

"You were always a good creature, Emily," she said, carelessly; "and how young you do keep to have five big children."

"When I told you I was asking a great favor of the Sacred Heart," said Mrs. Rowan, sitting down on a low seat near her friend, "I was thinking of the children, especially of Paul."

"Yes," said Mrs. Watson, with very mild interest.

"You know, Our Lord made such beautiful promises," said Mrs. Rowan, "in behalf of those who are devout to His divine Heart, and one of them is, 'I will be their secure refuge during life and above all at the hour of death.' Now, I have betaken myself to the Sacred Heart all these years for the grace to educate my children really well, and

especially Paul. Boys are a so much greater responsibility."

Mrs. Rowan had spoken a little shamefacedly. It is easy to profess one's faith to outsiders, but hard to speak of things spiritual to an indifferent Catholic. But Mrs. Watson answered promptly and warmly the latter half of the speech: "Of course, one is always anxious about a boy's education. I lie awake half the night thinking how George is to be pushed on, and what advantages we can give him."

"I do not mean exactly that," said Mrs. Rowan. "I want him to be a good, well-principled man, a truly good Catholic."

"Let the priests attend to all that. I send him to church regularly; but I see by your face there is something on your mind."

"I am so troubled, because Mr. Rowan wants to take Paul from the Brothers and send him to a public school. He thinks he will learn quicker, and that it will be a help to him in business. He says that if we were wealthy he would put Paul at a Catholic college, and leave him there till he could take a profession. But, as it is, he will not believe what I tell him so often, that the Catholic schools are at least as good, if not better, even apart from religion."

"But, perhaps, the class of boys is not so good."

"I do not care in the least for that, even if it were the case," said Mrs. Rowan, warmly. "I shall never, never consent to see my boy taken away from religious influence."

"What a little bigot you are, Emily," laughed Mrs. Watson; "if you had been married to a Protestant as long as I have, you would have learned something of the policy of conciliation."

"A Catholic must be one thing or another," said Mrs. Rowan, stoutly. "Why, even the very Protestants despise

and distrust a weak-kneed Catholic. And well they may, for there is nothing so despicable. I would not for the world see Paul grow up to be half-hearted in his religion."

"I have never heard you talk so much, Emily," said Mrs. Watson; "you are positively eloquent."

"The subject is near my heart," said Mrs. Rowan. "Paul shall remain at a Catholic school."

"Why, look at me," said Mrs. Watson, complacently. "I was never at any other but a Protestant school. I met Jim Watson on commencement-day; his sister was in my class. Now, no one could be more rigid about the essentials of my faith than I am."

Mrs. Rowan sighed. The illustration was not an inspiring one.

"Let me give you a word of advice, dear," added Mrs. Watson, rising to go, "follow your husband's judgment. It does not do for a man to be *too* religious, and these public schools are not sectarian."

"So much the worse," murmured Mrs. Rowan. "I would almost rather have them out and out Protestant."

"Then you will not be so much shocked at me, you good little soul. I am going to send George to the Protestant college at ———. His prospects are so brilliant, I must not mar them by letting him associate with an inferior class of boys. Do be wise, and let Paul grow up with broader views than yours. Forgive me, dear, but they do not answer in this work-a-day world."

Mrs. Watson, gathering her wrap gracefully about her, made a sign to her coachman, and was soon driven to that aristocratic portion of the town in which a prosperous marriage had domiciled her.

Two months later, Paul Rowan entered a Catholic Boys' Academy, and George Watson began the autumn term at ———.

## II.

"What a comfort that young man is to his mother?" said Paul Rowan's employer, pointing to where the latter was walking on the opposite side of the street, with his mother beside him.

The old gentleman, as he spoke, sat near the open window of his library, in conversation with a friend.

"This Rowan," he went on, "is a treasure to us. He has excellent principles, his honesty is incorruptible, and he has had a splendid training in arithmetic."

"You are enthusiastic," said the friend, quietly.

"And well I may be. The boy has worked himself up in the course of seven years to be our head man. Why, if he continues, he's bound to be in the firm before long."

"Is he married?"

"Not he. His mother was left a widow some years ago and he keeps a roof over her, and sends two or three sisters to the Convent."

"He seems young."

"Twenty-five; but he made a good start. A word in your ear, my friend: There's something in these Separate Schools after all. I mean to employ youths educated there, and no others."

"They may not all turn out so well."

"True, but they have a better chance. The system is better, and I'm not going to have any of these free-thinking chaps about me."

"I hope the fellow doesn't talk religion."

"Never a word. But I know that he attends his church regularly and his religious duties I think they call it."

The worthy man was rather vague as to what these duties were. He could not have explained that Paul was a monthly communicant, being a member of the League, and he belonged to a parochial society as well.

"What does he do with his evenings?" asked the friend; he inquired thoughtfully, as one working out a problem.

"Oh, they're all right. He belongs to some kind of a society for young men, [not a secret society. I abhor those. It's an affair got up by his clergyman, the parish priest Rowan calls him, and, by Jupiter, it keeps a lot of lads out of mischief."

"You are half a Papist, my dear sir."

"I am a whole one for business purposes. I want Separate School-boys for clerks, and I'd like them all to join their church societies."

### III.

"Paul, dear, be careful," said Mrs. Rowan, following her son to the door; "it is such a wild stormy night."

"I'm always careful, mother dear," laughed Paul, "and I wouldn't go out to-night, only I promised to look into a business matter for the firm."

"I shall be anxious till you come back."

"I have given you a lot of anxiety, I am afraid," said Paul, looking half earnestly, half merrily at his mother.

"You have more than repaid me, dear," said the mother, warmly.

"And if God spares me, I will try to repay you more and more. Good-night and good-bye, little mother."

Crossing the track that dark lowering night, Paul Rowan saw a train coming on. He made a hasty leap on to the other track, and as he did so felt a sudden wrench. His foot had caught in a frog. The effort he made to extricate it only tightened it the more. The whistle of a locomotive, followed by the flash of a light around a sharp and not very distant curve, awakened him to a sudden and awful sense of his peril. He cried aloud for help, but the howling of the wind and the rolling, clattering

noise of the dashing train drowned his voice even had any one been there to answer. The worst is come. In the swift realization of his approaching end, his life flashed before him as in a mirror—home, only a few paces distant,—sisters—his mother,—till eternity seemed to open and his thoughts hurried to his *God*. There was no long dark void to be filled up between them. He had been to his monthly communion of Atonement the Sunday before. But he had learned in his school days the supreme importance of prayer and act of perfect contrition in case of accident, and summoning all his energies, he asked with a fervor intensified by the awfulness of the moment, that the Sacred Heart through Mary might give him that grace—one good heartfelt act of contrition such as he had often made in his life.

In spite of natural terror, his faculties seemed to concentrate themselves marvellously. How strong is faith—and all the while he relaxed not in his struggle for life to loosen his foot. Another cry—a whistle—and on came the terrible engine of death, its light flaming like the eye of some great beast. “Jesus, Mary, Joseph”—the cow-catcher struck him and hurled his mangled body beside the track. Eager hands lifted him tenderly, willing feet sped swiftly for a doctor; but the dying man with returning consciousness said only :—

“A priest! quick!”

How graces accumulate around the dying just! The priest came, his own dear parish priest. A suppliant glance of the eye and motion of the hand, the unmistakable confession of a penitent heart was followed by absolution. Then came Extreme Unction, and a last message.

“Tell my mother that I thank her for my Christian faith and education. Tell her how I died.”

## IV.

"My dear," said Mrs. Watson, when she came to make a visit of condolence, some two months after her friend's affliction, "you need not sorrow for Paul."

"That's what our good parish priest tells me," said Mrs. Rowan sadly, "and I tried hard to be resigned; but when I kneel at his grave, if it were not for the daily Mass and my Communions, I feel as if I could not live. Ah, such a son."

"Yes, that's just it, such a son. As for mine"—Mrs. Watson paused, then added hurriedly, "I wish from my heart that I had been a little more bigoted, for my wretched boy is a failure even in worldly affairs where Paul was a success."

"Seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all else will be added," thought Mrs. Rowan, but she only pressed her friend's hand warmly. There was a sorrow deeper than her own.

"Good-bye, Emily," said Mrs. Watson, departing. "You were right, there is nothing so miserable as a bad Catholic."

Going upstairs, Mrs. Rowan paused before her picture of the Sacred Heart. On it were inscribed the Promises, and opposite to the first the mother had written—Paul's dying message. That was the fulfilment thereof for him and for her. "He was their secure refuge in life" and above all for him "at the hour of death."

## AN IMPORTANT DECISION OF THE REVEREND DIRECTOR GENERAL.

**W**HEN in parishes there is but one priest, or in large parishes where there are several, it is practically impossible to hear all the confessions for one monthly general communion of all the Associates. The question has been asked and referred to the Rev. Director General of the Holy League, whether the Plenary Indulgence for going to communion in a body on the day appointed by the Local Director can be gained by sections of the Associates on different days, as, for example, by the men Associates on the first Sunday of the month, by the women on the second, by the children on the third, to suit the convenience of pastor and people. The Rev. Director General has answered in the affirmative. The Local Director can appoint separate days for different sections of the people, so that all may gain once a month the Plenary Indulgence granted by the Holy See.

It was further asked whether, on the day appointed by the Local Director, the Plenary Indulgence can be gained at *any* mass, if there be several, or only at the *one* appointed? The answer has been given in the negative. The Indulgence can be gained at only *one* mass, as it was granted by the Holy See for the sake of the edification given by all approaching Holy Communion together in a body.

Associates who are prevented from attending the Communion Mass may gain one of the several Plenary Indulgences granted monthly, on a day of their choice, to all who fulfil the conditions of the Holy League and Roman Archconfraternity, as stated in the Handbook.



**FRIENDS OF THE SACRED HEART.****THE PLAGUE OF 1847.****BY MRS. JAMES SADLIER**

HOW the waves of Time wash away even the deepest foot-prints of past events—once such stern realities! Looking back into Ossian's "dark brown years," we of the generation passing away see many things that would startle the world of to-day, so strange, so weird, so solemn, like the ghosts of the long-buried dead.

One of these, a mournful phase of Montreal's chequered story, arises now before me. I refer to the awful visitation of what was then called "ship fever," but more correctly named "the famine fever,"—first brought to our Canadian shores from famine and plague-stricken Ireland in the dismal year of 1847.

Rumors of famine in Ireland had been coming all the winter and spring, and charitable efforts were, as usual, being made here and elsewhere to relieve the suffering people of that much-tried land. Then came pitiful tales of fever, following on the famine, in many districts of the fair and most fertile island. This was sad news for people everywhere who had near and dear ones in the old land. But sadder still was to come, and the terrible pestilence was itself the messenger!

The people of the plague-stricken districts began to fly in thousands and tens of thousands to the sea-ports of Ireland, and take passage to America, hoping thus to escape the famine and the fever that were making their beautiful island one ghastly desert. Of this mournful exodus, our own McGee plaintively sang in those gloomy days:—

“ Where are the swift ships flying  
Far to the West away?  
Why are the women crying  
Far to the West away?  
Is our dear land infected,  
That thus o’er her bays neglected,  
The skiff steals along dejected,  
While the ships fly far away? ”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ They are flying, flying like northern birds over the  
sea for fear,  
They cannot abide in their own green land, they seek  
a resting here.”

Alas for them, poor self-made exiles, they did not escape the plague themselves, and they brought it to those friendly shores where they fondly hoped for “a resting!”

On the 8th day of May in that saddest of years, when the rich verdure of the northern spring was mantling the shores of the St. Lawrence, a ship called the “Urania” arrived from Cork at Grosse Isle, the quarantine station below Quebec, freighted with emigrants, very many of whom were, by that time, after a six weeks’ passage, sick or dying of the famine fever. These sad first fruits of the plague’s dread ravages on Canadian soil were literally dragged ashore dead or dying, to find one common grave on the barren coast of Grosse Isle ; but few were saved in the temporary hospitals hastily prepared, for the local physicians and the Canadian Government, alike taken by surprise, and brought suddenly face to face with such an awful calamity, were at first bewildered and confounded.

Alas ! the ill-starred “Urania” was but the first of many death-bearing ships destined to carry consternation and terror to this northern land of ours ! In less than a month, that is to say, by the first days of June, no fewer

than eighty-four ships, laden with Irish emigrants, were driven by easterly winds into the Gulf and River of St. Lawrence. Each vessel, as it came, deposited its fearful freight of sick and dying and dead men, women and children. To receive this multitude of fever patients there were at first only some sheds remaining since the cholera of 1832. The mortality was frightful, and it was computed that some 12,000 fugitives of all ages from Ireland were laid to rest in the arid soil of the Quarantine Island. Of these, 5,000 were registered as "names unknown!"

\* \* \* \*

From that island of death and doom the plague sped onward, ever onward, up the great river, with the rushing tide of flying emigrants. Few of our river or lake ports of any importance but were visited in turn all that woeful summer by the all-destroying plague. In the space at my command I can only speak now of the ravages of the fever in our city of Montreal.

Never were the all-embracing charity of the city of **Mary** more gloriously manifested than in that dread time of public calamity, extending over great part of two years, 1847-8. Quebec, our sister city, had done nobly when once she recovered the first shock of the fearful visitation, of which she had borne with magnanimous courage and devotion the first crushing blow. The then archbishop and his clergy, the religious communities and the citizens generally, did all that was possible to alleviate the sufferings of the poor victims while yet alive, and to give them Christian burial when death ended their misery.

In Montreal likewise the whole city was in a glow of fervent charity for the plague-stricken exiles. Trade and commerce languished, business was more or less neglected, and a fall-like gloom rested on the city. In the fever sheds at Point St. Charles many hundreds of

the sufferers were constantly being cared for, but alas! few they were who escaped with life from that dismal lazaret-house.

The priests of the city were night and day in attendance. Eight of their number fell victims to the plague; of the priests of St. Patrick's, only two escaped, Rev. P. Conolly, who afterwards died in Boston, and Rev. James McMahon, for many years past the honored pastor of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, New York. Father McMahon had been stricken down by the fever, but happily recovered.

The venerable Bishop of Montreal, the saintly Monseigneur Bourget, seeing the ranks of his city clergy so sadly reduced, called in the aid of priests from the country. The appeal was nobly responded to; even from the quiet homes of learning some of the reverend professors came to aid their over-taxed brethren in the plague-sheds at Point St. Charles. The Bishop himself would not be deprived of the mournful privilege of ministering to "the faithful Irish," as the sufferers were affectionately called by their French-Canadian brethren. Alas! his ministry was not for long; he was seized in mid-career by the deadly fever, and his life was saved as it were by miracle, in answer to a novena made by a multitude of his people to Our Blessed Lady of Montreal in her ancient sanctuary of Bon Secours.

Soon after this, four Jesuit Fathers arrived from New York to replace the dead priests of St. Patrick's Church. One of these, Father Dumerle, S. J., was among the latest victims of the plague.

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During all this time the religious sisterhoods of the city were at their arduous post, caring the sick and preparing the dead for burial, amid the fetid air and heart-sickening scenes of the fever-sheds. First came the Grey

Nuns, who gave themselves heart and soul to the fearful labors of the vast lazar-house. But even their large community was soon exhausted, their many institutions of charity requiring so many at home. Thirty of these devoted ladies were seized with the fever, and of these, thirteen died, amongst them Sister Lacroix, the secretary of the house, a most valuable member of the great community, who, still young, possessed the then rare advantage of being equally conversant with English and French, a woman besides of great intelligence.

Then the Sisters of Providence, also daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, took their places beside the coffin-like wooden beds of the fever patients in the sheds, working as such heroines of charity only can work. When these two large communities were found inadequate to take care of the ever-increasing multitude of the sick, a thing came to pass that struck the whole city with admiration, The cloistered Hospitallers of St. Joseph, whom the citizens of Montreal had never seen except behind the grating of their chapel or parlor, or in their own hospital-wards, petitioned the Bishop to dispense them from their vows of life-long seclusion, that they might go to the aid of their dear sister communities in the pestilential atmosphere of the fever sheds.

The permission was freely given, and the strange sight was seen day by day in the streets of our ancient city, of the close carriage that conveyed the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu from their quiet old-time convent to the lazar-house at Point St. Charles. People pointed it out to each other with solemn wonder, as the writer well remembers, and spoke with bated breath of the awful visitation that had brought the cloistered nuns from their convent into the outer world, in obedience to the call of charity!

We have in Montreal a large picture of the interior of the fever-sheds, showing with painful reality the rows of

plague-stricken patients with the clergy and religious in attendance on them. In the far back-ground the good Bishop himself is seen in purple cassock, ministering to the sick. The picture was painted by order of Monseigneur Bourget, in gratitude for his recovery from the fever through the intercession of Notre Dame de Bon Secours. It hung for many years in her famous shrine, a touching memento of a time for ever memorable in the annals of Montreal. It is now to be seen in the spacious sacristy of the Bon Secours Church.

One of the priests who fell victim to the ocean-fever, Rev. Father Richards, of the order of St. Sulpice, an early convert from Methodism, preached in St. Patrick's Church one Sunday when the plague was at its worst. An aged man, with long gray hair, and calm, earnest face, he spoke with touching fervor of the sufferings and death of the faithful children of Ireland, the tears rolling down his cheeks as he spoke. He told of the faith, the piety, the resignation with which they suffered and died. "O my brethren!" he said, "grieve not for them; they did but pass from earth to the glory of heaven. It is true, they were cast into the earth in heaps, their place of sepulture marked by no name or epitaph, but I tell you, my dearly-beloved brethren, that from their ashes the faith will spring up along the St. Lawrence, for they died martyrs as they lived confessors of the faith."

A few days after and the holy old man was seized with the dread disease, and speedily succumbed to its deadly blight. A thrill of sorrow went through the entire city when the news of his death went abroad among the people.

\* \* \* \*

Nigh half a century has passed away since that mournful episode of Canadian history threw its shadow on the shores of the St. Lawrence. Two generations have come

and are well nigh gone, and the memory of that time is waxing dim. But to those yet lingering by the way who witnessed its miseries, its horrors, it is still fresh and vivid. Many incidents and details come up from those long past years, but must be passed over. Two only I would fain to place here on record : the tender charity wherewith the French-Canadian people, dwelling on the shores of the St. Lawrence, at the suggestion of their beloved pastors, adopted the thousands of poor orphans left in their midst by the terrible ocean-plague, receiving them as gifts from Heaven, and cherishing them as their own flesh and blood, thus bringing them up in the faith of their martyred fathers—an act of charity never to be forgotten. The other fact worthy of note is the rude but substantial monument erected at Point St. Charles over the graves of *six thousand* half forgotten victims of the plague, by the workmen employed on the construction of the great Victoria Bridge. Surely such facts go far to redeem the character of our fallen race from the charge of selfishness and cold indifference to the woes and wants of others !



## THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

### St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton.

*Dear Messenger,*—For two years now the Holy League has been advancing with rapid strides in the Ambitious City. The Promoters have worked with untiring zeal to propagate this beautiful devotion, and have succeeded far beyond the most sanguine expectations in encircling the Heart of our Beloved Redeemer with a phalanx of worshippers. To appreciate the marvellous good it has wrought in our Cathedral parish, one should see the multitude of people, men and women, who approach the Holy Table on the first Sunday of each month.

Sunday the 3rd was a day of celebration for our Centre. At the regular monthly meeting of the Associates held in the Cathedral, it was announced to the Promoters by Rev. Local Director that their long cherished desire would be gratified by the solemn conferring of the diplomas and crosses, to which every Promoter, after due probation, is entitled. His Lordship Bishop Dowling had kindly consented to preside at the ceremony, and the Rev. Central Director would be present, and preach the sermon for the occasion.

A dense assemblage, for the most part Associates, thronged the Cathedral at the evening service. The choir executed the vesper chants in best form, after which Rev. Father Connolly, S.J., preached an able and eloquent sermon on the love of God for man as manifested in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. At the end, addressing the Promoters directly, he said that the Church, ever grateful for the assistance she received from her zealous lay-children, was about to open to them her treasury in recognition of their services spreading a work so dear to her heart and productive of such immense good. She was



going by the hand of her Pontiff to bless and confer upon them the insignia of her approval and her praise with a large share in her indulgences.

The sermon over, His Lordship the Bishop proceeded with attendant clergymen to the altar-rail, where he solemnly blessed the crosses. Then a long line of Promoters, counting sixty-two, advanced and received their cross on bended knee. The choir and organ discoursed the sweetest music. This first solemn reception of Promoters in our city made on the minds of all who witnessed it an impression that cannot be easily effaced.

After crosses and diplomas had been distributed, the Bishop briefly addressed the congregation, expressing his delight at the deep root which the beautiful devotion to the Sacred Heart had taken among his people, and also at the sight of so many of the good and zealous of the laity coming forward to help the clergy in their onerous task. He hoped that their diplomas and crosses, with indulgences annexed, would be a fresh incentive to their devotion and their zeal.

The ceremony of reception was followed by a solemn benediction, at which the act of consecration to the Sacred Heart was read.—A PROMOTER.

### St. Patrick's, Quebec.

St. Patrick has become of late an active Promoter, as evidenced by the large and influential congregations claiming him for their protector, who have entered the ranks of the Holy League. In addition to St. Patrick's, Hamilton, and St. Patrick's, Ottawa, we are happy to be able to record this week the parish of St. Patrick's, Quebec, in charge of the Redemptorist Fathers. Rapidly as the Holy League spreads among the children of Ireland and

their descendants, in ordinary circumstances, it was only to be expected that, under the sons of St. Alphonsus, it should make greater progress still. Not only was St. Ligouri one of the bulwarks raised by Almighty God to oppose the invading heresy of Jansenism, but every page of his beautiful writings breathes the spirit of devotion to the Sacred Heart. It was a rich legacy he bequeathed to his children.

No wonder, therefore, that the Holy League, beginning as a little spark amongst the parishioners of St. Patrick's, Quebec, should spread like one of those great conflagrations for which the historic citadel town is so famous. Especially, when Father Oates set to work, there was no bounds to the ardor and enthusiasm. At a preliminary meeting, more than seventy prominent ladies took out Promoters' lists. Demands for League material came in quick succession, one hundred, five hundred, one thousand, two thousand admission tickets; thirty, fifty, seventy rosary sets; Messengers, twenty, forty, sixty, one hundred.

This was only the ladies' branch, but Father Oates never does things by halves. Men Promoters are under appointment, and it is rumored there will shortly be organized at Quebec a branch of the Men's League, that will outnumber anything of the kind in the Dominion, and even much farther South. Father Oates is acting on the conviction that the Holy League will be an incalculable blessing to Quebec, not only by spreading more widely and deeply the devotion to the Sacred Heart, but also by uniting together and strengthening the flourishing societies and sodalities that already exist under the direction of the Redemptorist Fathers of St. Patrick's.

### **Cobourg.**

The Holy League is progressing with steady pace in the University town of Cobourg. Since the bulk of the Catho-

lic population entered its ranks at the time of the mission, six circles have been added. The children, too, under the Sisters of St. Joseph, fervently observe the practices. The number of subscriptions to the *Messenger* has reached one hundred.

### Campbellford.

The work of organization is still in progress. Several new circles have been lately completed, and about a hundred *Messengers* are in circulation.

### Cornwall.

There is no bounds to the enthusiasm displayed in this recently formed centre. Seventy ladies attended the last Promoters' meeting, and twenty new lists have since been taken out. The number of subscriptions to the *Messenger* has gone up to 250.

### Chapleau, Ont.

This little town, young and ambitious, is nestled away among mountains and primeval forests, six hundred miles west of Montreal, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It was there the Sacred Heart planted its standard last month, in the little white church seated over near the Lake. An enterprising secretary is engaged in increasing the number of Associates, forming new circles, propagating the *Messenger*. Her letters to the Central Direction are brimful of zeal, and show that she is active in pushing the interests of the League of the Sacred Heart in the midst of those western mountains.

### St. Lawrence's, Hamilton.

The *new* parish promises to surpass all centres in fervor. On the first Sunday of the month, nearly two hundred

took part in the General Communion of Reparation. A new sanctuary lamp, worth \$100, the present of an Associate, is soon to be suspended by Father O'Sullivan, before the High Altar, as a symbol of the devotion of St. Lawrence's parish to the Sacred Heart.

### St. Patrick's, Ottawa,

The work of organization is progressing apace. Soon one hundred lists shall be completed. Two hundred and thirty *Messengers* are read monthly.

### Windsor, N.S.

Reports from the land of Evangeline state that the Associates are still in their first fervor, and that the *Canadian Messenger* is highly appreciated.

## IN THANKSGIVING.

MONTREAL, May, 1891.

*Dear Messenger*,—In fulfilment of my promise, I wish, through your pages, to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for having, through the intercession of Saint Joseph, obtained a temporal favor.

INGERSOLL, April, 1891.

*Dear Messenger*,—In accordance with a promise made, I want to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a fond parent, whose cure was very doubtful.

I also promised the Sacred Heart, were I successful in a certain study on which much depended, I would acknowledge it through your pages. Thanks to the Sacred Heart, I have obtained my request over and above what I anticipated.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., May, 1891.

*Dear Messenger*,—I promised the Sacred Heart that if I succeeded in entering religion, I would acknowledge my thanks in your pages. I now come to fulfil my promise.

**PROMOTERS' PAGE.**

*Dear Messenger*,—Please be so kind as to answer the following questions: "Are the badges to be blessed and distributed to the Associates from the altar-rail, or is it only the men's badges that are thus blessed and distributed? Can Promoters receive the badges at their meeting, and then give them around to their Associates? Have I to collect in all the badges I have given to my six circles of Associates, and after getting them blessed give them out again?"

We answer, it is not necessary that the badge be blessed to gain the indulgences attached to it. It is sometimes blessed and conferred for sake of solemnity when a large number gather in the church to join the Holy League, as is usual at the close of a *Triduum* or Mission, when the people are well prepared. It is thus blessed and given at the rail to the men at the inauguration of a branch of the Men's League. In all cases, those who have thus publicly received the blessed badge have to give in their names to a regular Promoter and receive a certificate of admission, if they have not already done so.

A solemn blessing of the badges may conveniently take place at the ceremony of reception of Diplomas and Cross by Promoters. The Associates have only to come to church with badge visibly worn, and stand up in their place while the priest reads the blessing and sprinkles the holy water.

2. The resolution for the month of June, this year, ought to be to help the rev. Local Directors to celebrate the Tercentenary of St. Aloysius, by securing a large attendance, especially of men and boys, at the General Communion of the 21st, and at the evening ceremony and Act of Consecration, also at the Triduum or Novena preceding it, which is necessary for the special Plenary Indulgence. Promoters may gather and hand to the local Secretary the names of children to be enregistered in the lists to be deposited in the tomb of St. Aloysius at Rome.



## THE MONTH OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

**N**OW fitting that the Month of the Sacred Heart should end in the month of the Precious Blood ! Does not the Blood that flowed from the Saviour's side tell us as naught else could tell how the Sacred Heart of Jesus loves us ? It is St. Thomas Aquinas who describes that tender Heart as wounded for our sins, and pouring out through the opening in the side of Christ its Precious Blood, to testify the excess of His love and to inflame the tepid hearts of His disciples. That Precious Blood is the price which the Heart of Jesus paid for our redemption. And what a price ! Blood was demanded by God in all time as satisfaction for sin. "Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission." The Blood of a Man-God was the infinite price demanded by the infinite justice of God in atonement for the infinite malice of sin. "Men," says St. Augustine, "were held captive by the devil, enslaved to the demons. They sold themselves, they could not redeem themselves. The Redeemer came and paid the price ; He shed His Blood, and ransomed the world. The blood of Christ is the price. What did it purchase ? The whole world." Aye, one drop of that Precious Blood could purchase the world and a thousand worlds. Yet

He shed it unto the last drop, to show the excessive love of His Sacred Heart, and that there is "with Him plentiful redemption."

That Precious Blood tells us our own worth, the real value of life and the use we ought to make of it. Not the whole world could stand in comparison with a soul, nor could all its riches buy a life. "Knowing that you were not redeemed with corruptible things as gold or silver, but with the Precious Blood of Christ as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled." "For you are bought with a great price, glorify and bear God in your body." Soul, body, life, all have been bought by Him. All are His by the clearest and dearest of titles—purchased by His Blood. All must be used and employed for His service. And yet how many useless, aimless, frivolous, empty lives! Alas, how many sinful lives for whom that Blood was spilt in vain? And would it were only in vain!

Finally, the Precious Blood tells us the boundlessness and the intensity of the happiness in store for us. The splendor and magnificence of the mansion must be an equivalent of the price paid for it. How could the bliss purchased by the most Precious Blood of an Immaculate Lamb be but such as eye of earth hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived! Short the trial, the struggle, the suffering; eternal the reward! "These are they who are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb. Therefore they are before the throne of God, and the Lamb shall lead them to the fountains of the waters of life, and God shall wipe away the tears from their eyes."



## GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY, 1891.

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*Named by Pope Leo XIII with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.*

CATHOLIC DOCTORS.

**I**NIMATELY we have had occasion to speak of men who turn literature, science and art into sources of moral corruption. More guilty than the mixer of the fatal cup, they make it their profession to poison souls and strangle the life of peoples. We have this month to speak of a profession which, not indeed amongst ourselves, but abroad, figures in the foremost ranks of the anti-religious and anti-social war so fiercely raging in countries suffering from a decline of faith. In those countries it is the unenviable privilege of the medical profession to carry the banner of dogmatic materialism, which, by denying the very existence of the spiritual substance of the soul and the operations of spiritual life, cuts away the foundations of faith in God and a future state, and of



all moral responsibility. Because they cannot reach the soul with their lancets, dissecting-knives and chemical agents, they deny the reality of its existence! as if forsooth our grasp of necessary truths, self-consciousness, free-will and the world of facts within us, which transcend all the forces of matter, were not enough to set beyond doubt the existence of the soul, its wondrous capacities, its immortal destiny, and those obligations which make the world within the most real and awful of realities.

Ruinous as are their principles to faith, who can tell the ravages on the holiness of Christian morality that doctors devoid of faith and the restraining power of religious convictions are capable of? Who can count the number of their victims even among the guileless and the innocent? "I declare," said Joseph De Maistre, "I prefer infinitely the highway assassin against whom one can go armed, or call for help, and who is sometimes caught and hanged, to the immoral physician."

Without going so far, we have only to reflect on the consequences of irreligion, indifference and ignorance of Catholic faith and practice on the part of the Doctor, to realize what an immense mischief they must cause to souls. The Christian, enlightened by the teachings of faith, sets the first importance on the timely reception of the last sacraments as helps over the dread passage to eternity, and considers timely warning the most pressing duty of all who are around the sick bed. To defer what in so many cases are the only chances of heaven, till the last chance of earth is beginning to vanish, is the extreme of rashness and sheer cruelty. How often is not the eternal as well as the temporal life of the patient in the physician's hands? How often has he not to fulfill the office of priest as well as of physician? Should he make light of the soul and its future state, set the interests of time above eternity; should he, to flatter or

to please, to spare feelings, and avoid what he might consider needless alarm, conceal the danger ; should he, to kill physical pain, benumb the faculties of the soul in its death wrestle with the powers of hell, or extinguish them amidst the graces which fall thick and fast around the deathbed, and which demand a whole-souled co-operation ; should he, from sheer drugging, send the soul in a frenzy of intoxication before its Judge, who can weigh the responsibility ?

No wonder the medical profession should always have been considered a kind of sacred calling. After the priesthood and religious vocation none can be compared with it for its beneficent action on souls and devotion to the highest interests of men. Health of soul and health of body are so intimately related ! Are not pain and sickness, under all their forms, the consequences of sin, or its penalties, or the sensible images and proofs of its hideousness ? Father Faber remarks on St. Luke, who was a physician before he became an Apostle and Evangelist, that there was something in his profession which predisposed and prepared him for proclaiming the mercy of God to sinners. Thus we have from him all those touching traits of the mercy and goodness of God portrayed in parables and examples like the Prodigal, the Lost Sheep, the Good Samaritan.

But what above all else enhances the dignity of the medical profession in the eyes of faith is the fact that the Son of God, coming from heaven to save men, stood in their midst a physician as well as a priest. He assumed our infirmities and bore our sorrows, that He might the more effectually heal them. "He went about preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and every infirmity among the people." Two classes of people He considered had special claims on His

time, patience and compassion,—sinners and the sick. “They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the just but sinners to penance.” He joined in himself both offices, of priest and physician, to save the whole man sickened by the fall, to make the cure of the body the preparation for the cure of the soul, to set in His own life an example of the zeal, devotion and compassion which will render the Christian doctor, while healing the ailments of the body, instrumental also in procuring the eternal welfare of souls.

The Church also has ever shown her high regard for the medical profession by special marks of her solicitude and protection. She has made the teaching of medicine one of the chief functions of her Universities, in order that young men who have chosen that profession might drink the knowledge of it from pure fountains, and learn to practise it according to safe methods. Thus she has preserved it from becoming a source of corruption and death, not only to souls, but also to human society itself, the preservation and well-being of which is so closely bound up with the purity and honor of the medical profession.

#### PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular for Catholic doctors, that, walking in the path of truth, zeal and devotion, pointed out by Thee, the Divine Physician, they may, while healing the ailments of the body, also promote the welfare of souls.—Amen.

## THE BADGE OF THE LEAGUE.

**P**LACE it on thy breast with gladness, let it  
show and shine,  
Better than all earthly honors is that holy  
sign,  
For it tells that love hath bound thee to the  
Heart Divine !

Lay it o'er thy heart with fervor, it will guard and shield ;  
Harmless is thy foe's endeavor and the arms they wield  
'Gainst thine armor, which, enchanted, does not bend or  
yield.

Let it wave upon thy banner, let its margin blaze  
In the sunlight and the starlight, through life's varied  
ways,  
Till at last His "Kingdom" coming shall be thine  
through endless days.

BELLE LLE GUERIN.

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## THE MEN'S LEAGUE.

IS IT INTENDED FOR SINNERS ?

**S**INCE your explanations, the Morning Offering  
and its bearing on Catholic life seem pretty  
clear. Now, I have only to put it in practice.  
But just here I must own to a misgiving. I  
am afraid, Father, you have been soaring  
rather high, taking me all the while for a friend of the  
Sacred Heart, something like a saint, whereas in truth I  
am nothing of the kind. If I get to heaven at all, I am  
satisfied it shall be by the sinner's path. The League

that will help me is a League of sinners, not of saints,—sinners, I mean, who are somewhat in earnest about saving their souls, and desire at least to keep their heads above water.”

I see, dear Associate, you are one of those diffident Catholics, who are not altogether freed from the leaven of Jansenism. You hide it from yourself under a varnish of false modesty and humility, which is in truth but the vice of pusillanimity, the very opposite of the manly virtue of fortitude and the Christian virtue of hope and confidence in God. It is a vice which the devil turns to account, if not directly to destroy souls, at least to keep them back on the road to heaven, to damp all ardor and enthusiasm in the spiritual fight, to prevent anything like an aim at noble achievement and high attainment, to stifle every thought worthy of “the glory of the hope of the sons of God.”

In truth, to be an earnest and sincere friend of the Sacred Heart, it is not necessary to be a saint, nor anything of the kind. Every man who is in sanctifying grace, free from the guilt of mortal sin, which is the state of all who have made an ordinary good confession, is the friend of his God and his Saviour. Sanctifying grace, even in its lowest degree, is the divine link that knits his soul to his God, his heart to his Saviour's Heart. A true and sincere friend of the Sacred Heart is precisely your man who desires to keep his head above water. Because of that heavenly friendship, the Holy Ghost, dwelling in his soul with sanctifying grace, is unceasingly imparting to him his actual graces and aids, first, that he may not go under and sink again into sin; secondly, that he may practise the Christian virtues proper to his state of life according as opportunities will come in his path; and, thirdly, that he may further the interests and glory of his divine friend and the

Church his spouse. In fact, it is not we who have chosen him, but He who has first chosen us for His friends. He came all the way to earth to seek our friendship, "to find," in His own words, "His delights among the children of men." He offers his friendship to all. He has placed it within the reach of all. He invites all to enter into the holy compact, and draw waters in gladness from their Saviour's fountains. "Come to the waters," says He, "all ye who are thirsty." "If thou didst know the gift of God," said He to the Samaritan woman, who was nothing like a saint, for she had had five husbands, and the man she was then living with was not her husband, "if thou didst know the gift of God....thou, perhaps, wouldst have asked of Him and He would have given thee living water.... springing up into life everlasting." "I am come that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly." And not only does he offer us the life of grace itself, but all the gifts and virtues that accompany it, all the good things of the present life that will not prove obstacles to its increase and continuance, all the favors and presents and kindnesses that friends are wont to lavish on friends. "Come to me all you that labor and are heavy-burdened, and I will refresh you." "Ask and you shall receive, that your joy may be full." You see, He came to offer His friendship to all, on the cheapest terms,—to make Himself *common*. The price, the only condition is that, heeding His urgent invitations, we desire it and dispose ourselves to receive it. Even the sinner, plunged in the waters of evil, can rise to the friendship of the Son of God if he wills it.

"Father, you seem to insinuate that even sinners can and ought to become members of the Holy League."

Most certainly, especially if they show any desire, and give hope of leading a better life and fulfilling their Cath-

olic duties. The Holy League will draw them gently but powerfully under the influence of the Devotion of the Sacred Heart, that is, under the influence of the light and mercy and love of the Saviour. It will initiate them to the practice of prayer—make them take up again old habits of prayer long neglected, and, perhaps, add a few new prayers. God is so good to the soul that prays, and so exceedingly good to the soul that prays a *little more*, that there is nothing it may not hope for. “Hitherto you have asked nothing,” says He; “ask, and you shall receive, that your joy may be full.”

Prayer is the first response to the invitation of the Divine Friend. “Behold,” He says to the sinner, “I stand at the door and knock.” Prayer, if it will not instantly admit the Divine Friend, at least goes to open the door, and lets in the light of His countenance, the voice of His pleading and His reproaches. Or to go back to our former example of a drowning man to whom the Son of God reaches down a helping hand, by prayer, the sinner, whilst exclaiming, “Lord save us, for we perish,” lifts up his hand and places it in that of his Saviour. What is prayer but the elevation of the soul to God to ask his help?

“I understand the Holy League must prove a great boon to the sinner, since it gives him a share in all its prayers, merits and privileges; but how can he in return give it the benefit of his prayers and merits? The sinner is incapable of meriting, and all his prayers he needs for himself; how can they, then, be of any avail to advance the interests of the Sacred Heart and the intentions of the League, which is an Association of Prayer for the intentions of the Sacred Heart and of the several members?”

I answer by another question: Has not the sinner's own conversion a place among the intentions of the Sacred

Heart, and is it excluded from the intentions of the Associates? Does not the fact of his being a member give him a fresh claim on the mercy of the Sacred Heart and on the charity of his fellow-Associates? Then there is the grounded hope that he will sooner or later rise from sin to the friendship of his Saviour, when his prayers and good works shall merit all the more in proportion to his repentance and his fervor. "Many sins are forgiven her, because she hath loved much," said Our Lord, of Magdalen.

Thus, the Church, so full of the spirit of the Saviour's mercy, does not exclude sinners from her communion. Though dead members, they carry, as if smouldering under the ashes, the spark of faith, which, under the breath of the spirit of God, obtained by prayer, is enkindled once more through repentance into the flame of charity. It is the very aim of the Holy League to make the wind blow—to help the faithful "to enkindle in themselves and others zeal for prayer." It is therefore intended for all,—for the friends of the Sacred Heart, that by association they may work more efficaciously for the interests of Jesus; for those who are not His friends, that betaking themselves to prayer they may rise to His friendship. Neglect no opportunity, dear Associate, of enlisting the faithful in the ranks of the Holy League.

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**THE CROSS OF ST. HILAIRE.**

[Mgr. de Forbin-Janson, Bishop of Nancy, being forced into exile by political intrigues in his own country, came to America and entered upon a missionary career in the United States and Canada. He assisted at the deliberations of the Fourth Provincial Council of Baltimore, 1840. On his return to France he founded the Association of the Holy Childhood. He was a member of the Order of St. Sulpice.]



AND the Bishop, Forbin-Janson,  
Had come across the sea  
From the troubles that were raging,  
In France and in Nancy.

Preaching, teaching, he had trav'led  
Through this land from east to west,  
And from north to south he wandered,  
A missionary blest.

And in each Canadian village  
The crosses yet are seen  
Which Bishop Forbin-Janson  
Placed along the waysides green.

And the Bishop, as he labored,  
Marked with ever new delight  
A group of tree-clad mountains,  
Touched by ev'ry changing light.

To his soul an inspiration,  
Like a flash of lightning, came—  
He would plant the sacred symbol  
Just where sunset's glories flame.

On the Belœil mountains' summit  
Should arise the holy sign,  
Speaking to all these countries  
Of the love of One Divine.

So the Bishop Forbin-Janson  
Set a Cross colossal there ;  
A hundred feet it measured  
As it rose o'er St. Hilaire.

It shone above the city,  
And it shone above the town,  
The seamen on the water  
Felt its glory falling down.

The peasant in his village,  
As he pointed up on high,  
Showed the Cross of Forbin-Janson  
Outlined against the sky.

Said the busy townsman, pausing  
As the sign shone in mid-air,  
There's the Cross of Forbin-Janson,  
On the heights of St. Hilaire.

Years have passed, Salvation's emblem  
Has vanished from the heights ;  
No more its gleaming surface  
Reflects the changing lights.

But still the story lingers,  
How with blessing and with prayer  
The holy Bishop Janson  
Raised the Cross at St. Hilaire.

A. T. S.

**A VISIT TO THE CATACOMBS.**

**I**N Rome it is not difficult to believe that holy spirits are near one, that the heroes and heroines who sanctified the soil by shedding their blood for Christ upon it still watch over the Eternal City, and sometimes whisper holy and happy thoughts to those who come with affection and reverence to visit their shrines. At best I shall always think that it was one of those spirits who led us to the Catacombs on St. Cecilia's day.

We were on the Corso looking at the pretty shops, dazzled by the brilliant jewels, the gleaming white statuary, and the glowing colors of the many-hued Roman scarfs which are so temptingly displayed in the windows, when we called a cab, with the half-formed intention of going to St. Paul's. "To the via Appia," we said to the driver, and away we went, a distance not measured by miles but by centuries. Yes, driving back into the remote past it seemed to be, for although the two high walls, which for a mile or so you pass through, seem uninteresting enough in themselves, the very air is laden with poetry and prayer; and the stones are whispering to listening ears tales of hero hearts and of valiant deeds. On either side we met the tombs of Roman nobles, huge masses of rock which once were gorgeous sepulchres, but which time has entirely disfigured, and, alas! for the vanity of an epitaph, most of which are as nameless and unknown as the humble mound where a stranger lies in a village churchyard.

After we had proceeded a couple of miles, we saw a number of carriages stopped on the roadside, and people were entering a wide-open gate. We inquired what it meant, and were told that this was the entrance to the Catacomb of St. Calixtus, which was illuminated to-day in honor of St. Cecilia. Delighted at our good fortune to find ourselves

here at such a moment, we alighted and entered too. A venerable monk, to whom we addressed ourselves, assigned to us a guide, and, in a moment, we had left the sunshine behind, and were descending the narrow stone steps which lead to these sacred recesses. If it could be possible for a Catholic to enter here with levity, a notice reminds you that it is a hallowed spot—"It is forbidden to remove anything from the Catacombs under pain of excommunication." Behold, the Church throws her mantle around the resting place of her Saints. No desecrating hand must approach them, for they lie within the shelter of her arms.

My knowledge of the Catacombs had been chiefly derived from "*Fabiola*," read for the first time at an age when every page was lived through with eager enthusiasm or studied out with tear-blinded eyes, and remembered afterwards with almost the vividness of personal experiences. Perhaps it was for this reason that, as I descended step after step, the present seemed to recede from me, and in these dimly lighted narrow passages I found myself with trembling reverence among the early Christians in the first ages of the Church. Methought that away in the gloom I could see Cecilia, the beggar girl, in her brown garments, the strange nuptial wreath upon her brow, her dark sightless eyes beaming with love and gladness as unconsciously she came forward, with lamp upraised, and disclosed her presence to the cruel soldiers. Oh! gentle, patient Cecilia, what kinship bore you to the noble Roman lady whose festival is to-day being celebrated? Verily, and indeed you were sisters in Christ.

Half in a dream, I walked along. At intervals lamps had been placed which gave just a little more than twilight radiance to the place, but which made those corridors that branched off seem to be plunged into deeper than midnight gloom. All along the walls we saw the spaces which had been cut out of the rock, and in which the

bodies of the martyrs had rested. Most of the relics have been removed and given as treasures to churches all over the world. Our guide-book told us that here fourteen Popes and about one hundred and fifty thousand Christians were buried, and here, during the persecutions, they assembled to celebrate the mysteries of religion and dedicate themselves to prayer. In the little chapels you see the small altar, and, if you raise a light above you, you perceive the painting which decorated it, but in a dreary state of decay. The relics of St. Cecilia are now venerated in the church which bears her name; but the tomb which first received her body after martyrdom was in one of these chapels. And here, after many long years, it was found in a state of perfect preservation. An artist, the sculptor Stefano Maderno, made an exact copy of the beautiful form as it lay in death, the pathetic grace of which touches the hearts of all who behold it.

But hark! what sound is that which approaches? Is the song of praise still echoing here? Behold the procession in honor of the day is nearing, and we stand aside to let it pass. "Santa Cecilia," sing the white-robed priests and choristers. "Ora pro nobis," respond the faithful who follow, carrying lighted tapers. Oh, holy Saint, did you yourself once tread this path with hymns of love springing from your pure heart and filling these gloomy galleries with music that angels loved to listen to? Was it here, at this altar, that you knelt to receive the Bread which gave to your timid woman's heart a strength and courage such as Roman generals, in their wildest moments of daring, never dreamt of! "Omnes Sancti Martyres," and along the narrow thread of light the response flows, "Orate pro nobis." All ye holy martyrs, ye strong men and gentle maidens, how near we seem to you here. Your human hearts, centuries ago, throbbed and struggled, loved and suffered just as ours do to-day, and now forever-

more you bear the palm with rapturous rejoicing in the glory of God's presence, beneath the light of Mary's eyes!

Even while we watched, the sound of prayer was hushed, the people began to disperse, and so we too ascended once more to the light and life of the world above. Could we return without a little more love, a little more strength, a little less of the nerveless languor of our century? The short winter day was drawing to a close, and in the light of a beautiful moon which had arisen in the clear sky, we drove back to the city, but the spell of the holy hour we had spent was still upon me. Above the hum of Italian voices in the noisy streets, above the clatter of horses' hoofs on the old stones, above the cheer which was greeting King Humbert, as he threw a handful of coins among the people before passing into his palace gates, I still heard that litany resounding, "Omnes Sancti Martyres," and my heart answered with deepest fervor, "Oh guard well and guard forever the sacred treasures of your holy Rome."

BELLELLE GUERIN.



## AM I REMEMBERED IN HEAVEN?

[The following pathetic narrative was sent to the MESSENGER as a May-offering and a thanksgiving. It came, however, too late for insertion in the May number and has been kept over for July.]

—, ONTARIO, April 15, 1891.

**S**OME time ago a small party was assembled in the house of a Catholic lady, a fervent member of the "League." Among them was a man, somewhat past the meridian of life, possessed of many good and attractive qualities; but who, sad to say, for many, many years, were it not for an occasional attendance at mass, had lived in total neglect of every religious duty, and led a life anything but edifying. Yet he was the son of good Catholic parents, and had, in his early manhood, been a model Catholic himself and a fervent client of Our Lady; but unchristian associates and unchristian reading had done their work in his soul. The lady at whose house we find him always prayed and hoped for his return to God.

On this particular evening he seemed restless and gloomy, and after one of the company had sang McGee's

"Am I Remembered in Erin?" he turned towards his hostess and said in a low tone :—

"I wonder if I am remembered in heaven?"

"Can you doubt it?" she quickly questioned; then added pleasantly, after a moment's thought: "Put your feelings on the subject into rhyme, and I promise to find a delightful answer to your query."

Meeting him next morning on the street she asked smilingly for the rhyme.

"Here," he said, tearing a few leaves from his notebook, and, lifting his hat to her, he passed quickly on. A few evenings afterwards he was again at her house. After he had taken leave of her husband, she accompanied him to the door, and said: "I have put your verses under Our Lady's feet, on her altar; her answer will surely come. Now, do me a favor," producing a badge of the Sacred Heart, "wear this for her sake, and say once every day, 'Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, pray for me.'"

He laughed constrainedly, and, in a tone that strove to be mocking, said, "I delight in *short* prayers; I'll say it."

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Three weeks after, in the dusk of one Saturday evening, the lady entered the church, and, to her intense delight, saw him kneeling in earnest prayer before Our Lady's altar. He was making his thanksgiving after confession.

Afterwards he said to her: "Your badge burnt like fire, I was forced to make my confession."

"Your question is fully answered," she said.

"Yes," he rejoined, "fully and kindly;" then he added, "I am very thankful to God and to *my* Mother," dwelling tenderly on the "*my*."

He is proving that he is thankful.

*Laus Deo!*



Am I remembered in Heaven?

Will some pitying angel say ;  
Am I named in prayer, or blessing,  
In that bright land far away ?

Do the lips of the spotless Mother  
Ever murmur the sinner's name,  
Who far from her Heart has drifted,  
And revelled in depths of shame ?

O Mary, Mother Mary,  
Many hearts were pledged to you,  
Since the Blood from Calvary's Altar  
Dyed with red your mantle blue !

Some whose souls ne'er lost their whiteness,  
Some that well retrieved its loss,  
" Fought the good fight " long and bravely,  
'Neath the standard of the Cross.

Then, dare I hope to cherish  
The dream that I shall be  
Yet a victor crowned, fair Mother,  
With that palm-decked company ?

Yes, fair, though faint, sweet Mother,  
Dawns again that hope, once bright ;  
Even now, I feel it lure me  
From the shades of sin's dark night.

And though my best resolves lie broken,  
And life's low descending sun  
Warns me that the night is coming,  
And my task is all undone ;

Yet, most true of all fond Mothers,  
Be my Advocate once more ;  
Though late, I'll gird me to the battle,  
And wear thy lily, as of yore.

## THE SACRED HEART IN OTTAWA.

MRS. SADLIER.

**D**URING a two weeks' sojourn in our Canadian Capital, I took especial note of everything appertaining to our Holy League and the interests of the Sacred Heart in that rapidly-growing city. As I know it cannot fail to interest the readers of the *Messenger*, we are going to give them a brief account of what has been and is being done.

The first sanctuary of the Sacred Heart established in Ottawa was the chapel of the Grey Nuns' Convent, Rideau street, where the devotion is being carried on with great fervor and exactitude. The convent itself with its large boarding and day schools are dedicated to the Sacred Heart. The chapel is singularly beautiful, with groined roof and richly-stained windows. Above the high altar is a fine statue of Our Lord with His Sacred Heart exposed. The Guard of Honor as well as the Arch-confraternity of the Sacred Heart are established here.

In the Cathedral Church of Ottawa, familiarly known as the Basilica, a handsome altar on the Gospel side of the nave is consecrated to the Sacred Heart and surmounted by the Divine Image.

The Convent of the Good Shepherd, St. Andrew street, is dedicated to the Sacred Heart. In the Community-chapel, within the cloistral grating, is a full-length statue of Our Lord, typifying the great devotion. "Oh!" said the Reverend Mother Superior, in answer to our inquiries, "All here is consecrated to the Sacred Heart—our chapel, our community, and all!"

St. Patrick's Church, I am glad to say, is one of the great centres of the devotion in Ottawa. The zealous and energetic pastor, Father Whelan,—may he long be spared!

—is a fervent apostle of the Sacred Heart. His beautiful church is even now a stronghold of the Sacred Heart, although the League has been but recently established there. We learned with very great satisfaction that in two weeks after its inauguration in St. Patrick's Church, no less than 1,050 members were enrolled, with 65 lay promoters and 200 associates of the Men's Temperance League. Father Whelan informed us that many more promoters had offered to make up circles, but he deemed it better not to form too many all at once until the work was more solidly established and better known. While listening to the animated description of the glow of zeal pervading the St. Patrick's congregation in regard to the Holy League, we could not help recalling some words of Denis Florence McCarthy's beautiful ode on the Consecration of Ireland to the Sacred Heart:—

Where'er beneath the Saving Rood  
     The nation kneels to pray,  
 A holy band of brotherhood  
     Unites us all to-day ;  
 From north to south, from east to west,  
     From circling sea to sea,  
 Ierne bares her bleeding breast,  
     O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

She consecrates her dark despair,  
     Though brightened from above—  
 She consecrates her Patrick's prayer—  
     Her Bridget's burning love—  
 Her Brenden sailing over seas  
     That none had dared but he—  
 These, and a thousand such as these,  
     O, Sacred Heart, to Thee !

Yes, it is fitting, indeed, that our long suffering, much-enduring people should be foremost in devotion to the all-sustaining Heart of Jesus!

In the Dominican Monastery, about eight years<sup>in</sup> existence, the altar on the epistle side of the church is dedicated to the Sacred Heart and surmounted by the statue of Our Lord.

In St. Ann's Church, the lateral altar on the Gospel side is consecrated to the Sacred Heart.

In St. Joseph's Church, Wilbrode street, the altar on the epistle side of the nave is dedicated to the Sacred Heart. The statue of Our Divine Lord, with His Sacred Heart exposed, which stands above the altar, is extremely touching and most devotional. Near by is a little shrine of the Holy Face, before which a lamp is kept ever burning.

It was in St. Joseph's Church that we had the happiness of receiving Our Blessed Lord in the Sacrament of His love on the first Friday of the month consecrated to His gracious mother. There was a crowd of communicants, although it was the last mass, and it is to be presumed that each of the earlier masses had also a large number. In the evening there are always in St. Joseph's the devotions proper to the first Friday of the month, and in the afternoon, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Sacred Heart Chapel of the Grey Nuns, where, on a side altar, we saw displayed the lovely banner presented by the ladies of the Arch-confraternity, bearing the legend,

SACRÉ CŒUR DE JESUS, SAUVEZ LE CANADA.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have purposely kept for the last the crowning glory of the Sacred Heart, the new French Church on Theodore street, now in progress of erection, and which promises to be one of the finest in Ottawa. Only the basement is yet

completed, but it is already used as a church for the large and ever-increasing French population. Above the high altar, in a niche, is a large and very impressive statue of Our Divine Saviour pointing to His Sacred Heart and looking benignly on the throngs of devout worshippers who do now, and will in the after time, receive the life-giving Bread of that altar.

Here there is also a shrine of the Holy Face, to which there is great devotion in Ottawa.

In this church of the Sacred Heart, destined at no distant day to worthily represent the faith and piety of French Canada on the soil of Ontario, there are already altars to St. John the Baptist, the great patron of the French-Canadian race, and the Holy King, St. Louis of France, for all time the model of sovereigns.

When completed, this sacred edifice will be a grand and noble monument to the Divine Heart, pointing heavenward from the banks of the swift-rolling Ottawa, the "Grand River" of the earlier colonists.

From these few facts it will be seen how the great devotion of our time, to which so many promises are attached by Our Lord Himself, is flourishing like the green bay tree in the Capital of the Dominion. Who can tell what mighty proportions it is destined to assume over all the land in the years that are to come? And may we not hope that as our capital city is doing such great things for the honor of the Sacred Heart, Our Lord will fulfil, in regard to the far-stretching regions of this great northern nation, His own consoling promise:—"I will pour out abundant benedictions on all their undertakings."

M. A. S.

## FREDDIE'S DEATHBED.

## I.

**I**T had been a lovely day, and the dusk of evening was falling on a fair and picturesque town on the border of Lake Ontario. The sweet spring notes of the robin were hushed, and the children, whose young hearts were glad, now that winter had departed and they were free to bound in and out without waiting to muffle up, were preparing for the night's repose.

Around one house in a quiet street on this particular night a dead stillness reigned. Death's angel had touched with his wings the brow of a sweet child, and bade him leave earth's vale of tears for a land where all was sunshine and sorrow unknown. Let us enter the house of mourning. There, propped up with pillows, lies a boy of scarcely ten years, his face sweet to gaze upon, the brown hair clustered low around his forehead, and large brown eyes, widely open, fixed intently on the face of his father, who is sitting near his bedside. But little Freddie is leaning forward, and in a voice scarcely audible—alas, soon to be hushed for evermore—says : “ Papa, I am soon to die, and will meet mamma ; what will I tell her about you ? Oh, papa, promise me you will not get drunk again when I am gone. I cannot die until you promise me.”

The father, hardened man as he was, found this too much. He rose and paced the floor. Five years before, his second wife had died, leaving only Freddie, who was lovingly cared for by the children of her former marriage. The poor mother on her deathbed called her daughters, and bade them for her sake to be good to their stepfather and their little brother. Little Freddie resolutely clung to them, and would not hear of a separation when a year afterwards George Huntly sought a home for himself in a comfortable house he had built with his

own hands. Besides caring for the child, they interested themselves in the father, and were much grieved to find he scarcely ever attended mass, and at times drank very freely. Poor man, the world had gone hard with him, and fortune had shewn herself fickle. Though once wealthy, he saw himself, by no fault of his own, forced to earn his daily bread. God afflicts in this life those whom he intends to pardon and spare in the next. Woe to the sinner on whom fortune smiles. His short-lived prosperity is like the good cheer served by the gaoler to the sentenced criminal pending the day of execution.

The news of his boy's fatal illness and fast approaching end was the crushing blow of George Huntly's misfortunes. He fondly loved the child, and was building great hopes upon him. Often he was heard to say that as soon as his property was cleared he should make a deed of it in favor of his darling. Alas, for the hopes of this life, how soon they crumble! Before he arrived at the child's deathbed, little Fred had been instructed by his sisters to extract from his fond father a promise to reform his life.

## II.

The father had paced the floor for about five minutes, when the voice of his child called him again to the bedside.

"Papa, you have not yet promised me, and I so want you to come to us when you die. You know," and here the young speaker's eyes sparkled, "Sister has told us so often in school: Heaven is very beautiful, and if people are not good, our Lord will not let them go there. I know mamma must be there, and I will soon meet her. Papa," continued the child, raising himself on his elbow, "don't you want to be with God when you die?"

"Yes, my child, yes."

"Then you will not drink any more, and will go to mass every Sunday, won't you? And when you are dying

"I will come to meet you." The child must have been inspired, for he talked on and on in a manner that astonished all who heard him. His eyes the while were steadily fixed upon his father's face, which clearly betrayed the agony he felt. Long slumbering faith began to awaken, till at length the father gave his dear but earnest child the asked-for promises. Thereupon, Freddie, with a smile, raised his eyes to the picture of the Sacred Heart hanging beside him, and directing his father's attention to it said: "He heard you, and all will be well,"—when the doctor entering gave the child only until midnight.

## III.

Half an hour later George Huntly left the house, and walked on for about ten minutes, when he stopped and turned to enter the church which was still open. It was the first time he had been in it for many months, and was attracted to a statue of the Sacred Heart, around which many lights burned, for it was the first Friday of the month. Approaching as near as he could go, he buried his face in his hands, and implored "the infinite ocean of mercy" to pardon his many sins. There he remained; others came and went, but he heeded them not. His soul and heart under the influence of grace were stirred to their lowest depths, and he promised God in all sincerity that if his child was spared, he would educate him for the priesthood, and consecrate him forever to His service, taking care, however, to utter at the end of his prayer, "Lord, not my will but Thine be done."

A few days after little Freddie was laid beside his mother in the cemetery, whither he was borne by four boys of his own age. From that day George Huntly was a sadder but wiser man. His little son's death had done more for him than perhaps the longest life could achieve; and when the last of his numbered days had come, Freddie must have kept his promise, for the father's closing eyes beheld something which made him smile even in death.

K. N.





## THE LEAGUE ABROAD, New Zealand.

FROM THE ENGLISH MESSENGER.

*Jack at Sea.*

*To the Editor of the Messenger.*—I must tell you that my sister sends the *Messenger* to me every month ; and as there are about forty Catholics aboard this ship, they nearly all read it in turn, and they look forward to the mail that brings it every month ; and it would gladden the hearts of their parents to see how some of them that were at one time rather slack in going to their religious duties now go to them as often as they get the chance. I have a suggestion to make : If all the Catholic communities were to distribute all their out-of-date religious papers to ships on foreign stations, I think it would do some good, as we hardly ever get anything of the kind, unless our relations send them to us, and, as a rule, most likely they do not trouble about us in that way. Now the Church of England Mission sends to every man, once a month, a large parcel of books and papers ; and it is natural that Catholics, not having anything of their own, should read them. Then some of them through doing this get lukewarm, and very often fall away altogether. I think it is a standing disgrace to the Catholics of England, that they cannot do something for us in the way of good sound *moral* literature. Perhaps you will think I am rather impertinent, but I have just recovered from

sickness, and the doctors had given me up. The only religious book I had to read when I was getting well was the *Messenger*, and it did me good to see that a blue-jacket is not always forgotten. I think if all the Catholic sisters who have got brothers in the navy were to send one to them every month, it would do good in reminding them of their future life.

BLUE-JACKET.

"Jack must not judge his fellow-Catholics too hastily nor too hardly, though it is easy to see that a bitter feeling may arise in a poor fellow's heart, as he sees his Protestant mates so well looked after, with an abundance of handsome journals and interesting books, while he has for his only companion while getting well his little old copy of the *Messenger*.

The reason of it, however, is not want of *will*, but want of *means*. Not exactly that we are too poor, we do not mean that, but we know so little how to set about it. If it were a want of the Church of England men, the thing would be so easy. The Lord Mayor would call a meeting in the Egyptian Hall; several noblemen and charitable people would make speeches; a committee of admirals would be appointed, with an office in Pall Mall, and a secretary at three, four or five hundred a year. *He* would soon have every information at his fingers ends, we may be sure enough.

We have none of these good things; but we have a Messenger Office, and many thousand associates of the League of the Sacred Heart, and the *charity of Christ presseth us*. Jack ought not to be left to clamor in vain, nor be tempted to think that his fellow-Catholics forget him."

So far the English *Messenger*, but we have hundreds of "*Jacks*" on land without going to sea as far as New Zealand in search of them. How many in hospitals, asylums,

prisons, penitentiaries, mines and wood camps, who have no sister to send them a *Messenger*. How many families in the outskirts of our large cities, in nooks of farms and woods remote from the church, in Protestant towns and hamlets, who never hear a sermon nor an instruction, nor read a religious book, not even a *Messenger*.

We have not only a League and a Messenger Office but an organized army of Promoters reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We have in each local centre a *responsible* staff of councillors, whose position surely was intended to be something more than *ornamental*. "The charity of Christ presseth us." It is time to go out of the *gilded circles*, and carry the consolations of the Sacred Heart to them for whom they were first intended—the wretched, the abandoned, the broken-hearted. "*To the poor He hath sent me, to heal the contrite of heart.*"

## United States.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER,

I have received the Canadian plan of the League. I must say it is very good, more like a sodality than ours. It provides a means for keeping them up to it, that I always saw was wanting here. We have not, I am sorry to say, the general communion for men, and consequently no meeting except for Promoters. As a matter of course those who do not read the *Messenger* after a while forget all about it. I wish to have it well established here when there is a chance of a mission.

LOCAL DIRECTOR OF LEAGUE.

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## THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

### Galt.

Father Slaven, whilst pastor at Oakville, witnessed the beneficent effects of the Holy League on the religious life of a parish, and on his transfer to Galt thought at once of making it a new centre. That all might be disposed to enter and adopt the practices, he had a mission given in the quaint parochial church, that sits so gracefully on one of the picturesque hills encircling the busy manufacturing town. The exercises were followed throughout a whole week with exemplary piety and punctuality. The large number of beautiful and refined children, evincing the care taken of them by parents and teachers, who attended the children's exercises and approached the sacraments, prepared the way for the adult portion of the congregation by forming a Juvenile League.

When time came for the inauguration of the Ladies' Branch, there was no lack of cultured and zealous ladies who could command leisure sufficient to fill lists and provide Promoters for the different mills and factories. They organized and set to work with great enthusiasm, with what results the following extract from the secretary will tell :

"The League promises to be quite a success here, the work of organization is progressing, and soon we hope to have every member of the parish enrolled."

On the closing day of the mission a Men's Temperance Branch was started, into which nearly all the men of the parish entered. Father Slaven is in a fair way to the realization of his brightest hopes of seeing the Sacred

Heart of Our Lord become the bond of union of his parishioners. Scattered as they are among a frigid though honest Presbyterian population, the atmosphere of their lives is a chilling one, and they will find in the Sacred Heart of Our Lord the warmth and glow of devotion to maintain the fervor of their piety, and insure its perseverance.

### Hespeler.

Hespeler is a busy progressive little town, rather too much so for the best interests of its inhabitants. The steam-whistle every morning at half past six summons the young people and even children to begin their day of toil in the noisy mills and factories, favored by the magnificent water supply from the lake. Through the long day till half past six at night they continue their busy labor.

Yet the mission, carried on from Galt, was well attended, and there were very few who did not receive the sacraments.

The idea of the League was taken up with ready enthusiasm. The Catholic families scattered among an overwhelming Protestant majority, having Mass but once a month, and left without sodality or association, were beginning to be drawn into the many attractive Protestant associations of the town. Awakening to their own and their children's danger, they took hold of the League as a plank of salvation. Here, too, enlightened and zealous promoters were found to lead and conduct the organization. The League, by means of its organization, will serve as a bond of union, and by its practices, meetings, and *Messengers* will keep alive the spirit of faith and piety.

## **St. Patrick's, Hamilton.**

It was only a few weeks since the Holy League had been established in this flourishing parish, and the precious benefits reaped in so short a season were manifest at the time of the mission.

Not a few of the many who had for years abandoned the practice of their religion were brought back through the influences of the Holy League. They had given their name and made promises to some Promoter, and had received *Messengers* and read them, and now they desired to begin—to leave their evil or neglectful ways, and to become devout clients of the Sacred Heart. They attended the mission constantly, and made their peace with God, and had already tasted the first fruits of piety and devotion.

The mission extended the work already begun. New Promoters took out lists, and new circles were added. Quite a number of fresh recruits entered the ranks of the Men's Temperance League, and pledged themselves to the General Communion five times a year.

## **Dundas.**

Vicar-General Heenan, edified at the results achieved by the Ladies branch of the League, for some time in operation, took advantage of the mission, which opened on Pentecost Sunday, to establish a branch of the Men's League. At the meeting on the day appointed, sixty men organized and adopted the practices. Here, too, were made manifest the powerful influences of the Holy League in bringing back sinners to the path of duty.

### Montreal.

At a meeting of the Men's League held in the basement of the Gesu Church, on Friday, May 29th, which was largely attended, Dr. James Guerin read a very learned and interesting paper on Hypnotism, its effects and manifestations. After a vote of thanks, steps were taken to organize for the procession of *Corpus Christi*. It was decided that all the members should march barehead, in black attire, with the ornamental silk badge of the Sacred Heart. In the grand procession of the 31st, they occupied a place in the ranks immediately in front of the students of St. Mary's College, the same as in preceding years. This public act of faith of so many men of standing and influence produced a most edifying impression on all observers.

### St. Patrick's Church, Quebec.

#### *Quebec Daily Telegraph.*

Yesterday a very imposing and beautiful scene was witnessed in St. Patrick's Church after Divine service, when the consecration of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus took place, which commenced with a procession around the church, in which the Blessed Sacrament was carried. The following societies took part:—Children who made their First Communion this year, St. Bridget's Orphan Asylum children, Holy Family cadets, members of the young men's sodality, married men of the Holy Family and members of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Rev. Father White, C.S.S.R., carried the *Host* underneath the canopy borne by the trustees of the Church. The consecration ended with the benediction.

The League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was organized recently in St. Patrick's congregation by the Rev. Father Oates, C.S.S.R., rector, and already numbers 2,500 members.

### Various Centres.

*Hamilton.*—"I wish to fulfill a promise I made to the Sacred Heart six weeks ago, at the time of the mission at St. Lawrence, that if my eyesight was restored I would have it published in the *Messenger*. I thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for His goodness to me."

*Windsor, Ont.*—In fulfilment of my promise, I return thanks through the dear *Messenger* for a position I have obtained by the aid of the Sacred Heart.

*Montreal.*—A gentleman of the Men's League thanks the Sacred Heart for enjoying since he became a member the blessings of good health and plenty of money.

*Lindsay, Ont.*—Vicar-General Laurent writes that "the roll of members is lengthening quietly and steadily."

### New Aggregations.

Galt, Hespeler, St. Helen's, Toronto, Caledonia, Ont, Binbrook, Ont., Vancouver Diocese, Windsor Mills.

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## PROMOTERS' PAGE.

The vacation season is not unfrequently a time of distraction and dissipation. Associates going to enjoy themselves in the country often leave their League practices behind with the furniture. Promoters have to use their zeal and put themselves to a little trouble not to lose the fruits of so many months of devotion. They should know the whereabouts of their associates, with whom the regular and timely arrival of Rosary tickets and *Messengers* will prove a strong reminder of their obligations and a motive of fidelity to them.

There is no reason why the vacation should not be a season of more than usual activity in the work of the Holy League. It will furnish so many occasions to Promoters and Associates who have the true spirit. The meeting of old friends, the forming of new acquaintances, the contact with strangers, who, perhaps, should be so glad to enter the League, if they only knew what it meant and *what to do*, will be so many precious opportunities. How many are living on farms and hamlets far from priest and sermon, to whom the League and its *Messengers* would prove the greatest possible blessing? "The charity of Christ presseth us." A ticket of admission and *Messenger*, which will be sent from the *Office* to any address, will be enough to make an enlightened member.

Not many weeks ago a gentleman boarded a waiting train, and was struck by the deep silence that reigned. Looking around, he saw "little red pamphlets" in all hands in process of being devoured. There happened to be two Promoters in the car returning from meeting, with *Messengers*, which they simply passed to all who seemed curious to know what they meant. The cover with its *print* and table of contents awakened their curiosity first and attention afterwards. They opened and had to go through.

## AN APPEAL TO REVEREND PASTORS AND LOCAL DIRECTORS.

**I**N view of the importance which the Sovereign Pontiff, in his late Encyclical, attaches to Catholic Men's Associations, having their "foundations laid in religion" and "paying special and principal attention to piety and morality," we invite the special attention of Reverend Pastors and Local Directors to the Men's League of the Sacred Heart.

Being a purely spiritual association, it cannot pretend to cover the field and reach the aims set forth by the Holy Father for the workmen's guilds, namely, to "help each individual member to better his condition to the utmost in body, mind and property." But what falls within its scope is to lay the religious foundation, to promote the "piety and morality," to help the members "to look first and before all to God." "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you," is the motto which Leo XIII., after Christ himself, sets before the men of our day. "Thy kingdom come" is the motto which the Holy League keeps on the heart, in the mind, and before the eyes of all its associates, and what is the Morning Prayer and Offering but the direction of the intention "first and before all to God?"

Next, our Holy Father insists that in all such associations, religious instruction have a foremost place, and that all "be warned and fortified with special solicitude against

wrong opinions and false teaching." This end our Holy League efficaciously reaches by means of the literature it diffuses. Reverend Pastors have only to consider the wide circulation of the little *Messenger* and read the intention for each succeeding month, named by the Vicar of Christ, explained by the Director General, and applied to the circumstances of different countries by the Central Directors, to understand with what solicitude the members are warned against wrong opinions and false teaching. This end is reached also by the meetings which furnish Reverend Pastors an opportunity to touch questions of actual interest having a bearing on religion, and thus correct also wrong opinions and false teaching.

Finally, the Vicar of Christ demands of the working-man "to reverence and love Holy Church, the common mother of us all, to obey the precepts and frequent the sacraments of the Church." These are the direct aims of the Holy League and the objects of its practices, also to promote Christian virtue among its members, especially to "keep them out of the reach of those vices which eat up not merely small incomes, but large fortunes, and dissipate many a goodly inheritance."

We have amongst us different Catholic men's associations, conferring many benefits on members and their families; but it is to be feared that not all the branches live up to the standard laid down by the Pope in his Encyclical. Certainly he demands something more than a nominal communion with the Church, or a minimum of Catholic practice, that they "lose not their special char-

acter, and come to be very little better than those societies which take no account of religion at all." What will remedy their deficiency is an association like the Men's League, which, promoting piety and the frequent reception of the sacraments, will infuse into the members, and through them into the organizations, the sap of Catholic truth, piety and morality.

Of course such an association will put the Local Director to a little more trouble and demand some sacrifice of time, zeal and effort; but how can there be Catholic organization of any kind without special pains on the part of the priest? Whatever religious life there is in our associations must flow into them from the priesthood. The Holy Father, too, has pledged to society, in the present grave crisis, the special assistance of the Church and her ministers. The recompense which these will reap from any special care they bestow upon the men will be rich and permanent. The benefit will promptly redound on the whole parish. The shortest cut to a fervent and regular flock and flourishing parish is through the men. Other influences may help, but theirs is the decisive word and act and example.

Our League places at the disposal of the pastors of souls a simple and elastic, though efficient organization, to take hold of the men of their respective parishes. Thanks to the good dispositions of the people and their willingness to co-operate with their clergy, the latter can, with little expenditure of time and zeal, lead their men up to the standard of Catholic manhood set forth by the Sovereign

Pontiff. Once they have entered, at the close of a retreat or triduum, and made the promises, an occasional meeting—five times a year will be absolutely sufficient—and the communions duly announced and prepared, will maintain their fervor. The meetings will serve as an occasion to exhort the members to the sacraments and to enlighten them on Catholic principles by a lecture, a debate, by a reading from a Catholic weekly or review on a question of actual interest, or by a familiar conversation.

For the communions the day and hour are duly announced, the confessional is reserved for the men the evening previous and the morning itself, the help of one of the neighboring clergymen is procured. What most of all helps on men's associations is the interest shown for them by the priest, and a prompt and punctual attention to carry out everything decided upon. Soon the officers and prominent members catch the spirit of zeal and enthusiasm from the Director, by them it is infused into the whole association, and, with such a power at his command, what cannot the pastor of souls accomplish ?



## GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST, 1891.

*Named by Leo XIII with his special blessing, and given  
to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda  
—the Protector of the Holy League of the Sacred  
Heart—for recommendation to the prayers of all  
the Associates.*

### PEACE BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR.

**I**F the signs of the times,—workingmen's unions, strikes, 1st of May demonstrations—tell anything, the world is on the verge of a social upheaval, such as will make political strifes and wars between nations dwindle in comparison. "The elements of the conflict," says Leo XIII, in his late remarkable encyclical, "are unmistakable: the growth of industry and the surprising discoveries of science; the changed relations of master and workman; the enormous fortunes of individuals and the poverty of the masses; the increased self-reliance and the closer mutual combination of the working population; and finally a general looseness of morals. The seriousness of the present state of things fills every mind; wise men discuss it; practical men propose schemes; popular meetings, legislatures and sovereign princes, all are occupied with it."

At home, thanks to the good principles which shape our laws and direct our government, the crisis is not so acute ; but who will say that the elements are not beginning to gather and the symptoms to manifest themselves ?

The Vicar of Christ, reading as only he can read the signs of the times, and realizing the peril of the situation, has come like the good Samaritan to the rescue of society, to pour into its wounds the oil of a heavenly doctrine, and bandage them by salutary prescriptions. Going to the source of the evil, the Holy Father finds that the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily on the large majority of the very poor are traceable to the rejection of the old church and ancient religion with its guilds and institutions for the workingman and the poor. Whence by degrees it has come to pass, that workingmen have been given over, isolated and defenceless, to the hard-heartedness of employers and the greed of unrestricted competition. The evil has been increased by a rapacious usury practised under different forms by avaricious and grasping men, to which must be added the custom of working by contract, and the concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals, so that a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself.

Coming to assign a remedy, the Holy Father does not find one in the system of the *Socialists*, who, working on the poor man's envy of the rich, endeavor to abolish private property and transfer the possessions of individuals to the community, so that whatever there is to enjoy may be distributed in equal shares to all.

Thus they would defeat their own purpose ; for, if every man worked for the common good, nobody would work at all. Nor can a remedy be found in State legislation which cannot invade the natural rights of man either as

individual or as head of a family. The right of a man to live by the fruits of the earth, to provide for his family and educate his children, is before the right of the State. What the State can and ought to do is to protect and safeguard these rights, especially for the benefit of the poor and defenceless.

Having laid down the principle of the inviolability of private property, the Papal Encyclical comes to the only remedy. "No practical solution of the question will ever be found without the assistance of religion and the Church. Without her aid all the striving of men will be vain." A return to true religion, as taught and applied in the Church, is the only way out of the difficulties which beset society. She enlightens minds on the truths which tend to draw rich and poor together without sacrifice of right on the one side or of dignity on the other. She lifts the hope of rich and poor alike from the perishable things of earth to an everlasting mansion which will be the reward of virtue, especially of patience in bearing the ills of life and following the blood-stained footprints of the Saviour. She preaches to the rich the obligation they are under of exercising justice and charity, giving out of their abundance to the poor. It is one thing to have the right to possess money, but quite another thing to have the right to use money as one pleases. If the question is asked, "How must one's possessions be used?" the Church replies without hesitation, in the words of St. Thomas Aquinas: "Man should not consider his outward possessions as his own, but as common to all, so as to share them without difficulty when others are in need." Whence the Apostle saith: "Command the rich of this world to give with ease."

The remedies which the Church points out she only can apply, for she alone is possessed of the agencies which can touch the innermost heart and conscience. She



demands, however, in the present crisis especially, the help of the State and of all the influences which make for order. It is the duty of the State, by wise legislation, to procure the happiness of all, but especially of the working people, insisting that children be not employed in work and for hours that are not suitable for their age, that restrictions be placed upon the labor of women, that the workman's hours be not so prolonged as to take from him the time requisite for his duties to religion, to his family, and to his own moral and intellectual nature. Regarding contracts, workmen and employers should make free agreements, especially as to wages, but there is a dictate of nature above any bargain between man and man, namely, that "*the remuneration be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort.*"

To ensure this action on the part of the State, the Holy Father recommends workmen's guilds, and, better still, associations in which Catholic workmen and capitalists unite together to protect and promote their common interests. But convinced that a return to religion and its earnest practice is the first and only condition of happiness, he insists that all such associations have their foundation in religion, look first and before all to God, and give the foremost place to religious instruction and frequent reception of the sacraments.

"Thus, it will come to pass with them, as with the first Christians, on whom it was cast as a reproach, that the greater number of them had to live by begging or by labor. Yet, destitute as they were of wealth and influence, they ended by winning over to their side the favor of the rich and the good-will of the powerful. They showed themselves industrious, laborious and peaceful, men of justice, and, above all, men of brotherly love. In the presence of such a life and such an example, prejudice disappeared, the tongue of malevolence was silenced, and

the lying traditions of ancient superstition yielded little by little to Christian truth."

Let us offer our earnest prayers this month to the Divine Heart, from whom is all salvation and health, that the words and teachings of His Vicar on earth may have their full effect.

PRAYER.

O, Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular for employers and laborers, that, listening to the teaching of Thy Church, they may practise justice and charity, avoid conflicts, and live in peace and prosperity.

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**I STAND AT THE DOOR, AND KNOCK.**

**H**HE dweller in the clean of heart  
Is asking for a home—  
I dare not say unto Him, "Come!"—  
I cannot say "Depart!"

The day is spent, and evening falls ;  
His head, His sacred locks  
Are damp and drenched with dew ; He knocks—  
He stands, and softly calls.

He whispers : "Open, Sister, Dove.  
My Love, my undefiled !"  
She lives not here, that chosen child,  
His fair one, and His love.

“Set wide thy door, and do not fear—  
He will not turn to go.”

I am not worthy, Lord, I know,  
That Thou shouldst enter here.

“Not evening dusk, not shades of night  
Have made Me miss My way—  
With mortals I rejoice to stay,  
Yea, this is My delight.

“For thee I left my Father’s Breast,  
His many mansions bright  
Throughout thy life by day and night,—  
I ask to be thy Guest.

“To seek the sinners I still come,  
With sinners still I eat.” .....  
Then, Lord, my place is at Thy feet—  
Make, make this heart Thy home!

*Irish Monthly.*



## THE MEN'S LEAGUE.

### SECOND DEGREE—DAILY DECADE.

“**B**ESIDES the Morning Offering, I have been told, Father, there is another practice of the Holy League called the Daily Decade of Beads. Is this intended for the Men's League also, or has it been merely introduced to satisfy the devout aspirations of the pious sex?”

I am glad, dear friend, you have opened the conversation on the Second Degree. The fifteenth of this month will be the feast-day of Our Lady, and you give me an opportunity of speaking on devotion to her as practised in our Holy League. On the 1st of August the calendar commemorates the Chains of St. Peter, and you give me an occasion to tell you something about our devotion to the Church and her Supreme Pontiff in their trials.

It has been said of our pious association that all the broad and strong devotions of the Church are embodied in it, and it could hardly be otherwise since, as we have seen, its spirit is that of Catholicity itself, and of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart, which is its quintessence. All branches shoot from the root of rich sap. Two of those great Catholic devotions which stamp upon all who practise them the most certain marks of predestination to a happy eternity are set forth in the Second Degree, namely, devotion to Our Lady and to our Pope. The Sacred Heart of Jesus had two great interests on earth,

two objects dear to Him above all others—Mary, His Mother, and the Church, His Spouse. These two likewise ought to be objects of the love and devotion of all His friends.

On account of the closeness of the union between the Heart of the Son and the Heart of the Mother by nature, grace, and the part they took in the divine plan for the salvation of mankind, it is next to impossible that the client of the Sacred Heart should not be also a client of Our Lady, and that this tie of spiritual kinship should not find practical expression in the statutes of the Holy League. Is not Mary God's real and true mother, and as such is she not the mother, according to grace, of all God's children, born by Baptism as members of the mystic body of His Son? Was not this relationship of mother and son defined and declared by Christ Himself from the Cross when He said: "Woman, behold thy son, and son behold thy mother?" Was not the part she took in man's redemption by her free co-operation with the divine decrees such as to deserve that Holy Scripture should attribute that work to her as a cause: "The woman shall crush the serpent's head?" How then can the friends of the Sacred Heart of Jesus show too much love or devotion to His Mother?

For a similar reason they profess a special and ardent devotion to His Spouse, the Church, which sprang from His Sacred Heart on Calvary, which is the Mother of His children, to which He has entrusted the preaching of His truth, the sprinkling of His Precious Blood and the continuance of His work and mission. Their devotion to the Spouse of Christ must be eminently realistic and practical. It must materialize. Hers is no mere Platonic existence or ideal entity. She is a broad, standing fact—a living teaching body, having a visible head endowed with the power and infallibility of Christ Himself, having a world-

wide hierarchy of Bishops backed by the priesthood, followed and obeyed by the countless faithful. In this living visible body the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, has taken up his perpetual dwelling to be its life guide and guardian.

When I say that the members of the Holy League profess something more than a Platonic affection and devotion for the Spouse of Christ, I mean that their sympathy must go out to her in all her trials and conflicts. They must range themselves fearlessly on her side in the battle-field, and expose themselves with chivalerous courage for her honor and defence. Because she has on earth a real concrete existence, events and movements must affect her destiny. The schemes of politicians, the plans of statesmen, the revolutions of peoples, the progress of science, art and literature, the inventions of skill and of genius, must all have a bearing on her life, her interests and her work. Because she is a supernatural fact, the pillar of truth, planted by God in the bosom of a blind and wayward humanity, she must necessarily be a sign of contradiction, a stumbling-block, an object of suspicion and hate and attack. She represents the interests of eternity, and must often find herself in clash with the narrow, selfish interests of time—of individuals, parties, governments, and nationalities, which will seek her influence and support for the petty scheme of the hour to throw her aside and persecute her when they have obtained their ends, merited her rebukes, or felt the check of her discipline. What a wide field here for the devoted self-sacrificing and unflinching loyalty of the friends of the Sacred Heart to the Spouse of Christ! always to be found fighting with her, never against her; led by the instinct of their loyalty, always to choose the right side in the thousand questions that arise for discussion and the movements that solicit their support and action.

Well, the decade of beads,, recited every day for our

Holy Father the Pope and the triumph of the Church, will awaken and feed this devotion. We desire what we pray for, and our prayers react on our desires, give them fuel and intensify them, and so, when occasion offers, desires will go out into deeds and heroic achievement. The prayer of itself will procure great help from above for the Church in her combats, the Vicar of Christ has time and again assured us. No form of prayer can be more pleasing than the Rosary to the Mother of God, on whose powerful intercessions the Church has always counted in the hour of darkness and storm. At the same time our Rosary Decade will keep alive our devotion to the Mother of God, increase our confidence and give us fresh claims on her protection.

“ Since the time of the Mission I always carry my beads with me ; but I have not learned to meditate on the mysteries, nor have I been enrolled in any Rosary Society. Can I lay claim to the advantages of the Second Degree ? ”

Certainly, the Second Degree is the Rosary in its simplest and most rudimentary form, and placed within the power of all. It is excellent to meditate on the mysteries whilst reciting the beads, and we should strive our utmost to do so. It is necessary as well as the registration of one's name in a Rosary Society in order to gain the indulgences of the Living Rosary. But all may not find it easy to meditate on the mysteries, or enter a Rosary Society, and for the Second Degree neither is required. It is the simple recitation of a *decade of the beads* for our Holy Father and the intentions of the Holy League. Then, Associate of the Men's League, never omit your daily decade, even though it be not mentioned in your constitutions, and be ever a warm advocate of the Second Degree.



## WHAT CAME OF IT ?

MRS. JAMES SADLIER.

**W**HAT wedding of Alice Costelloe's was a great event in the quiet city of C—. It was attended by all the *élit* that the wealth of the bridegroom and the high social standing of both families seemed to demand. Everything smiled on the handsome young couple on their wedding-day. Even the skies were propitious, and of the gay company of relatives and friends who partook of the festivities at the Costelloe homestead, few there were, if any, who doubted that the good wishes lavished upon them and the "good luck" invoked for them would be amply realized in the sunny future opening before them.

Of the few doubting hearts were Mrs. Costelloe, the pale and careworn mother of the bride, and her pastor and spiritual guide since childhood, good Father Fitzgibbon. The mother, an earnest, uncompromising Catholic, had never fully approved of the so-called "splendid match" which her more worldly and ambitious husband had had no small share in making for his eldest and best-beloved daughter, while the pastor had, as in duty bound, openly set his face against it as long as there seemed any chance of preventing it. Finding that the current ran dead



against him and Mrs. Costelloe—who alone took his view of the danger Alice was incurring—Father Fitzgibbon studiously absented himself from the Costelloe dwelling during the long weeks of busy preparation.

He had positively refused to be present at the celebration of a marriage unblessed by the Church, and had warned Alice from the first that her union would be an unhallowed one, devoid of sacramental grace. Mrs. Costelloe's heart sank within her, hearing this, and many a bitter tear she shed over the infatuation of her husband and child; but she, like the priest, was powerless to ward off the blow, and the great day came at last—and found Alice outwardly gay and smiling, inwardly full of strange misgivings, for “conscience doth make cowards of us all.”

Alas! poor Alice! the shadow of the future was already falling over her hitherto sunny life! This first departure from the path of duty was even then hard in itself, and attended with shrinking pain and trouble. Had she any misgivings as to the final goal, or the coming events that in that hour of hope and joy cast their shadow before?

She had reached the parting of the ways. Were they ever, ever to be re-united? Time alone could tell.

## II.

For some years all went well with the Barringtons in their city home, many miles away. The husband's professional practice went on increasing. Money came pouring in, and the large establishment over which the fair Alice presided was kept up on a scale of plenty and luxury that left nothing to be desired, while she, on her part, made it a model of order, neatness and comfort. Five children, two sons and three daughters, were born to George Barrington and his wife, and, as yet, there had

been little trouble even on the score of religion. The boys, as a matter of course, "went with their father," as the phrase goes, while the girls were being brought up Catholics. For Alice was free as air in the way of practising her religion. George Barrington was one of the very large class of Protestants who believe that all religions are good, and that Catholics are about as good as any others, except in the matter of social position, in which they were certainly not up to the mark, and never would be, he supposed—the true reason, after all, why George insisted on his sons, at least, being Protestants. For the rest, he opined, Catholics were not half so bad as they were represented, and Alice and he had got along as well as most married couples.

But George Barrington, being mortal, died one day quite unexpectedly just when the tide of his affairs had led him on to fortune and his prospects were at their brightest. His family, therefore, were well provided for, and his widow spared the torturing anxiety attendant on straitened circumstances when a certain position has to be kept up. His mother and sisters, who lived in a town several miles distant, were most kind to Alice and her children; all the more so, probably, because they wanted nothing from them. Sharing the widow's grief for the dear departed one, their companionship was most consoling to her and her children, and it was with real sorrow she saw them depart for their distant home after a stay of several weeks. It is true they were not of her own faith, very far from it, and all the comfort they could give was merely human. They were narrower in their views than the lamented George had been, and were, indeed, what is called "earnest Christians,"—leaders at prayer-meeting and other religious gatherings, teachers in Sunday-School, and painfully strict in the matter of Sabbath observance. But they were soft spoken and sympathetic,

they were poor George's own people, and as such Alice clung to them in her time of mourning, although, to say the truth, she had had no special liking for them during her husband's life-time. They were so ultra-Protestant and had so little in common with her as a Catholic!

The children, and especially the boys—one fourteen, the other nine—were devoted to grandma and their "aunties." Robert and George were already as good Protestants as these paternal relatives could desire. They were pupils of a Protestant school during the week and regular attendants at Sunday-school on "Lord's Day." Their mother would have deemed it dishonorable to break the promise she had given "poor George" on his death-bed to interfere in no wise with their religion. So whatever it cost her, and it did cost her many a troubled hour,—she made no effort to explain the mysteries of religion, or implant the faith in the tender minds and hearts of her boys. True, they were as near and dear to her as their sisters, and their souls were no less precious, but how could she break her promise to their dear dead father? Impossible.

As for the girls, Harriet, Jane and Bertha, she took them regularly to mass, sent them to Catechism, and saw that they approached the Sacraments at stated times. Father Fitzgibbon did what he could to save the daughters and imbue them with pious sentiments, since the sons were lost to the Church. The League of the Sacred Heart had recently been established in the parish at the close of a mission, and he would fain have Mrs. Barrington become a promoter, as, with her daughters, and two Catholic servants, she would have had six associates under her own roof.

But Alice would not consent. She was about to lease her house in C—— for a term of years and take the children to B—— so as to be near their grandmother and

aunts, who had been urging her to this step ever since their father's death. "We are all associates, you know, Father Fitzgibbon," she said with a faint blush, "and, of course, we can fulfil the obligations just as well in B—— as here. Our tickets can be sent us there as usual. But I could not undertake to be a Promoter. I have really no time for such things."

Father Fitzgibbon sighed. The shadow was falling darker. The heart, once so fervent, was already waxing cold in the dreary blight of religious indifference. Time was, and not so long ago, when Alice Barrington would gladly have made time for "such things," as the good priest well knew.

### III.

Again, a few uneventful years and the young Barringtons were no longer children. The boys were studying, one for the legal, the other for the medical profession. The girls had almost finished their education, the two elder were soon to be "brought out" under the auspices of their aunts, who were leaders in the best society of B——. As for Alice, her health had been failing so much of late that she was no longer able to take part in those gay assemblies in which she was wont to shine.

The Barrington girls were expected to make a sensation. They were sprightly and attractive, had been "finished" at a fashionable boarding-school kept by the widow of a Congregational minister, their mother having been persuaded by her mother-and sisters-in-law that a Convent-school could never give the necessary polish to young ladies of their position to prepare them for good society.

So Harriet and Jane were home "finished," but alas! the finishing process had polished away the last traces of

the old faith they inherited for generations of Catholic forefathers—the faith of their own devoted mother. They had gradually fallen more and more under the influence of their grandmother and aunts, learned to look up to their school-mistress, Mrs. Wilkins, as a mother in Israel, went occasionally to some Protestant church to hear a fashionable preacher, in company with their good-looking, pleasant-spoken brothers—off-handed, manly young fellows, great favorites with the girls of their set.

Needless to say, the Misses Barrington had long ceased to be Associates of the League, giving as a reason that they really could not remember to make the morning offering, and had not time to say the daily decade of the Rosary. The truth was that their dear grandmama, aunts and brothers had all united in laughing them out of what they called such childish nonsense and silly superstition.

Their mother had at first protested, feebly indeed, for she had long ago given up the reins of domestic government to other and more skilful hands. She had begged Father Fitzgibbon to reason with the girls and endeavor to keep them faithful to their obligations. As a matter of duty he complied, well knowing that the ridicule of their Protestant and Popery-hating relatives was a thousand times more potent for evil than his expostulations could possibly be for good.

For some time little Bertha was kept faithful in the practice of her religious duties, especially during the absence of her elder sisters. But no sooner had they returned home than the girl began to follow their example in most things, having an unbounded admiration for these accomplished graduates of Mrs. Wilkins' celebrated school, where she herself was to enter in the following year.

By the time Bertha was eighteen and duly finished by

Mrs. Wilkins, her two sisters had married Protestants, professed whatever form of religion their husbands professed, and were foremost in all Protestant works, Bible and Tract Societies, Missionary Societies, and heaven knows what of evangelicalism besides. The young men were conspicuous more than all for their anti-Popery proclivities, and lost no opportunity of showing their dislike of their mother's religion. Young Britons, Christian Association young men were they, and, in short, sturdy upholders of the Protestant cause.

Bertha still remained with her mother, now a confirmed invalid. They had removed to a quiet home in a small town, some miles away from the larger one where their relatives dwelt. The poor mother was broken down with sorrow, as well as suffering. The death that could not be far distant loomed up before her in awful terror. Conscience brought up in stern array the disastrous effects of her ill-starred marriage: her children torn from the Fold and wandering in the mazes of error, for even of Bertha she had little hope, with so many counter influences around her,—all their posterity lost to God, lost to the Church. Her good mother, worn away with shame and sorrow, long since dead and gone, resting in the shadow of the cross near their dear old parish church; for herself, the lamp of faith no longer burning with so clear a flame as in the days of her happy girlhood, as she had for years long neglected many of those practices of devotion that nourish faith and piety in the Christian heart. Bertha, a lukewarm, indifferent Catholic, was little comfort or help to the poor invalid. Even the priest was long miles away, and just then the state of the roads made it extremely difficult to reach him. Moreover, Alice Barrington, weakened as she was in mind and body, and with a morbid fear of the last Sacraments, actually shrank from seeing him, while Bertha kept saying—

"Oh! dear me! what's the use of sending for the priest; mamma is not so bad as that, and there's plenty of time?"

So it went on till one dreary day in late October, a message was brought to Father Fitzgibbon by the brother of one of the Catholic servants, that Mrs. Barrington was dying and he must go to her immediately. Not a moment to be lost, the young man said, if he would overtake her alive.

Through the pelting rain and piercing wind drove the now aged priest, regardless of his seventy years and many infirmities, mindful only of the soul that was about to go unprepared before the Judgment-seat of God. Hoping, praying and yet fearing, on and on he went through the blinding storm, and, all the weary miles past, he drew up his little vehicle at the doors of Barrington Villa. In answer to his eager inquiry he received the sorrowful announcement that Mrs. Barrington had died an hour before.

The shadow settled darkly and heavily on the deserted home and on the priest's crushed heart. "Oh! my God!" he murmured as he crossed the threshold to pray beside the dead. "How often I warned her that this might happen! Poor, poor Alice, thank God your pious mother did not live to see this sad hour!"

#### IV.

This is what came of Alice Costelloe's "splendid match," and the merriest heart in that pleasant homestead where we heard it first spoken of was saddened and subdued, while the mournful tale was told in the after years to other ears, in another circle of the same family. The grandfather's chair was vacant; the father of the family, the hale strong man of that vanished time, was gone, too. One daughter, the fairest and gayest of all,

had left them years before to serve God and his poor in a religious community. The mother still remained, a white-haired, aged matron now. The son had married and settled in British Columbia, but he, with his wife and children, had come on a visit to the ancestral home. Two of the sisters were there also with their husbands and children, for it was Christmas time, and the happy, united family had assembled under the old roof-tree for the Christmas festivities. While the yule-log blazed on the wide hearth in the open chimney, the story of Alice Costelloe was told by the venerable grandmother, as that of Lawrence Rourke had been told by her long-dead father some thirty years before.

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## THE EVERLASTING MANSION.

**W**E build our airy castles  
In a flood of rainbow light,  
Not e'en the fields of Eden  
Were ever half so bright ;

But they fade as daylight fadeth  
Adown the western sky,  
And the towers of our fancy  
In a heap of ruins lie !

Alas ! why have they fallen  
Thus *hope* from *hope* apart ?  
Because not firmly planted  
Within the Sacred Heart.

We meet with fresh young faces  
Reflecting glad young hearts ;  
They fill our lives with sunshine  
Their youthful joy imparts.



They recount to us their sorrows,  
And their joys they also tell ;  
Then why do they forsake us  
When we've loved them long and well ?

Alas ! no love is lasting  
That on earth *alone* has part,  
It must have its *source* and *ending*  
In the *True* the *Sacred* Heart.

Then we'll trust no human friendship,  
And we'll seek no earthly love ;  
Our hearts shall be held captive  
But by One who reigns above.

We will give our love and friendship  
And will look for no repay,  
Till we face our noble Lover  
On the great accounting day ;

And forever and forever,  
From earthly cares apart,  
We'll enjoy the *true affection*.  
Of the loving Sacred Heart !

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## THE TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION.

**I**T is refreshing to the heart to find that in our busy work-a-day world there is not lack of devotion and enthusiasm in celebrating the memory of innocence and self-denial, crowned with the aureola of sanctity. In the universal acclaim that ascended on the 21st of June last, in honor of the glorious Patron of Christian Youth, Canada's voice was not unheard. Glowing accounts have reached us from

many important centres, and no doubt would have come from others if the secretaries *had only thought of it*.

Beginning at home, in the *Gesu, Montreal*, many hundreds of the faithful gave the young saint solid testimony of their devotion by assisting at Mass before his magnificently bedecked shrine, and receiving holy communion. In the afternoon there was a League demonstration with solemn reception of Promoters, Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., rector of St. Mary's College, preaching the sermon for the occasion.

In *Ottawa* the day was chosen by Rev. Father Whelan for a grand Catholic demonstration attending the opening of the new Lyceum for the benefit of the youth and young men of St. Patrick's. The eloquent Redemptorist Father McInerney of Toronto delivered the discourse, and Sir John Thompson, Minister of Justice, took advantage of the occasion to set forth the Catholic church as the Mother, not of ignorance, as rampant prejudice and bigotry too often misrepresent her before the unlettered, but of true learning and enlightenment.

At *St. Helen's, Toronto*, Dean Cassidy's parish, there was a general communion of the Holy League, at which was witnessed the edifying spectacle of a solid body of forty men marching together to the altar-rail with the badge of the Sacred Heart on their breast. At the evening ceremony and Act of Consecration, the Rev. Father Teefy, C. S. B., rector of St. Michael's College, preached the sermon.

*Grafton* kept the day by a general communion in the morning of nearly all the parishioners. The confessional had been besieged from the previous evening up to the communion of the last mass. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Central Director, and at the end of mass the diploma and gold cross were solemnly conferred on about twenty promoters. The beautiful Gothic church, the

pride of Grafton and midland Ontario, was literally packed for the occasion.

*Cobourg* had its celebration in the evening, the General Communion of men having taken place a few days before in the octave of Corpus Christi. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Central Director, and the badges were blessed. Then was seen a brilliant line of thirty promoters, all Leads of circles, advancing to the altar-rail to receive the diplomas and crosses they had so well merited. At the Benediction which followed, Father Ed. Murray read the Act of Consecration.

Not even far away on the North Western prairies was the glorious Model of Christian Youth left without his tribute of most acceptable praise,—that of the children. At *St. Mary's, Winnipeg*, twenty boys made their first communion. With devout and gentle demeanor, that recalled the same happy event in the life of the saint, they received for the first time the body and blood of Our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. In the afternoon they again assembled in the church to make their consecration to the Sacred Heart, to be enrolled in the League, and to receive the badge. It had been the intention of the venerable Archbishop to be present for the occasion, but alas, he was detained in his bed by a severe attack of illness.

We have reserved the last place purposely for an account of a celebration carried out on a scale of magnificence, and with an enthusiasm, unsurpassed in our northern land. *St. Patrick's, Quebec*, the church of the Redemptorist Fathers, of which Father Oates, C.S.S.R., is pastor, had in the morning a general communion for the men and youths of the parish, at which, it has been estimated, seven hundred took part. All had lately been enrolled in the ranks of the Holy League. In the afternoon there was a gorgeous procession of the men's and youths<sup>al</sup>,<sup>21</sup>

societies, under the patronage of the St. Aloysius' Young Men's Sodality, which alone numbers two hundred. They walked, with bands playing and banners streaming, through the principal streets in the vicinity of St. Patrick's. An eloquent and inspiring sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Rosebach, C.S.S.R., who also blessed the new magnificent banner of St. Aloysius. He it was who founded the sodality, and he had come all the way from his parish in the United States to be present at the ceremony. What a joy to him to witness the proportions which his work had assumed and its crowning festival on the tercentenary day of its Patron !

The Sodality of St. Aloysius, begun by Father Rosebach, has been upheld and extended by Father White, C.S.S.R., who is untiring in his efforts to augment the membership. The English-speaking Catholic young men on their side have nobly responded to his devotedness in their behalf, and evince the liveliest interest in their sodality.

The day's celebration, organized and conducted by Father White, was concluded by a solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at which he officiated, followed by the Papal blessing. The excellent music of St. Patrick's choir contributed much to enhance the ceremony.

We cannot, however, close our rapid sketch of the centenary celebration without mentioning the colleges, academies and schools. Though accounts from all have not reached us, yet from those that have, we are safe in saying that notwithstanding the distractions of examinations, prizes and preparation for commencements and vacations, there were few indeed that held not special devotions in honor of the Patron of Youth. If special mention is made of any, it ought to be of the schools under the Ladies of the Congregation, who are unrivalled in their efforts to promote our Holy League. The little *Life of St. Aloysius* circulated in dozens through the clois-

ters and convent halls of Villa Maria for days before, and went out from thence to many, many centres.

May the beloved Aloysius, glorious Patron of Christian Youth, accept the homage of all, and obtain a downpour of heaven's special graces for his numberless clients in our Canadian land.

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## ABROAD.

### Italy.

The new Italy without the Pope is fast drifting into anarchy. Even the London *Times*, that patron of all bad causes, and especially of the Italian Revolution, can no longer conceal its disappointment and disgust. Its Roman correspondent wrote in May last, under the heading, "Demoralization of Italy." He begins by saying he has followed the fortunes of Italy for thirty years with warmest sympathy, and even enthusiasm, and yet he must aver "that her political condition is undergoing a slow demoralization, and that the very basis of constitutional vitality and progress in government, Parliamentary responsibility, and devotion to national interests are being undermined."

But the political demoralization and national bankruptcy, arising chiefly from the most wanton extravagance and reckless expenditure of public money, are as nothing compared with the wholesale depravation of morals in private and public life, stimulated by the methods of the courts of justice and a sensational public press.

### Ireland.

Once more by their energy and decisive action have the Bishops of Ireland saved their country this time from the greatest of all foes,—internal dissension, and succeeded in

uniting its distracted people in the fight for self-government. They succeeded by openly and vigorously combating the false principle that individual immorality does not affect political life, and that a man of blighted reputation can be a fit leader for a Catholic people.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has openly and indignantly repudiated the same principle which was said to have been imputed to him.

### England.

Free education has at last been conceded in conservative England, and that, all our readers will be glad to learn, without detriment to the denominational schools. At present there are in England three classes of schools—Catholic, Sectarian and Board (not sectarian) schools, having each their own management on conditions recognized by the Government. The new law allows the school about two dollars a year additional out of public funds for each child between the ages of five and fourteen. There will be a proportional reduction of the free grant for schools which charge fees on a higher scale. The Radical wing of the Liberal party fought hard to have all schools receiving the free grant brought under the management of an elective board,—in other words to abolish denominational free schools. If they accepted the law, it was only as a step, they said, to the secularization of all public education. It is good to know that among the members on whom Ireland counts to carry self-government is a considerable number of the greatest enemies of Ireland's faith.

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Life on



## THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

St. Patrick's, Quebec.

### MEN'S LEAGUE.

Pursuant to an announcement made on Sunday, May 10th, over two hundred men of St. Patrick's congregation met in the St. Patrick's Hall after Grand Mass, in order to found a branch of the League of the Sacred Heart. After preliminaries, the officers and council were elected. At once they set about fulfilling the duties marked out for them, with what energy and success may be judged from the fact that now we number five hundred men associates. The promoters attend the meetings with exemplary regularity, and rival each other in efforts to honor the Sacred Heart.

Our meetings are most interesting under the direction of Rev. Father Oates. After the reports are handed in by the councillors, the Rev. Rector renders it very pleasant for half an hour by his instructions and kind words of encouragement, intermingled here and there with a spicy joke that creates a hearty laugh. It must be a great consolation to the Rev. Father to witness the interest which the men of St. Patrick's congregation take in the Holy League.

SECRETARY OF MEN'S LEAGUE.

**Caledonia, Ont.**

Nowhere could our Holy League be productive of more precious fruits than in a parish like Caledonia. The families which compose it are scattered over a broad extent of country, or buried in an overwhelming Protestant population. Deprived, as many are, of ordinary helps—separate schools, regular Sunday mass, sermon and catechism—their faith and that of their children have no nourishment but what an occasional visit of the priest, or a casual attendance at church, when the roads and weather permit, can afford. But God, who has appointed the ministration of his priesthood as the ordinary road to heaven, has not ceased to act directly and immediately on souls; and wherever He finds men of good will, having His fear in their heart, bringing up their children according to His teaching and commandments, making good use of the means within their reach, can well supply the want of more abundant external resources. Hence the staunch faith and solid virtue of many an agricultural family far removed from the ordinary aids of religion.

Father O'Reilly profited by an opportunity to bestow upon his people the blessing of a mission, which nearly all accepted with profit, and morning and night numbers were to be seen coming long distances over a rugged country and rough roads to attend the exercises. Towards the close a considerable number of men embraced the Men's League, and chose men of noted zeal and influence as officers. But in a scattered district like Caledonia it was felt that the Holy League had to rely chiefly on the pious and active zeal of the lady promoters. Fortunately, it was not hard to find a troop of young ladies such as any large centre might well be proud of. They represented every settlement, and organized in so business-like a manner, that the pastor thought he could



do nothing better than hand them over the whole parish for League purposes. Nor, according to latest advices, has he had reason to repent, for he finds he has a zealous body of helpers, who place him in immediate communication with all the families of his district, supply them with the literature of the League, and help them to go to church when they begin to grow weary.

### **St. Helen's, Toronto.**

Nothing could better prove the benefits conferred on a parish by the Holy League than the fact, that once zealous priests have witnessed its work in their parish, on being transferred to another parish they at once take steps to have it introduced. Dean Cassidy had for some time been director of a flourishing centre at Barrie, and there became acquainted with its operation. From the time of his taking possession of St. Helen's, Toronto, he asked for its establishment. The first favorable opportunity presented itself on the Sunday after Corpus Christi. The preaching of the day beginning with the first communion of some fifty intelligent children, under the care of the Christian Brothers and Loretto nuns, was reserved for the devotion to the Sacred Heart. The organization was begun under those peculiarly favorable circumstances usually existing in city churches. There was no lack of young and active ladies to volunteer their services as promoters, and the unanimous election of officers and work of enrolment began apace. As the people came out of church at evening, after listening to a sermon on the Three Degrees, they were met by bands of promoters, and at the very door and on the adjoining lawns lists were fast filled up.

At the meeting of the men the most prominent of the parish testified the interest they felt in the work and the earnestness with which they intended to devote themselves

to it. The promises were taken unanimously by those present, and the Tercentenary of St. Aloysius was fixed upon for the first general communion of atonement for the Men's League of Brockton.

Quite a number of the Christian Brothers' boys assisted at the meeting, and discovered there was nothing in the Men's League which the juveniles were not well able for. They had pledged temperance, and under the good Brothers' careful training they never missed their monthly communion of atonement. They were already proficient cadets of the Three Degrees.

### **St. Thomas, Ont.**

The Holy League and its practices have been for some time known at St. Thomas, thanks to the zeal of the Nuns of St. Joseph, who are, everywhere they go, strenuous promoters. Father Flannery, however, awaited the opportunity of a mission to make his whole parish sharers of its advantages. The mission was given in mid-June by two Jesuit fathers from Montreal, and "rich," writes a promoter, "was the harvest of souls reaped for the Sacred Heart." At the meetings held for the purpose of organizing, the attendance was large and enthusiastic. Ladies and gentlemen of influence, but especially of exemplary piety and enlightened zeal, were elected officers of the ladies' and men's branches respectively. Quite a number of lists were immediately filled by the ladies who had consented to become promoters; others are fast filling, for the work of enrolment is advancing. The men, too, have taken up the practices of the Men's League with earnestness, and a number of gentlemen have become active promoters. Their association started with a membership of sixty, but is daily growing in numbers. Nowhere has our Holy League brighter prospects than in St. Thomas.

### Almonte, Ont.

Father D. F. Foley writes :—"The Holy League of the Sacred Heart has been in operation here for some time, and continues to increase in number, zeal and piety. The various sodalities of the parish are enrolled. About six months ago the pupils of the separate school joined the Juvenile League, and each returning month brings new consolation by the ever increasing devotion of all, both old and young, towards the Sacred Heart.

"A few weeks ago our dear Archbishop, the most Rev. J. T. Duhamel, on his pastoral visit, spoke most encouraging words to all the associates, and the effects of his exhortation are already seen in the new fervor and increased desire of all who truly honor the Heart of all hearts."

### Brantford, Ont.

Sunday, the 28th, was a day of church going for the Catholic people of the large and beautiful town of Brantford. On the invitation of Father Peter Lennon, who desired to perpetuate the fervor of the recent mission, the Central Director came to reorganize the League of the Sacred Heart in the parish. A large congregation assembled to hear the sermons on Devotion to the Sacred Heart morning and evening. In the afternoon some three hundred children organized a Juvenile League under their school teachers. There was also a brilliant assemblage of ladies, thirty of whom accepted promoters lists and began to enlist on all sides, and form rosary sets which they were to keep supplied with League literature. At the evening service, at which there was a full attendance, the sermon was on the Three Degrees, and ended by an appeal to the [men to remain in church after Benediction to inaugurate a men's branch, with the result that there was a large meeting after the ladies left the church.

The Central Director explained the end and practices. Seventy-five lifted the hand in token of their promise to adopt them, then proceeded to give their names and receive the badge. An efficient body of officers and councillors were chosen, and Father Feeny, the energetic Local Director, proposed the following Sunday for the first Men's League Communion in Brantford, to which all unanimously consented.

### From Various Centres.

#### TORONTO.

*Dear Messenger*,—In compliance with a promise made mentally, I beg to return thanks to the Sacred Heart, for a temporal favor requested, which has been more than fully obtained, though the lookout was very doubtful. The Sacred Heart seems to laugh at impossibilities, and say *fiat*.

#### ST. THOMAS, ONT.

*Dear Messenger*,—I wish to record in your pages my deepest thanks to the pitying Heart of Jesus for a signal twofold mercy,—the granting of a temporal and a spiritual favor. The case seemed to be in both respects all but hopeful. The Sacred Heart was importuned, and swiftly and fully came the answering mercy. No words can express the depth of my gratitude.

#### ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, TORONTO.

*Dear Messenger*,—We, the pupils of Senior Section, have during the past year requested of the Divine Heart to pass the entrance examination, promising to acknowledge it if all passed. As we have all passed most successfully we give special thanks to the Divine Heart of Jesus.

**PROMOTERS' PAGE.**

On the 15th of the present month falls our heavenly Mother's feast day. What grateful child has not some present, some special work of esteem and affection for a fond mother when the happy day comes around? And are not all the associates of the Holy League devoted children of our heavenly Mother? Here too, the mother's joy is the children's joy. Whatever we do to recall her bliss and joy, the worthy homage of our admiration and praise will redound on ourselves, and dispose us for a like recompense. What more acceptable present can we offer her than a fervent communion? Promoters can do so much on the 15th, or within the octave, for our heavenly Mother. Their example is so persuasive and their word, even a *little one*, so powerful.

The 15th or thereabouts is the season for one of the five General Communions of the Men's League. The relaxation of the nervous system, which is the natural effect of mid-summer heat, must not be allowed to weaken their devotion. To have a good general communion, the zeal of the Local Director must be supported by that of the officers and councillors. All should lend their endeavors to ensure the success of a public act of faith and devotion, so productive of glory to God, edification to men, and blessings to all who perform it.

The vacation time perhaps will oppose special obstacles to the celebration of our Mother's feast. But love shows itself by vanquishing difficulties. Even the world considers love which cannot overcome obstacles as unworthy of the name. If we cannot go to a General Communion, we can go to a private one; if we cannot go in a body, we can go alone. If we are not at home in the city, with some little trouble perhaps, we shall find a church or a chapel in the country, and so our present shall be all the more acceptable.



## MONTH OF THE SEVEN DOLORS.

THE SCHOOL OF SORROW.

**I** sat in the school of sorrow,  
The Master was teaching there ;  
But my eyes were dim with weeping,  
And my heart was full of care.

Instead of looking upward,  
And seeing His face Divine  
So full of the tenderest pity  
For weary hearts like mine.

I only thought of the burdens,  
The cross that before me lay,  
So hard and heavy to carry  
That it darkened the light of day.

So, I could not learn my lesson,  
And say, *Thy will be done* ;  
And the Master came not near me  
As the weary hours went on.

At last in my weary sorrow,  
I looked from the cross above,  
And I saw the Master watching  
With a glance of tender love.

He turned to the cross before me,  
And I thought I heard Him say :  
“ My child, thou must bear thy burden  
And learn thy task to-day.

I may not tell the reason,  
‘Tis enough for thee to know  
That I, the Master, am teaching,  
And give this cup of woe.”

So I stooped to that weary sorrow ;  
One look at that face Divine  
Had given me power to trust Him,  
And say, “ Thy will, not mine.”

And thus I learnt my lesson,  
Taught by the Master alone ;  
He only knows the tears I shed,  
But He has wept His own.

And from them comes a brightness  
Straight from the Home above,  
Where the School Life will be ended,  
And the cross will show the love.



## GENERAL INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER, 1891.

*Named by Leo XIII with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart—for recommendation to the prayers of all the Associates.*

### PEACE AMONG CHRISTIAN PEOPLES.

**A**Ll minds are occupied at present with the Papal Encyclical and the state of things it strives to remedy ; yet it deals with but one aspect of the social problem. Besides the question between man and man, there is a higher and broader one pressing for solution,—that between people and people. The peace of the world is threatened not only by the strike of labor against capital, but also by the clash of nation with nation in the throes of war.

War will ever be in the future what it has always been in the past, the most terrible of God's chastisements on nations. Peoples as well as individuals have at certain periods to be bled, else their accumulating sins like corrupting humors would gather in festering sores and attack the vitals of society. God, indeed, for whom a "thousand years are as a day," as far as His justice is concerned, can afford to await His great Judgment day to right every



wrong ; yet, as St. Augustine observes, the order of the world sometimes demands a prompt and terrible visitation of His wrath. So appalling are the ravages spread in hearts and homes by war, with its twin sisters—famine and pestilence, that whatever good may be derived, we ought none the less to pray incessantly that Christian nations may be preserved from the scourge.

And who can form any conception of the extent of carnage and desolation that apparently must mark the course of the war which now menaces Europe? With all the terrible weapons and engines of destruction which the ingenuity of man, applied to the discoveries of modern science, has devised,—needle guns, repeating rifles and gatlings ; smokeless powder, dynamite and electricity ; who can tell, when the war-cloud bursts, the terror of the explosion and the deluge of fire, lead and blood that must overwhelm the nations of continental Europe? At the present moment the armies stand watching one another, almost breathless with suspense and expectancy. The spark may fly at any moment. It is only the appalling forecast of the consequences which seems to hold back the hand that is to give the signal, forced though it be by the secret societies and all the elements of discontent in Europe.

The truth is that war would prove almost a relief and deliverance from another scourge pressing like a galling weight on those afflicted peoples. This scourge is what is called an *armed peace*, which by its standing armies is a menace of impending war, and a drain on the very sources of a nation's vitality. Europe's actual *armed peace* keeps three million men continually under arms, with a reserve of sixteen millions to be ready at the first signal. Seven hundred million dollars is the annual budget for supplies, taking no account of the eight hundred million dollars deficiency from loss of useful labor.

And there is another drain more deplorable still, that of the moral life and energies of the people. Three million men under arms means three million families deprived of the actual help of their ablest members. It means three million flowering lives snatched from the influences of religion and the restraining affections of home and kindred, to be thrust into a blasting atmosphere of unbelief and impiety and the withering immorality of continental barrack-life. Furthermore, it means three millions going forth every term from those moral pest-houses to carry contamination into every town, village and hamlet in the land. Is not war itself, however atrocious, a blessing and relief compared with the armed peace which is at present crushing the life out of Europe? And how can war, when it comes, be aught else than a war of extermination? How thankful to an all-ruling Providence ought to be the land freed from such a yoke and menace, enjoying the blessing of liberty and true peace, its fruit! How jealously ought we to preserve the morals, laws and institutions which are its only sure safeguard!

Every people, says Joseph DeMaistre, has the government which it deserves. After all, the nations of Europe would have it so. The most civilized and cultured in the world, they sold their freedom and forged their own chains, by national apostacy from the truth, which alone can make us free. They rejected the sweet yoke of Christ and His church for the thralldom of secret societies and revolution, led on by him who is "a manslayer from the commencement," the murderer of bodies as well as of souls, because he is the implacable enemy of our human nature made to the divine image and likeness. God had provided for the peace of Christian peoples by grouping them together in a family under the headship of the Vicar of Christ, to whom he providentially gave a tempo-

ral Princedom as well as spiritual power. The Popes, on account of their sublime spiritual dignity, and the benefits which they conferred on kings and nations—the true faith, good laws, wise institutions and firm discipline, came to be acknowledged by them, both as independent princes endowed with territories which all were sacredly pledged to respect and defend, and as supreme umpires between christian rulers and peoples whose decisions the latter were solemnly bound to enforce. Thus differences were settled, many wars were prevented ; and when peace was broken by the ambitious and turbulent, it was promptly restored by powerful coalitions. Even after the revolt of the Reformation against the spiritual power of Rome, the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes continued to be upheld by the European powers as the keystone of Europe's arch of peace. At length errors began to invade governments, and revolutionary ideas to find shelter under crowns. Right was confounded with might, and the selfish policy of non-intervention usurped the place of the balance of power. The peace of Europe was doomed from the day when the King of Italy, abetted by the Emperor of the French, invaded the States of the Church, and consummated his sacrilege by taking forcible possession of Rome, all the powers of Europe looking on within difference or silent approval. Then the keystone was plucked from the arch. There was no longer an umpire or recognized court of arbitration. Treaties since have no sooner been signed than torn up. The sovereignty of the cannon and musket has taken the place of the sovereignty of the Pope ; and instead of coalitions of the powers to redress wrongs, restore peace and maintain it, there are Alliances and Dreibunds founded on the selfish interests of the hour, and fastening on Europe the yoke of an *armed peace*.

There can be a return to peace only by a return to

truth. "Christian principles," says Leo XIII, "have a marvellous power to heal the ills of the present times." But there can be no return to truth except by the conversion of *souls* to God through his grace, which is obtained by prayer. The apostleship of prayer holds the key of the situation. If Christians unite in fervent prayer, they shall obtain from God the grace that will enlighten minds and move wills to return to true peace.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular for peace between christian nations, that they may be relieved from the awful calamity which is threatening, as well as that which is afflicting them—Amen.

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O BRAVE YOUNG MEN.



Brave young men, my love, my pride, my  
promise,


'Tis on you my hopes are set,  
In manliness, in kindliness, in justice,  
To make life worth living yet.  
Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,  
In faith, truth, reverence, free and strong ;  
But, O my poor young men, remember  
To God your Maker and your Saviour you  
belong.

SIR S. FERGUSON.

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## THE MEN'S LEAGUE.

### THIRD DEGREE.

“OWEVER excellent the Morning Offering and Rosary Decade, I fear, Father, they will not awaken interest and enthusiasm among the men of our day as we find them. We adopt practical standards and look for tangible results. An association now-a-days must hold out some palpable good that will force itself upon the attention as a fit aim for endeavor and a reward for painstaking.”

Your difficulty, dear friend, is not an unforeseen one. I agree with you in admitting that if our Holy League had nothing more to offer than the two first degrees, no other practice addressing itself to the heart and feelings more than a mental offering and vocal prayer, it could hardly prosper as a Men's Association. But have you reflected on the Third Degree, the Communion of Atonement at fixed times? There is a practice external and solemn, productive of the greatest blessings, temporal as well as spiritual, commending itself to every man of faith and in any degree solicitous for his eternal welfare. It is the crowning exercise of piety and religion, putting man in possession of his God under sensible form and in a palpable manner, renewing this possession, strengthening it, perpetuating and multiplying it a hundred-fold in this life, and giving him as often as he repeats it a visible and infallible pledge of life everlasting.

In holy communion the Incarnate Son of God gives himself to the soul as “the bread that came from heaven for the life of the world,” of which, if any man eat, “he shall live forever,” and if he will not eat, “he shall not

have life in him." Could earthly being strive after a higher good and greater blessing than this heavenly bread which worketh within us the life that perisheth not? We see men every day all aglow with enthusiasm in the cause of temperance when their eyes are opened to the advantages it offers and the evils it wards off from heart and home. They form associations, hold meetings, and walk in parade with band and banner, in order to promote it. We see them, when smarting from the sting of their country's wrongs and sufferings, give money, time and pains to liberation committees and relief associations. To provide for wife and children they become members, at great cost and trouble, of benefit societies. But when did ever association or society bestow greater advantages and blessings, preserve from greater evils, than a Communion Association? Does it not secure to a man the bread of Incarnate Wisdom of which the prophet sang "All good things came to me together with it." It holds out "the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Whichever way we turn there is no getting over the fact that a virtuous life is the only happy life. This the pagan philosophers and poets laid down as the first of moral maxims, and there is nobody whose daily experience will not confirm it. The happiness which is sought aside from duty and virtue, like dead-sea fruits, turns to bitterness in the very tasting. Now, for the Catholic enlightened by faith, no virtuous life is possible except by the help of supernatural grace. It supposes prayer and the regular reception of the sacraments, which are the appointed channels of grace. David's virtuous man he compared to the tree planted near the running waters whose leaf shall not fall off, and all whatsoever he shall do shall prosper. The sacraments of the church are the running waters flowing from the Saviour's fountains, that

will afford to the man who frequents them an unfailing supply of the pure rich sap of a supernatural life. This life no drought of adversity can wither. Like the leaf that is always green, no storm of temptation can blast it or separate it from the stem. "I am the vine," says Christ ; "you are the branches" "He that abideth in me hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up on the last day." "Who then shall separate us from the love of Christ, shall tribulations or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or danger? or persecution? or the sword?"

All that he will undertake shall prosper. A rich blessing will descend on him and his enterprises on account of the special Providence of God which hangs like a refreshing dew over the lives of the just, and inclines to their desires. If he should afflict them with adversity, it will be like the pruning knife in the hand of the vinedresser that will save the vine, shape its growth, and render the yield of fruit more rich and abundant. It will conform their lives to the image of his suffering Son here, that afterwards they may be conformed to the image of His glory. This is the Providence which we see exercised in behalf of the just of the old dispensation, Noah, Lot, Abraham, his chosen people, Job, Tobias, David, and it was but typical of his Providence over the just of the new dispensation. To his disciples he says, "Seek first the kingdom" of God and his justice and all those things will be added. All temporal blessings are pledged to the man who looks first and before all to God, and who seeks to possess Him.

Now, by holy communion he not only seeks God but possesses Him. The Kingdom of God is planted in his heart. There Christ reigns as from His throne over thoughts, affections, actions and intentions. He is there the bread of the strong, giving man empire over himself and his passions and strength to overcome every weakness. From that heavenly banquet, says St. Chrysostom,

we rise like lions breathing fire, terrible to the demons. Again it is not so much pledges and resolutions that we need as strength to keep them. There is no enduring reform or virtue that will resist temptation, apart from the Sacraments of the Church. Without them, as Our Holy Father tells the men of our day, Catholic societies will not avail much. On the contrary, as we have proved, an association for the more frequent reception of the Sacraments is the short cut to the end of all other associations, Holy Communion, with its preparatory confession will put the soul in possession of God, of victory over its enemies, of the promise of the future life with the prosperity of the present.

I am aware you have some difficulty concerning a distinct association for the reception of Sacraments, but I have spoken long, and we are in the heat of midsummer, so we shall defer it for another conversation.

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## TIME AND TIDE.

O wailing tide that foams and frets  
With endless craving round the shore !  
The morning wanes, the day-light sets,  
The loved one dies, the heart forgets ;  
But *thou* art weary—nevermore.





## MRS. HOPE'S CHILDREN.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

### I.

“**O**UR father wishes me to start to-morrow,” said Mrs. Hope to her daughter just entering on her fourteenth year, “and I must not disappoint him, for he will be at the railway station to meet me. I have nothing fit to travel in except that brown dress, which is only just cut out. I don’t know how I am to get it finished, unless I go over right away to your aunt Jennie and run it on the machine. It will take me hard work to get it finished and be home by 10 o’clock to-night. So, dearie, you will have to mind the house and get dinner ready ; and when the boys return in the afternoon to school, you must put on your things and take the street-car down to Sarden Place, with this bill to Mr. Jones. Say you were told to await an answer ; and make yourself as neat as you can.”

So saying, and with a momentary uplifting of the heart to Him who feeds the sparrows, and to the Help of Christians, placing the bill in Clara’s hand, she tenderly kissed her daughter, and began to tie up her parcel and otherwise make ready for a day at aunt Jennie’s.

Mrs. Hope was one of those quiet little women who meddled with nobody, but busied themselves with their duties. Her children, one girl and two boys, were the delight of

her heart, and she strove to bring them up for God. Her maxim was that, only children who were brought up by *love* turned out well. By *loving* she did not mean *spoiling*. She held that caresses and loving words did not spoil children, provided they were not whimmed and over-indulged, or encouraged in fretfulness, in selfishness or in fault-finding. She never punished for little accidents or other mistakes. If a window-pane were broken, or if clothes got soiled or torn, a quiet reproof was all she ever found necessary, because the little culprit, seeing the beloved mother vexed, bewailed the occurrence with a deeper sorrow than hers. She secured perfect truthfulness, first, by setting an example of that virtue, and next, by acting in such a way that her children were never *afraid* to confess a fault, as they would have been had her system been one of severity. The only fault she ever punished for was sauciness, or any inclination to rebellion; and she met that delinquency promptly and on the spot, no matter who was by. A *promised* "licking" was her abhorrence; and when compelled by circumstances to promise one, she on principle reversed the ordinary maxim, and *never* gave it, substituting instead a small homily, and availing herself of the gratitude of the reprieved guilty one to excite contrition and firm purpose of amendment, and to re-establish friendly relations generally.

Having set out on these lines with each member of her small family while it was yet in its cradle, it is not surprising that Mrs. Hope should find her children little trouble and much comfort when they came to the age of reason. Unobtrusive vigilance and unfailing constancy in the practice of the beautiful and unburdensome devotions to which she had accustomed them—and in which she always joined—were all that was required to complete their moral education. A tender love of the Sacred Heart,

a filial confidence in Mary, and an instant and instinctive recourse to Divine assistance in all troubles and temptations, grew up along with the children's developing faculties. Their holy religion was their supreme delight ; and mother came next.

The Hopes lived in a neat but unpretending little house, in a street of one of our larger cities. Besides "upstairs," which consisted of three small sleeping-rooms, it contained a parlor, a dining-room, and a miniature kitchen, all opening into each other. The last named opened on the yard, the descent to which was by three or four rather broad steps. It was clear to the fences on either side, save, at the time of our tale, for the persistent accumulation of dead leaves which the November winds kept sweeping off the trees of the neighborhood.

In the earlier part of the fall, Mrs. Hope's husband had gone to look for work in a town at some distance, which he thought offered better chances for his business. The move proved satisfactory ; and prospects were so encouraging that he resolved to remove the family with as little delay as possible. To this end, he wrote to his wife, desiring her to leave the small establishment in charge of Clara, and come on to him at—— in order that together they might select a suitable dwelling, and make other necessary arrangements. Not being overburdened with the good things of this world, Mr. Hope, to assist his wife's expenses, inclosed, along with what money he could spare, the duplicate of an account already rendered, but not yet paid. It was for a small sum, but very necessary under the circumstances.

Having given, as we said, this bill to her daughter, accompanying it with a tender kiss, as she was leaving the house she said :—

"The bill comes to four dollars. Take the basket and bring home some sugar, and remember to buy a dollar's

worth of tickets from the baker when he calls. The two dollars will just make up the sum I need, and you will have a little small change in case of accidents when I am gone. I think you will only require to take the cars going ; you can easily walk back."

## II.

As soon as her mother was gone, Clara set about tidying up the house and making preparations for dinner. Then she sat down with some needlework until Phil and Archie returned home, bright and hungry, for the noon-day meal. The morning's experiences at school, questions propounded and answered regarding mother's present whereabouts and prospective movements, together with the anticipations connected with the proposed change of residence, supplied the frugal meal with an enlivening accompaniment of small talk. At length, the two urchins, having finished their dinner, departed to enjoy a game of baseball or something in the school yard, so as to get their spirits up for the sums and spelling of the afternoon ; and Clara, losing no time in order that she might be back before the baker called, set out on her travels with the important bill. The wind had sprung up at noon, the warm dry wind of the Indian summer ; and it whirled in great gusts, sending clouds of dust over everything, and banking up the withered leaves in every corner. In the car Clara met her next-door neighbor, a girl about three or four years older than herself, who was going into the busy part of the town on the delectable errand of buying herself a new hat. She pressingly invited our young friend to accompany her, which, on the impulse of the moment, Clara joyfully agreed to do ; then recollecting that her own errand would be better attended to if she did not allow herself to be distracted by other things, and above all, adverting to the probability of her

missing the baker, she retracted her consent, Miss Nettie Fanshawe graciously accepting her apologies.

Arrived at Mr. Jones' house, it was with a flutter of the heart that Clara rang the bell and handed in her missive. Her trepidation arose from the fear that she might be sent away with promises instead of money, for she was old enough to appreciate the importance of the situation. While waiting in the hall, she instinctively uplifted her heart, as her mother had done, with a swift glance of supplication to Him who sympathizes with our difficulties however small they may appear to others. Then—*Deo Gratias!*—the room door opened, and Mrs. Jones, money in hand, invited Clara to enter and receipt the bill, which she did.

With a light heart she turned homeward, not forgetting the sugar ; she entered and closed the front door just as the baker drove up ; then passing through the rooms, she received him at the kitchen door, deposited her bread on the table, and taking out her purse while he counted out its tickets, paid him his dollar, a heavy gust of wind sweeping, meanwhile, over the fence, and whirling the heaps of dead leaves into a mad dance. The girl stuffed the purse and tickets into her pocket, and hastily closed the door.

### III.

"When will mother be home?" asked Archie, as they sat at their quiet tea.

"Not till ten o'clock," answered Clara.

"And shall we not see her?" exclaimed the two boys in a breath, and very dolefully.

"Not to-night," replied their sister. "You know mother does not like you to be up after eight o'clock. But if you rise bright and early in the morning you will see her, and bid her good-bye, and send lots of kisses and kind love to father."

The little boys brightened for a moment, but presently looked doleful again.

"Who will hear us say our prayers?" asked Phil.

"And tuck in the counterpane?" supplemented Archie.

"And say the Litany and the 'Hail, Holy Queen' after we are in bed?" suggested Phil.

"And sing 'I am the Shepherd True'?" inquired Archie.

"Don't you think I can hear you say your prayers and tuck in the counterpane?" remonstrated Clara, a little reproachfully.

"Well, but you can't say the Litany."

"Yes, I can. I'm sure I've heard it often enough. And if I forget a bit, there's the book." That was a clencher, and satisfied the two young ones for a minute. Then they began again.

"And can you say 'Hail, Holy Queen'?"

"And sing the 'Shepherd True'?"

"Of course I can." So the little boys, being somewhat consoled, set themselves to study up next day's lessons.

At eight o'clock Phil and Archie went off to bed, and, to their great satisfaction, Clara proved equal to the occasion, and conducted, with all the success which could reasonably be expected, the little devotions to which their mother had accustomed them. We may observe that Mrs. Hope had found the half-hour spent with her children after their regular prayers were said, and when their young heads were already pressing their pillows, the very greatest assistance in their bringing-up. The children loved it, looked forward to it, would not have missed it for the world. The maternal caresses and the beautiful devotions went hand in hand; the time and circumstances were peculiarly favorable to softened hearts and good dispositions; and many an Act of Contrition

for little faults was developed, many a solid resolution secured, many a seed of future sanctity quietly sown during that happy half-hour. It achieved in peace and in love all that is attempted—mostly in vain—by means of whippings and supperless dismissals to bed.

## IV.

Clara's duties for the day being over, she descended to the little dining room, and sat down to read. A book was her earthly paradise ; but as that taste becomes no less a snare than other things do, if not carefully regulated both as to quality and quantity, she was forbidden to indulge in it till the day's work was over. She had sat about ten minutes, undisturbed save by the gusts of wind shaking the window-frames, and was just entering into the full flavor of her story, when a rap came to the front door. At first she felt a little nervous, wondering who it could be ; then it occurred to her that perhaps her mother had got through with her dressmaking sooner than she expected, and had returned accordingly. So she laid down her book, and taking up the lamp, she passed through the parlor to the front-door, which she opened. It was her next-door neighbor, Miss Nettie Fanshawe, evidently in a state of pleasurable excitement, and holding in her hand a fifty cent piece.

"Oh ! Clara," she exclaimed, "*could* you let me have small silver for this fifty cent bit ? They have sent home my new hat—I left it to be trimmed, you know—and it's just a perfect beauty, and I want to give the boy the price, for they've sent a receipted bill—and they haven't given him one cent of change, the stupid—*and* I can't make the even money."

"Yes, I think I can," answered Clara. "'But come into the parlor and let me shut the door, for I am afraid the wind will blow out the light.'"

Saying which, she closed the door, and setting the lamp on the table, took out her purse.

"Here it is," she said, counting out; "*twenty-five, two tens and a five.*" Suddenly she stopped short, and her face grew ashy pale. "Nettie!" she almost shrieked, "the two-dollar bill! It's not here! It's not here! Nettie! What is become of it? I must have lost it!"

"Perhaps it's in your pocket," suggested Nettie. Clara dived her hand despairingly into her pocket, and brought out the contents, viz., the baker's tickets, a scrap of poetry cut from a newspaper, a small bit of pencil, and her handkerchief. Then she turned the pocket inside out, and shook it. There was no bill there. She knelt down and felt over the carpet where she had been standing, Miss Fanshawe holding the light, but all in vain.

"Where did you open your purse last?" asked the visitor concernedly.

"I opened it in the grocery store—but I'm sure I had the bill then. Yes—and I opened it again to pay the baker—but oh! if I dropped it then, Nettie, it's gone, it's gone for good! The wind has been blowing a hurricane all afternoon, and it's more than four hours ago. Yes, and if it dropped then, it must have fallen on the landing at the kitchen door, where there is not one scrap of shelter. It's miles away by this time. Oh! poor mother! poor father! What shall I do!"

"It may have blown in among the leaves," said the sympathizing Nettie. "Wait just one minute till I pay the milliner's boy, and I'll come and help you to look for it."

"Oh dear!" murmured poor Clara to herself, dropping on her knees as her visitor withdrew, "who is to find it among all those heaps of leaves! And they've been blowing over the fences and into the lane for I can't tell how long. Oh! Sacred and Loving Heart," she cried,



clasping her hands, "help me! Help me as Thou only canst," and added a Hail Mary in honor of St. Antony of Padua.

She arose from kneeling, and taking the lamp into the kitchen, she set it where the light would command a portion of the yard, yet be exposed as little as possible to the draught. She then opened the door, and there on the landing, on the very spot where it fell, lay the two dollar bill.

"I've found it," she said, as Nettie re-entered, a faint smile on her still pallid face, but more than passing thankfulness in her eyes. "Thanks be to God! I've found it! Mother often told us that God helps them who help themselves and who pray to Him and his saints, when their own help fails."

M. G.

## NUNZIO SULPIZIO OR THE MODEL APPRENTICE.



ON the very day of the solemn festivities in honor of the 3rd centenary of St. Aloysius, his Holiness Leo XIII pronounced heroic the virtues of the young workman, Nunzio Sulpizio. He added these memorable words, which we are sure will rejoice the associates of the Holy League throughout the world: "It is with reason, that on this solemn day consecrated to the young and angelic St. Aloysius of Gonzaga, we have decided to promulgate the decree which recognizes the heroic virtues of the venerable servant of God, Nunzio Sulpizio."

We shall certainly find the decision both reasonable and opportune, if we consider the dangers of the present times. As youth, on account of its inexperience, is

peculiarly threatened by these dangers, it is not surprising that the church, ever solicitous for her little ones, should omit nothing to protect them from evil. Knowing that example is more powerful than words, she endeavors to place before them youthful models, who, in spite of the dangers and temptations that surrounded them, have continued to walk in the paths of innocence.

First among these stands the beloved name of Aloysius, who, for three centuries, has been regarded as the true model and guardian angel of christian youth.

While engaged in honoring their heavenly patron, let us hasten to place before our youth one who has been his most faithful imitator.

Such was the young workman, Nunzio Sulpizio. His father, an honest, industrious man, had settled in Pescosconesongo—the name may sound a little barbarous to Western ears—a small village in central Italy, where he carried on the laborious and by-no-means lucrative business of rope-making. He found in Rose Lusianii a worthy companion of his life and labors.

In this village was born on the 13th April, 1817, the subject of this sketch.

According to the pious custom of Catholic countries, the child, a few hours after birth, was presented at the baptismal font. As his parents professed a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin, who is invoked in this part of Italy under the title of Mary of the Annunciation, they decided to give their son the name of Nunzio, and to place him under the special protection of the virginal Mother, in order that she might make him an Announcer of the glad tidings of redemption. No name could have better suited the predestined child.

His first years were spent under the care of his pious parents, who unceasingly instilled into his young mind those lessons of piety and virtue which were destined to

take deep root and to bring forth precious fruits in after years.

At the tender age of six he lost both his parents, and although not able to fully realize his bereavement, still he did not forget to put in practice the lessons of confidence and resignation which were often taught him at his mother's knee. He looked towards Heaven, and asked the Father of orphans, the Father who alone can console the afflicted, not to abandon him in his hour of trial.

Nunzio's prayer was heard. He was taken in charge by his maternal grandmother, a woman remarkable for her practical piety and special devotion to the Mother of God. From the moment she received him in her house, she consecrated her time entirely to his bringing up. Virtue she regarded as the first and greatest prize, and this, by word and example, she constantly helped him to acquire.

Nunzio had ever been a model pupil at home. We are not surprised, therefore, to read the sworn testimony of his first professor. "Nunzio," says the Venerable Father Nicolas Fantucci, "studied with untiring zeal, and, by nature a gifted child, made rapid progress in his studies. He could not understand why his young classmates did not seem to find the same pleasure in study as himself, nor why they showed so little ardor compared with his own. The carelessness of some, the limited talents of others greatly annoyed him, but he took advantage of this to cultivate brotherly love and to put it in practice under—what seemed to him then—such trying circumstances. He rebuked their negligence, corrected their faults, and never ceased to encourage them to do better.

If he was untiring in his zeal to acquire worldly science, he was not less so in his endeavors to learn that of the saints. At no time was he more attentive than during he class of catechism. With his large, brilliant eyes

fixed on the priest, he sat motionless, drinking in every word that fell from his master's lips. The explanations over, he sat some time meditating the truths he had heard. He could not understand how his companions could be so indifferent as to hasten from the sacred things to which they had just been listening into the midst of the distractions of play.

Among the virtues which were particularly remarkable in Nunzio at this tender age, and which formed, as it were, the groundwork of his character, were humility and patience, two virtues so difficult to acquire that they are usually found to be the fruit of years of struggle with self and of patient suffering in the service of God.

Although naturally quick and impulsive, he never yielded to his inclinations. Never did he seek revenge on those who injured him, nor was he ever known to show deliberately an exterior sign of resentment.

"The virtues proper to his age," says Nicolas Fantucci, "were practised in a remarkable degree. His obedience was so perfect that the mere sign of his guardian's will sufficed. The love for his parents and for those placed over him was only excelled by his efforts to please them.

His exterior charmed all who met him. The purity and innocence of his guileless soul shed a lustre on his youthful countenance, to which even the most hardened were obliged to render the tribute of respect.

At home, he was always occupied; and when his work was over, his greatest happiness was to be found in the church. He had a passionate love for sacred songs, and more than once was he known to deprive himself of innocent amusements in order to save his money to buy a favorite hymn.

This favored child had early learned the most excellent means of proving his love for God. From a tender age he practised mortifications, and before he reached his eighth year, he had made a rule of fasting on the eves of

the principal feasts, and of performing other acts of penance in order to celebrate more worthily those festivals of love.

At the age of nine he received what he ever after considered the severest blow of his life. The grandmother whom he so affectionately loved was called by God to her merited reward. In after years, says Michael Antore, who knew him at the time, the mere mention of her name was often enough to bring tears to his eyes; and whenever he was able, his dearest delight was to spend some time in prayer at the tomb of her who had been so true a friend and from whom he had early learned so tender a love for God. T. G.

*(To be Continued.)*

## ORDINATION DAY.

**S**ACERDOS alter Christus. Thought sublime  
That leads to heights no human mind may  
climb !  
A thought to cherish in thy inmost heart :  
Another Christ, anointed priest, thou art—  
In rank, above all men, so near divine  
Archangels claim a lower throne than thine.  
In power greater than the king who sways  
Earth's mightiest realm, for thee e'en God obeys :  
He quits high heaven's court at thy command,  
Descending swift into thy outstretched hand.  
A Christ in rank and power, oh ! 'tis meet  
That thou the fair resemblance shouldst complete.  
Be thine His patient pity, love and zeal ;  
Be thine the wounds of aching hearts to heal ;  
Be thine to follow whither lost sheep roam  
And bring them kindly on thy shoulders home.  
Be thine thy Master's cross with love to bear,  
And thine in endless life His crown to wear !

*—Irish Monthly.*



## THE LEAGUE ABROAD.

### Europe.

#### THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

Germany, Austria and Italy have renewed for six years longer the *Dreibund* or treaty for the preservation of European peace. England, without becoming a party, has given her adhesion, and by the word of her Prime Minister promised the assistance of her fleet in case of war. The event has caused great pain to the Holy Father and with him to the Catholic world.

The Triple Alliance, pretending to be an alliance for peace, is in reality an alliance for war, and for the continued persecution of the Holy See. It was projected by Bismarck to secure his new possessions and to gain time for future conquests. It has no effect whatever in diminishing the mighty armies and armaments which are grinding Europe. On the contrary it maintains peace by ever increasing preparations for war. It must precipitate either a war or a famine. If prolonged, it will leave Europe prostrate and exhausted at the feet of Russia and the northern barbarian hordes. This will be the natural result of Masonic rule to which the governments of Europe have sold themselves.

Its second immediate consequence will be the prolonged imprisonment of the Pope and the deferred restoration of the Temporal Power. To obtain this end, the usurping Kingdom of Italy, instigated by the secret societies, has thrown itself into the iron grasp of Germany, with whom

it has no interests in common, incurred the hostility of Russia and France, and saddled upon its people the crushing yoke of an armed peace. Undermined by revolution, reduced to bankruptcy, exhausted by taxation, its children flying by the million from its starving shores, United Italy is paying for its usurped capital and dethroned Pontiff, the price of a mighty army and a navy second only to England's, to be used in the interest of Germany.

### France.

The expressed dissatisfaction of the Pope at the renewal of the Triple Alliance has won for him the sympathy of the French people, and through them the forced sympathy of the atheistic French Republican government. It has given signs of a willingness to desist from its hostile attacks against the church, if the latter would show itself more friendly towards the Republic.

There can be no doubt that the Republic is at present the pet government of the French people ; and the ecclesiastical hierarchy, led by the Archbishop of Paris, and encouraged by the Sovereign Pontiff, has set on foot a Catholic Union into which all French Catholics, irrespective of parties, are pressed to enter, in order to shake off, by united effort and a good use of the ballot, the atheistic yoke, and to secure for religion its proper place in the public life of the nation. That ought not to seem a difficult achievement when we consider that the vast majority of the French call themselves Catholics, are born in the church by baptism, make their first communion, and die with the last sacraments. But alas, for the greater portion of the nation, their profession does not go far beyond the triple rite, and is completely stamped out and stifled in all the avenues of public life. The average Frenchman is at first ashamed of his faith, then he becomes a scoffer at it, and generally ends by persecuting it, and, strange

to say, it is in him all the while. At present in France, to be outwardly at least an atheist, a free-thinker and a scoffer is a necessary qualification for any public office, even that of a policeman.

A system of education has been imposed, which will entail an enormous expenditure for teachers' salaries and public school-buildings, in order that the rising generation of Frenchmen may not so much as hear the name of God. The body of the people, still believers in religious education, will hear of no other for their children, and have to pay twice over, first, for the palatial atheistic lyceums that are being constructed and opened throughout the country, and secondly for the maintenance of religious free schools and teachers. Meanwhile war preparations are advancing on a gigantic scale, and exhausting, by repeated drafts of men and overwhelming taxes, the resources even of exuberant France.

The Holy League is working its way in France, where a vast field is opened to its promoters. It appears to be the centre and soul of the religious movement which promises at no distant day to christianize France once more. Its latest fruits have been a more frequent reception of the sacraments among all classes of the people, a national celebration, with festivities and pilgrimages, of the Tercentenary of St. Aloysius, and a more solid one still, the organization of councils of the Juvenile League throughout the Catholic colleges and schools of the land.

Finally, the solemn opening and dedication of the Basilica of the National Vow on the hill of Montmartre overlooking Paris, at which the French hierarchy assisted, and a letter of congratulation was read from the Pope, has given a fresh impulse to religion and especially to devotion to the Sacred Heart. In this magnificent monument, second only to St. Peter's, and dedicated by the Church of France to the Sacred Heart, the National Vow of Reparation



formulated by Father Ramière, and propagated by the French *Messenger*, has at last nobly materialized.

### Spain.

Spain, shaken for a period by revolution and secret societies, took a timely lesson from France, and under the present pious Queen Regent especially, the government and people have been growing more and more Catholic. The outbursts and attempts at revolution we so frequently read of in the press are but the hopeless protests of the secret societies, which cannot restrain their rage at the prosperity which Spain is beginning to reap from government according to Catholic principles.

"Of all the countries of Europe," reports the Director General, "Spain this year holds the foremost rank for the Holy League in nearly all the dioceses. Page after page of the *Mensajero* of Bilbao attest these consoling fruits."

### What they say of us.

"Our *Messenger anglais du Canada*," says the Director General in the French *Messenger* of Toulouse, "publishes the marked approval and warm encouragement of the Canadian Prelates;" and after mentioning their names goes on to say that "the pages of the new *Messenger* make frequent mention of the thousands of brave Catholics (*vaillants chrétiens*), more than thirty thousand in English-speaking Canada alone, who, not ashamed of their faith, with the badge on their breast, assist at the most imposing ceremonies to the edification of their parishes."

Then he cites Hamilton Cathedral parish, in which "2,130 associates are enrolled under a hundred Promoters. Every first Sunday of the month all the members, with the badge of the Sacred Heart on their breast, go to holy communion in a body."

On another occasion he speaks in terms of praise of the ardor of Galt, Hespeler and Dundas in the work of the League.

**THE LEAGUE AT HOME.****Brantford, Ont.****MEN'S LEAGUE.**

According to the announcement made by Father Feeney, our Local Director, the first Communion of Atonement for the Men's League of Brantford took place on Sunday, the 5th of July. Nothing for a long time occurred with such great edification to the parish. About seventy-five men, with the badge of the Sacred Heart pinned on, approached the Holy Table in a body. Confessions were heard through Saturday afternoon and evening, and were continued on the morning itself. It was, indeed, most consoling to see so many men, old and young, respond nobly to the call.

Our first regular meeting was held in the church on Sunday evening, Aug. 2nd. After the names were called, new members received, and certificates and badges distributed, the Rev. Local Director expressed the very great pleasure it gave him to see so many present, and congratulated the members on the interest they manifested in so holy a work. He continued to speak of the many advantages to be gained, especially that of praying always, since the Morning Offering of intentions, works and sufferings to the Divine Heart can change them into so many prayers. When God said :—"Son, give me thy heart," he spoke not only to saints and religious people, but even to the most hardened sinners, that they might return to Him by repentance.

We then arranged a programme to be followed at our meetings—a discourse upon some subject of interest or on one of the public questions of the day, a reading or recitation by the members. It was announced that the next meeting would be held in the school-building which should be finished in three weeks.

**SEC. OF MEN'S LEAGUE.**

**St. Patrick's, Hamilton.**

The League of the Sacred Heart was established here by the Central Director, who, in Easter week, gave a triduum for that purpose. Under the care and direction of Father Haley, assisted by many zealous promoters, its membership has since then greatly increased, so that the *Messenger* is now welcomed by nearly a thousand readers of this centre. There are sixty-five lady promoters, and the membership of men has doubled since its establishment.

The blessings which the Sacred Heart has brought upon the parish were apparent from the beginning. A greater fidelity to the duties of religion and increased devotion in prayer were marked by the large number of monthly communicants, and by the eagerness for the rosary tickets.

On the first Sunday of the month three hundred people received the Blessed Sacrament. The monthly meeting of the members was well attended, and the Fathers and well-wishers of the Parish have every reason to thank Our Divine Lord, and to pray for a continuance of His favors.

MEMBER OF THE LEAGUE.

**Oakville, Ont.**

The Holy League was established in our quiet, picturesque little town in the Spring of 1890, at the close of a retreat, through the pious zeal of the Pastor in charge. For some time it had been the custom to hold devotions on the first Friday in honor of the Heart of our Divine Saviour, which proved an excellent preparation for the crowning event,—the establishment of the League.

Never in the memory of the writer was there such a display of enthusiasm as the evening when one hundred and fifty assembled before the altar to be received as members. It was a pleasing sight on the following Sunday to

see fifty children kneeling before the altar of Him who said "Suffer little children to come unto me, forbid them not."

The League here is yet young, but what may we not expect if all those innocent hearts grow up faithful to its practices. We have now, not counting the children, one hundred and sixty associates under eleven Promoters. A number of visitors of our town, learning the advantages, have left their names for enrolment and receive from here their tickets and *Messengers*.

On the Sunday after the feast of the Sacred Heart there was a solemn reception of Promoters, conducted by our Rev. Local Director, Father Kelly, who exhorted the recipients of the cross and diploma never to forget that they were consecrated to the Heart of Jesus, and ever to be faithful to the practices of the League. All our Associates have not as yet taken up the Third Degree, but we hope that in the near future, as they become acquainted with its advantages, they will not fail to do so.

SECRETARY.

### **St. Raphael's, Glengarry.**

There was not probably in the wide world on the 16th of July last a scene like that which was presented in old St. Raphael's parish. It was for the descendants of the sturdy Highland settlers the feast of their special devotion, the Holy Scapular. It has been the time-honored custom for the whole parish to approach the Sacraments on that day and to prepare for them by a triduum. This year, besides the usual celebration, there was to be a renewal of the fruits of the late mission and a solemn reception of the Promoters of the Holy League, who had worked so zealously and with such success since March last. At six o'clock each morning, as the beauti-

ful chimes poured their music in waves of rich melody over the beautiful fields and groves dotted with the homesteads of the farmers, the horses, teams and wagons with crowded seats were to be seen coming in all directions from a radius of twenty miles, to go to their confession, assist at mass, hear the sermon, take part at the meetings, to return home for dinner and be back again for the evening devotions. These were people who knew how to give full days to their spiritual interests, convinced that their crops and herds, thanks to the blessing of God, would be all the better for it.

On the morning of the feast the spacious stone church, once a cathedral unsurpassed on the continent, was filled till noon. Eight hundred old and young, as many men as women, approached the holy table. Four confessors had been kept constantly busy. Forty Promoters, who had visited monthly almost every hamlet and dwelling of the immense parochial area, presented themselves for the cross and diploma. New lists were taken out and associates enrolled. To the Men's League alone some forty new members were added after they had publicly taken the usual pledges. The 16th of July, under Mary's special invocation, was in truth a day of renewal for the faithful people of Glengarry and of consolation to Father Fitzpatrick, their active and energetic pastor.

### Hastings, Ont.

On Sunday, July 19th, the morning sun shed a flood of glory over waving fields of richest grain as the faithful of Hastings, old and young, with joy beaming on every countenance, wended their way to the stone edifice on the summit of the hill that crowns the town. A month before the outlook was dark, grim famine staring many in the face through the threatened failure of the crops ; but God, no

doubt, hearkened to the prayers of his people and their venerable pastor, and turned away His wrath. Genial showers came to refresh the verdure of the fields and revive the drooping hopes of the inhabitants, and now all was changed into rich promise. Besides, Father Quirk had announced a ceremony such as never before had taken place in Hastings, and would interest every family, for was there one to be found in the broad extent of the parish without a promoter or assistant? Never was there such a concourse in the handsome, tastefully kept church. The Rev. Pastor officiated, the choir accompanying. The Central Director, who had come from Montreal for the occasion, after encouraging the people to perseverance, preached on devotion to the Sacred Heart and the Three Degrees. After mass, the lady Promoters, to the number of thirty, the *élite* of Hastings, advanced and formed a row reaching from wall to wall in front of the altar rail. After the ceremony of the blessing of the crosses, the diplomas were distributed, and, advancing two by two, led by the officers, the Promoters received on bended knee the cross from the hands of the venerable Local Director.

Nor were the school children of the Juvenile League forgotten by their kind pastor. Twenty-five of the boys and as many of the girls who had given most edification by keeping their promises to the Sacred Heart, especially the monthly communion of atonement, were decorated, the boys with the beautiful cross of the Juvenile League set in red, and the girls with the medal.

The congregation showed the greatest interest in the ceremony, which we have every reason to hope will give a fresh impulse to the Holy League in Hastings. The men were promised the chief part in the next celebration.

### Campbellford, Ont.

A full and quite a representative audience of this thriving town assembled in the parish church on Sunday evening,

July 19th, to hear the sermon and assist at the League celebration that had been announced by Father Casey on the previous Sunday. The Central Director, who was preacher for the occasion, spoke on the spirit and chief advantages of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart as practised in the Holy League. After the sermon, the Rev. Local Director called the names of the Promoters who had been distinguished for their zeal and constancy in the fulfilment of their special duties. They advanced and formed a line in front of the altar-rail to the number of thirty. After the ceremony of the blessing, they came two by two to receive the diploma and to be decorated with the indulgenced cross of their Order, which was conferred by the Rev. Local Director.

The ceremony, on which the congregation gazed with breathless attention, was followed by solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart. The music executed by the choir was excellent, and the illuminated altar covered with exquisite drapery and adorned with a profusion of natural flowers, presented a magnificent spectacle.

The Holy League in the short period from its establishment has accomplished wonders in Campbellford. On the first Sunday of every month the altar-rails are crowded with all classes of the people. Many who used to be seen but very rarely at the altar-rail are now regular communicants. The enthusiasm of the Local Director seems to have enkindled the whole parish, and both Campbellford and Warkworth are aglow with devotion to the Divine Heart.

### St. Patrick's, Quebec.

Our new intention box is well patronized by our people, who have great confidence in the Sacred Heart. Already one great favor has been obtained by a lady, who, in

thanksgiving, has taken out a Promoter's list, which is fast filling. At our last meeting ten new Promoters took out lists, so that notwithstanding vacation time, our numbers are steadily increasing. I expect, in September, when our people are home again from seaside and country, that we shall have a large harvest to reap, though our general communion on last Sunday was so well attended that it seemed as if the whole congregation were present. The general communion for the men's branch on next Sunday promises to be a grand affair. Officers and Promoters are working with great earnestness. The Director presides at all our meetings, and all our Redemptorist Fathers are active Promoters. There is not one of them but deserves the gold cross.

SECRETARY.

BRANDON, N. W. T.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

To fulfil a promise made to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in June, we return our most grateful thanks to the loving Heart of Our Lord, for the perfect recovery of one of our community, whose life had been despaired of by two skillful physicians, and who, contrary to all human expectations, on the last day of our triduum experienced a change for the better, and, thanks and glory to the Sacred Heart, is now able to resume her former occupations.

THE SISTERS OF THE FAITHFUL

COMPANIONS OF JESUS.

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## OBITUARY.

We ask the prayers of all our associates for the eternal repose of Father Byrne, parish priest of Eganville, and a most zealous Director of the Holy League.

R.I.P.



**PROMOTERS' PAGE.**

After conferring so many diplomas and crosses, the Holy League has a right to expect a great increase of zeal and activity. Nothing contributes to the prosperity of a centre like the Promoters' meetings, and the best sign of life is a full attendance at them. The test of a good Promoter is regularity at the meetings. Faithfulness in this respect edifies the body of Promoters, and through it the whole centre. Absence has the opposite effect. It is a bid for a break up. We trust all our Promoters, and especially the officers and councillors, realize their responsibility in this regard. An officer who does not regularly attend the Promoters' meeting cannot show a greater proof of devotion to the Sacred Heart than by resigning. We have heard of a lady president of a flourishing centre, who, leaving her friends behind, came home three hundred miles from her country seat in order to preside at the first autumn meeting. Another has not once failed to call on the pastor the week before meeting, to have it announced the following Sunday, marking the day, hour and place. You may depend the meeting was announced, and when the day came the Director was on time, the Secretary had Messengers, Rosary sets and tickets laid on the table. The Holy League is first, and before all, a league of zeal and activity.

It is not necessary that the meeting be a long one. A half hour (in country parishes, where it is held after mass, —a quarter) ought to be enough for the *work*, the *talking* afterward may be prolonged indefinitely, especially since there are too hundred days' indulgence for it. What is to be done in the half hour? The Director, or President in his absence, opens punctually by Our Father, Hail Mary, Creed, Sweet Heart, etc. Follows an exhortation, not longer than ten minutes, or the reading of an article out of the hand-book with the Promoters' page. Rosary sets, Messengers, tickets are distributed, the Secretary marking names; subscriptions are received and marked by the Treasurer.



## MONTH OF THE HOLY ANGELS.

**W**HO will let October come and go without thinking of the Holy Angels, particularly of the dear Angel ever by his side? "For he hath given his Angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands they shall bear thee up: lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." They are by nature pure spirits, high above flesh and blood and clay: yet, such is heavenly condescension, they are always beside us frail beings of a lower world, to watch over us, protect us and carry our prayers to God. They are the invisible messengers between two worlds going up on the mystic ladder, seen by Jacob in his dream, bearing our prayers to the Throne, and coming down again laden with gifts for their clients.

"See," says Our Lord, "that you despise not one of these little ones, for I say to you that their Angels in Heaven always see the face of My Father". On which words, St. Hilarius, a Father of the Fourth Century, writes: "The Angels daily offer to God the prayers of the redeemed. It is not safe to despise one whose desires and petitions are wafted to the eternal and invisible God by the sublime ministry of the Angels."

What obligations are we not under to our dear Guardian

- Angels! St. Bernard sums them up in three pithy sentences. First, we owe them *respect for their presence*. "Wherever you are," he adds, "remote from the eyes of men, in an inn or on the public thoroughfare, reverence your Angel's presence. Dare not to do before him what you would not dare do before me." By respecting the presence of your good Angel you worship the presence of God, "for their Angels always see the face of my Father in Heaven."

Secondly, we owe them *gratitude for their favors*. What evils, both of soul and body, do they not protect us against! How many escapes from temptation, accidents, mistakes in life, dark and ruinous paths, do we not owe to them! What blessings have we not reaped from their care and intercession! We should not forget their kindness nor fail to give them marks of our thankfulness, especially on their feast-day.

Thirdly, we owe them *confidence for their protection*. With an Angel of Heaven watching beside us day and night, defending us from our invisible foes, always praying for us before the face of God, why should we fear? They are true, wary and powerful, why should we tremble? "The Angel of the Lord shall encamp round about them that fear Him." Let us place our trust in them, and "we shall dwell in the protection of the God of Jacob."

The Church gives a special feast on October 2nd to the Guardian Angels that we may pay them our loving homage, and the whole month to all the Angels that we may cherish devotion to them.



## GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER, 1891.

*Named by Leo XIII with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart—for recommendation to the prayers of all the Associates.*

### THE MADAGASCAR MISSION.

**O**UR young geographers, though just back to school from vacation, could tell us without difficulty what and where Madagascar is. It is an immense island lying off the south eastern coast of Africa, equal to Quebec, much larger than all Ontario, and six times the size of Ireland, with a population of about five millions—more than the Dominion of Canada according to the late census.

In 1875, a holy bishop was leaving the island after a visitation of three months, and, addressing the faithful of the capital, he said : " In sight of this large city given up entirely to heresy and paganism, you may feel discouraged on account of your fewness, but when St. Peter of old entered mighty Rome, the capital of the universe—with its millions of inhabitants, he was alone and surrounded with the idols of paganism ; yet a few years after ward a Christian apologist was able to say with pride to

Roman Emperors : ' We are only of yesterday, it is true, but already we are filling your market places, your tribunals, your armies, your very palaces. We leave you but your temples.' I pray that God may add to your number also, and he will not fail if, like the first Christians, you are all apostles of prayer. "

In truth, of all the Catholic missions among the heathen, we believe there is not one in this century which has made such strides and yielded such consoling fruits as Madagascar. It was only on the 16th August, 1861, after repeated failures, that a mission was opened on the great African island. God seems to have a special love for islands, perhaps because the spirit of the big world, His sworn enemy, has less influence over them. Be that as it may, Madagascar, at this moment, counts 398 stations or Catholic groups, 112,000 Catholics, 540 schools, and 15,033 pupils. How has this wonderful result been brought about ? If the missionaries are to be believed, it was by prayer, especially by prayer that went straight to the Heart of Jesus.

Those of our Associates who have been accustomed to read the older *Messengers* may remember that Madagascar was the first mission which the *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart, as far back as 1862, gave out for the General Intention of the month. Since that period, our Holy League has never lost sight of the endeared island. *Messenger* readers can recall particularly how nobly those new Christians behaved when, after the solemn consecration of the mission to the Sacred Heart, the Franco-Malagassee war broke out, and they were for three long years left without priest or guide ; or they may recall the *retreats* of the Hova school teachers and mistresses productive of so much good.

What encouragement for our Associates, old and young, but especially the young, when they thus see that by their

morning offerings, their hours of work, of silence, of recreation well spent, every little act of self-sacrifice, they can obtain the light of truth and holiness for thousands living on islands and continents plunged in error and idolatry?

But to return to Madagascar still offering the richest promise. The harvest of souls is great to-day, like the harvest of wheat strewn over our Northwestern prairies, waiting to be saved. But there are no workmen, no money resources for those poverty-stricken mission fields. And for the few at work, what obstacles and difficulties surround them! God laughs at our learning and money. He does not want our gold and silver, for "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." He has created in its bowels the mines of untold wealth. What He is waiting for is prayers and desires, and acts of self-denial offered to Him in union with those of the Heart of Jesus. When the measure is full, obstacles will disappear and means will abound.

As a Madagascar missionary has lately written, "when so many of the faithful will send up their prayers in union with the Hearts of Jesus and Mary, we shall see clearer than ever, in the perseverance and daily increasing number of Christians, a permanent miracle of grace and an striking effect of the divine mercy."

#### PRAYER.


O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular for the Mission of Madagascar, that the Christians of that vast island, assisted by the prayers of Thy Holy League, may obtain grace and mercy to persevere and grow daily in numbers. Amen.

**THE MEN'S LEAGUE.**

THIRD DEGREE.

*(Continued.)*

“OU were perfectly right, Father, in surmising that we men of the world could not easily be brought to admit the want of an Association for frequent Communion. The very points you developed in our last conversation militate against the idea. The importance of Communion, its sublimity and impressive character as the central dogma and crowning act of religion, seem to lift it out of the sphere of human associations, and stamp it as peculiarly the object of Divine ordinance. As I understand it, the Divine founder organized the Church mainly with a view to the administration and reception of the Sacraments, and especially of the Eucharist. The Church is by her essence an Association for the reception of Sacraments. Nay, more, in connection with Communion, I should put down as a positive irreverence and distraction all the fuss and external show of regalia and badges and parade attendant on an Association. Was it not in the desert that the Prophet received the heavenly loaf from angel's hands? Such a solemn act of worship should be performed in the awe and stillness of self-oblivion, to which solitude and the wilderness are more conducive than the noise and distraction of profane association.”

There can be no doubt, dear Associate, that the Church was divinely instituted to confer the benefits of Redemption on mankind through the agency of the Sacraments, and especially of Holy Communion; but also to draw men and dispose them to receive these benefits. This she considers her special work; but a general society does not dispense with particular ones. On the contrary, it is

the nature of every broad and universal society to reach its end by means of particular associations. Thus, in the bosom of the universal society of mankind striving for happiness in its widest sense, God himself has created the particular societies of husband and wife, of parent and children, of the family and the nation, of Church and State, that men might the more easily reach that full happiness which He intended for them. As if these were not sufficient, men enter into all kinds of associations with one another to advance their particular interests. We have associations for science, art, and literature ; trade, commercial, and even electrical associations ; associations for temperance and benevolence. Likewise, in the supernatural society of the Church, besides the orders of the hierarchy, there are religious orders, congregations, sodalities, without number. It is the old maxim, "In union there is strength ;" and wherever there is a desirable good to be obtained, or an obstacle in its way to be overcome, or a difficulty to be vanquished, there is a call for united effort.

"Not when there is already an Association divinely founded and equipped directly for that purpose."

But you understand, dear Associate, though it should be the broad and direct end of the Church to draw men to the reception of the Sacraments, there may be particular obstacles in her way, varying with times, places and circumstances, for the surmounting of which particular Associations may be necessary. You admit that frequent Communion is an immense blessing ; but who will say there are not errors to which minds stubbornly cling, deeply-rooted prejudices, customs and traditions handed down from days of persecution, which thwart the Church in her ardent desire to make her children partakers of the blessing ? Then there is the spirit of heresy and the opposition of the world, which cannot brook any-



thing in outward conduct opposed to their maxims, pet notions and standards.

Say what you will, as long as the world is the world, piety will not be in the fashion. It will always be the chosen target, if not for the open sneer, at least for the jeer, the criticism, the ill-natured remark, the envious mind translated in look and manner and conduct. How many a man, generous, straightforward and brave in all other matters, quails before the spirit of the world, and stands a convicted coward before his own conscience when there is question of religious profession. It is the old story of Peter's triple denial before the servant-maid whilst the cock was crowing.

There is no use in minimizing the power of the slavery. All, from the nun in her cloister to the Pontiff on his throne, have to struggle against its influence. The holier the action, the greater the influence and the struggle. In truth there is only one power on earth that can overcome it. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, your faith."

Before the advent of the Redeemer, the world, which is the Empire of Satan, had all its own way. The strong-armed man was in tranquil possession of the house. But a stronger came to oust him from it. "Now, shall the Prince of this world be cast forth." By faith in Him and His truth, we rise above the world, its maxims, its ideas, its false standards, and enslaving influences, to breathe the free air of the liberty of God's children.

In this struggle we can and ought to enlist the power of Association that by united effort we may put the enemy to flight. After all, the world, like its ruler, is the veriest of cowards, a servant-maid before the strong man. However impudent, it will cower and tremble at the first sign of resistance. It will surrender to one man who acts fearlessly according to his convictions, and will end by falling prostrate and paying him homage.

But when there is a number, even though small, banded to oppose its pretensions, its opposition ceases, and instead of fearing attack, it is rather its flattery and vain-glorious appeals they shall have to dread.

This is why Associates of the Holy League go to their general Communion in a body, and with badge displayed, strong in the profession of the faith that overcometh the world, and of the love of Him by whom they conquer. After all, it is the world which is the great Pharisee, and every age has its own peculiar type. In an age of indifference and unbelief, the Pharisee stifles religious profession for fear of men, just as in the olden time he sounded his trumpet, fasted and prayed publicly, to gain their favor. The motive in each is the same. The outside world is always changing, like its fashions, employing opposite means to the same end; but its spirit within is changeless and its motive unvarying.

Strong, therefore, in our faith in Him who said: "Let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in Heaven," in the approval of His unerring Church, which has enriched with her partial Indulgences the wearing of the badge, and with her plenary Indulgences the going to Holy Communion *in a body*, let us overcome the world and gain faith's imperishable victory.

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## THE TWO PATHS.

A path of thorns or a path of flowers—  
Which shall we choose, O heart of mine?  
Passing blossoms or eternal bowers?

Crowned with youth's sunlight, O dewy hours!  
Which shall we trace as our hands entwine—  
A path of thorns or a path of flowers?

Mind and soul, with your god-like powers,  
Which is meeter to be your shrine,  
Passing blooms or eternal bowers?

Leaning down from your star-built towers,  
Angels, which is the more divine,  
A path of thorns or a path of flowers?

Jesus sweet, do the ruby showers  
That fell with Thy Heart's last throbbings, sign  
Passing blossoms or eternal bowers?

Courage, O heart, for this choice of ours,  
Writ in the heavens, will stars outshine!—  
A path of thorns or a path of flowers—  
Passing blooms or eternal bowers? S. M. P.

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### ONLY A CUP OF WATER.

**I**T was the maxim of a very holy religious, and enlightened spiritual guide that if you are striving for the conversion of a soul which refuses to accept the light or enter the path of truth, you have one resource—to induce it to give alms and perform acts of mercy and kindness in view of God. He will not be outstripped in generosity, nor fail to reward the services we render others in His name by the only gift of real value in His sight. Here is an example from fact confirming the truth of the maxim.

It was on a hot day of July, the sun blazing in a cloudless sky, from whose rays every living thing sought shelter. In the corner of a cosy sitting-room sat a young girl gazing from her shady nook at the brilliant glare outside. She for one, was well screened from the heat—the half-closed shutters, the thin loose dress, the ice-water on a table near by, and the fan lying idly in her lap, told better than

words that her own comfort was the great, if not the only, aim of her existence.

The novel she held in her hand was partly closed and her eyes had ceased devouring its contents. A puzzled expression was on her face as though some troublesome thought was surging through her brain.

"*Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water in my name shall receive a reward!*" She relapsed into silence, then took her novel and went on reading. But it had certainly lost interest. The words of the Master still rang in her ears.

Suddenly the closing of a gate and a step on the gravelled walk awaked her from her reverie, and she went towards the door. A disappointed expression clouded her face as she saw a stranger, a woman dressed in rusty black. She looked tired and warm, and gave a sigh of relief as she stood within the shady porch. Her business was soon explained—she was agent for one of those countless inventions with which our land is overrun, and hoped to get an order for her goods from many of the houses in the town.

"How I hate women agents," thought Nellie. "I'll just send her about her business. Oh, no : that won't do, I might just as well be civil.—I'm very sorry," she said aloud, "but I don't want to order any of your samples. You look tired, will you sit down here in the shade and rest yourself?"

"No, thank you," replied the woman, "I haven't time. I must visit all the houses here and leave for the next town this evening."

"*Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water in my name shall receive a reward!*" The words came back in Nellie's brain with startling distinctness. "I'll try it," she said to herself.—"At least let me give you a glass of cold water, you look so warm, and the heat on that dusty road must be intense."

"Thank you," said the woman, "I am very warm and thirsty, but most people don't notice that."

Nellie returned quickly with a goblet of ice-cold water, which the woman drank with evident satisfaction, and then went out into the heat again.

That evening, as they gathered round the tea-table, Nellie's brother mischievously said :—

"Mother, Nell's getting precious mean ; a poor woman came to the door to-day and she actually offered her a glass of cold water, and let her go away with that and nothing else."

Nellie laughed and said that, finding it too warm to take anything but ice-water herself, she presumed the woman felt the same. But still the joke was kept up, and for a few days, if any one came asking for food, it was suggested that Nell should bring a goblet of ice-water.

"Never mind," she thought to herself, "I did it for a reward, and it will come some day."

At last the joke died out, as all things will, and even the dream of the promised reward faded from Nellie's memory. It was the only religious act in a life of self-indulgence ; but who will say that, when two years later Nellie stood at the baptismal font in a little chapel, and received the regenerating waters of Baptism at the hands of the priest of the one true Church, it was not a reward from Him whose munificence is without bounds.

In relating this incident to me, Nellie said :—"People so often have asked me what I had ever done that obtained for me the grace to become a Catholic, and I always said I did not remember to have performed a good deed for God while I was a Protestant. But one day the remembrance of my hoped-for reward came into my mind, and I felt that Our Lord had indeed rewarded me a thousand-fold."

S. M. C.



## BARNEY McCORMICK'S CONVERSION.

### I.

“**R**EMEMBER, my boy, that your poor mother did all she could do to bring you up a good Catholic, though a hard job it was under the circumstances. But, God be praised, you’re now of an age to remember her teachings, and she has the consolation of knowing that you’ve at least made your First Communion before she dies. Your father was a Catholic, Barney, and your grand-father was a Catholic, and so were all your relations, and if ever you go back on the faith you’ll disgrace their memory and your Irish blood.”

Barney was a lad of but nine years, and was standing, his eyes filled with tears, at the bedside of his dying mother, listening to her last words of advice. The house in which Mrs. McCormick was nearing her end was of the poorest. It was furnished with the barest necessities ; for the good woman, having lost her husband some years before, was obliged to provide, as well as she could, for the support of herself and her youngest boy, the pride of her heart. Her husband had been an honest, hardworking man, who, for one reason or another, was obliged to live in the little village of X——, situated in the northern part of England and not far from the sea.

He had several other children, but circumstances had

separated them early in life. The eldest boy had taken the Queen's shilling and gone to India; the second was a sailor, whilst the only daughter had married and was now far away in America, living, as it was supposed, somewhere in the State of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. McCormick had found it difficult to bring up her boy with anything like adequate knowledge of his religion. There was no Catholic priest in the town of X——, the nearest being nine miles away.

But to a Catholic mother, the love of God takes precedence over everything else, and, to the best of her ability, she had grounded, her child in the principal mysteries of religion. She was a proud mother the day she set out for the neighboring city where the priest was living, and beheld her beloved boy make his First Communion.

"Mother, I'll do as you say," replied Barney, between his sobs. "I'll say my prayers and I'll go to Confession, but don't die, mother."

But mother did die, and after Barney had beheld her lowered into the grave, and when he had almost wept his little heart out, he was glad to retire to the house of a sympathizing friend, and there struggle with the first great sorrow he had known.

Fortune seemed to have singled out the young orphan for a seafaring life. At an early age he was employed to do odd jobs upon the small craft engaged in the local trade. As his acquaintance with the sea grew, the desire of "going to sea," in the strict sense of the word, increased.

Day by day the love for his calling grew upon him—he longed to be free, to visit foreign lands, to be considered an able seaman. Such aspirations, added to the fact that those with whom he was thrown were not Catholics, blasted the early impressions of his religious teaching. What wonder if he grew negligent about his prayers!

Alas ! he was fast forgetting his promise to his dying mother.

At length, one day, having resolved to make a move, without saying a word to his friends, lest they should dissuade him, he made his way to the nearest sea-port. While walking along one of the quays, he beheld a large ship just about to set sail. The moment had come.

"Hello, captain ! have you room for another hand ?"

"No room," replied the captain ; "you're just a little too late."

"Take me with you, Cap," said Barney ; "you'll not regret it. I'm a ready hand and a willing worker. Say the word, Cap."

The captain was pleased with the frank, open manner of the young Irish boy. But a moment's reflection and he called out :

"Jump aboard, then, my lad, and give the men a lift and let's weigh anchor."

"For where ?" eagerly asked Barney.

"The West Indies," said the captain.

The darling wish of Barney McCormick's heart was realized.

## II.

Years rolled by. The enthusiasm of the young sailor had long since subsided and given way to an easy-going, devil-may-care way of taking things. There remained not much of new for Barney McCormick to experience in his calling. He had been to New Zealand several times. He had visited the principal ports of the Chinese Empire. He had seen all the Colonies, had doubled the Cape, been wrecked off the Coast of Brazil, and saved by the merest chance.

The impressions of youth had faded away, and the practices of religion, so difficult for the sailor, had been gradually abandoned.



Once more Barney found himself on board a ship bound for the West Indies. Upon setting sail, he felt a strange emotion when his thoughts flew back to his first voyage. What changes had taken place since then! How many of his old friends had passed away! This recalled to his mind the trying scene at his mother's death-bed. A tear-drop glistened in his eye as he remembered how good she had been to him. His heart was softening. He would gladly have said a prayer for her had he remembered one, but the words stuck on his lips.

He was disturbed in his reveries by the first mate ordering him aloft to arrange certain ropes.

Days, weeks passed by, with their usual monotony. Fine weather there was lots of, and the sailors had little to do and plenty of time for *ennui* and grumbling. From time to time a stormy spell occurred which wakened the men from their state of discontent and sent a manly thrill through their veins as they combated with the elements.

One evening, after a fine but unusually hot day, the men were sitting around on deck. Some were engaged in splicing cables, others patching sails or mending the awnings, others again were making odds and ends with their jack-knives, while they listened to one of their number telling some yarn. Nobody was working very seriously but all were chatting as only sailors chat when they are nearing port. They expected to arrive at Havana the next day.

"Let me tattoo something on your arm, Barney," said Tim Sullivan, one of the jolliest of the crew, who had acquired no little reputation as an artist.

"What'll you put?" asked Barney.

"I'll put a ship," said the other.

"Sure an' I've got a finer ship than ever you could make," replied Barney, as he bared his broad breast and displayed a magnificent "three-master" in full sail.

"I'll put a Sacred Heart," said Tim.

"A sacred what?"

"A Sacred Heart. Why, don't you know what a Sacred Heart is?"

"Never heerd o' sich a thing," said Barney.

"Well, let me make it, all the same; it'll be a good friend to ye."

"What 'll it do?" asked Barney, laughing. "Will it save my life?"

"Better than that, my man," replied Tim.

"What?"

"It 'll save your soul."

"Fire ahead!" said Barney.

The tatooing was a success. The Heart was pricked in, in blue, and several drops of blood oozing from the wound were represented by rubbing in the juice of a certain plant that Tim had with him. All admired the work of art.

That night Barney McCormick complained of a headache, of pains in the joints, and a feeling of approaching illness.

The next day word went among the men that their comrade was down with the fever.

### III.

Upon the arrival of the ship in port, Barney was sent to the Hospital, to which he was confined for several weeks. At one time his life was despaired of, but gradually he rallied, and, although still weak, was able to look around for another ship, his own having set sail during his sickness.

At length he sailed on board a vessel bound for the port of Montreal. Once at sea, the convalescent man felt himself much better, although there remained indications that the trouble had not entirely left his system.

The voyage was a long one; but at length the ship rubbed up against the quay below Bonsecours, and pre-

parations were at once begun for discharging the cargo. Barney did his part of the duty with his usual alertness; but soon he felt unmistakable symptoms of a return of the fever.

The next day found him at Hotel Dieu, where the good Sisters showed him every attention. He was at once sent to bed, the proper remedies were administered, and before a week had ended the patient was feeling much better. He was lying quietly letting his thoughts take pretty much their own course, when a Sister silently approaching his bedside and noticing he was not asleep, said, pointing to his brawny arm that lay carelessly on the coverlet :

"What is that picture tatooed on your arm, my poor man?"

"It's a Sacred Heart, Sister."

"Then you're a Catholic, are you not?" asked the Sister.

"I am that," replied Barney.

"When did you go to Confession last?"

"Nigh eighteen years ago, Sister."

"And why did you not go to your duty all these years?"

"Oh! I don't know," replied Barney. "Nobody ever told me to go very much, and then you know I went to sea when I was quite young and I got out o' the way o' going."

"Well, then, you'll go to Confession before you leave the Hospital, and that is settled—won't you?" said the Sister.

"I will," replied the other; "but I'm afraid I don't know how."

"Why," said the Sister, "you can say the 'I confess to Almighty God?'"

"No, I guess I've forgotten it."

"But you know how to make an act of contrition?"

"I've forgotten that too, I think."

"But can you repeat the 'Our Father' and the 'Hail Mary?'"

"I think I know the Hail Mary," said Barney, "but not very well."

"Commence now, 'Hail, Mary, full of grace,'" said the Sister.

Barney made an attempt to continue; but, alas! it was a sorry "Hail Mary."

"Well," said the good Sister, "I will give you a book and you will learn your prayers and recite them to me. Then we'll see the priest."

"There's no use giving me a book," said the poor man. "I can't read."

Then began the laborious task of teaching Barney his prayers. A dozen times a day the Sister sought the bedside of the sick man and repeated and made him repeat the necessary prayers. It was a hard task. The man was willing, but the memory had lost its freshness. Never having been exercised, it received with difficulty any impression whatever. At first his instructress was on the verge of despairing, but Barney showed a desire to learn and an increasing interest in the instructions, and besides, whether she succeeded or not, was this not a soul for which the Sacred Heart had bled, and had that Sacred Heart not set her the task? It became a labor of love.

The willingness which Barney had shown to go to Confession was fast growing into an urgent desire. He had made some progress with the prayers and was now daily receiving instruction in Catechism, especially in what regards Confession and Holy Communion. Again and again he had asked his instructress when he might be allowed to go to Confession; but she had put him off

each time, in order that he might be better prepared. His fast improving health—by this time he could walk about a little each day—was awakening in him a longing to be free once more and to return to his former calling, to feel again the roll of the ship and to fill his lungs with the bracing salt sea air. It was a temptation; one he could not long resist. He was growing impatient. The Confession had been postponed so often, he several times felt tempted to pack up his little bundle and leave unceremoniously.

One day, Barney came up to the Sister, saying, "Sister, can't I see the priest to-day? The fact is I'm feeling pretty strong now, and I wan't to go to sea just as soon as possible. I can't wait much longer."

It chanced that at that moment the Chaplain entered the Ward.

"Well—yes; there is the priest now, so hurry off with you."

A few minutes later, Barney McCormick, his face all aglow with joy, entering the Ward, hurried up to the Sister that had taken so much interest in him, and, no longer able to restrain his emotion, cried out:—

"I've been to Confession, Sister. It's all right now. I feel I'm twice the man I was before. Tim Sullivan was right. The Sacred Heart has saved me."

E. G.

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**TERESA OF CARMEL.**

truly Christian heroine was she whom the Calendar of Saints commemorates on the 15th of October. St. Teresa of Jesus was born in Spain in 1515, and at an early age entered the Order of Carmel, of which she afterward became the light and reformer. Her ascetical writings rank her with the Doctors of the Church.

"She is no model for me," I fancy I hear some of her youthful namesakes exclaim, but indeed, though called to a high mission, you will find her a perfect type of all womanly virtues. While yet a young damsel in the world, she was much drawn to its vanities. In an account of her life written by herself she tells us she took her determination to enter a convent, that, by enduring a sort of purgatory in this life, she might go straight to heaven after death. On entering religion, however, Our Lord gave her such a flood of delightful feelings that she never afterward lost the taste of them. A few incidents will illustrate some of her remarkable traits of character.

Her greatest singularity was that there was nothing singular about her. A postulant who received the veil from her, and had heard of her extraordinary sanctity, said to one of the nuns: "Is Mother Teresa really such a saint as they say? She seems to me just like other people."

She was remarkable especially for her joyous spirit and character. Travelling to visit one of her distant monasteries, she was accompanied by St. Peter of Alcantara, a man of rather gloomy exterior. Stopping at an inn for refreshment they were served with dinner, and conspicuous on the table was a plate of choice *bons-bons*.

"Mother Teresa," said St. Peter sternly, "how could one eat such dainties considering the pains of hell?"

"Oh! Father Peter," answered the holy nun, taking one of the objectionable dainties, "how could one refrain from enjoying them considering the joys of heaven?"

But the most beautiful anecdote which has come down to us and the one which shows clearest her perfect conformity with the will of her Divine Spouse, is the following:

One evening passing through a hall of her monastery, she beheld a child of surpassing beauty. She stopped, charmed with the lovely visitor: "What is your name, dear child?" she inquired. "Nay, tell me yours first," replied the boy. "I am Teresa of Jesus," answered the saint. "And I," said the child, "am Jesus of Teresa," and forthwith vanished, leaving in the soul of his saintly spouse an indescribable sweetness.

Here are some of her words: "Let me suffer or let me die!"

"Reflect seriously on the glory of heaven and you will endure with patience all the blows and wounds which you must bear before you get there."

"The soul that fears God would rather die a thousand times than offend Him mortally."

"Be gentle and kind with all, but severe with yourself."

But most noted of all her sayings are those on her famous Bookmark thus rendered by Longfellow.

Let nothing disturb thee,  
Let nothing affright thee.  
All things are passing;  
God only is changeless.  
Patience gains all things.  
Who hath God wanteth nothing—  
Alone God sufficeth.

Here are the same done in rhyme by Lady Herbert :

Let nothing disturb thee ;  
Let nothing affright thee ;  
All passeth away,  
God only shall stay.  
Patience wins all.  
Who hath God needeth nothing,  
For God is his all.

Here is a paraphrase by a Carmelite Nun :

When crosses may afflict thee, oh ! let thy watchword be  
Thy holy Mother's lesson : " Let nothing trouble thee."

If darkness round thee gathers, and fills thy heart with  
fear,

" Let nothing e'er affright thee," she whispers in thy ear.

In every joy or sorrow which meets thee day by day,  
She bids thee to remember that " all things pass away."

If lonely or forsaken, by friends thou art forgot,  
Thy Spouse (she doth remind thee) is one that changeth  
not.

When hope within thee wavers, and distant seems the  
goal,

How " patience winneth all things" she tells thy weary  
soul ;

That nothing in this wide world is needful unto one  
Whose happy soul possesses God's eternal Son.

To drink the living waters at any cost or price,  
To quench thy thirst, she whispers, " God only doth  
suffice."

O sweet seraphic Mother ! may these dear words of thine  
Help to unite me closer unto my Spouse divine.



## NUNZIO SULPIZIO; OR, THE YOUNG APPRENTICE.

(Continued.)

**A**FTER the death of his grandmother, Nunzio was left in the care of a paternal uncle, the only relative in his native town. He still continued his studies, always remaining ahead in his class. His obedience and docility soon endeared him to his aunt, to whom he often spoke of his future hopes, and of the desire he felt of giving himself to God.

Alas! these hopes were never destined to be realized. The uncle having met some severe reverses, soon found the little property he had acquired almost reduced to nothing. His naturally violent temper, which he was able to restrain whilst fortune smiled, knew no bounds when adversity came upon him. He uttered horrible blasphemies against God—accusing his Providence of cruelty and merciless injustice towards His creatures.

Nunzio, too, soon felt the effect of the change in his uncle's circumstances. He was envied what Dominic, his uncle, called a life of idleness and ease. His very virtues seemed to mark him out a useful instrument in his uncle's hands. He was docile and obedient, and would work as long as his master pleased without asking anything in return.

Dominic resolved to take his nephew—who was going on ten—from school, and put him to work in the forge. In vain the boy reminded him of the promise he had made to his dying sister of sending him to school till his First Communion. "What need have you of learning," he used to answer, "to hammer iron on the anvil?"

The unexpected change sorely tried the child at first; but he soon became reconciled, and never after was he

heard to utter a word of complaint. His aunt, who knew of his holy ambition, seeing him bear with such calm resignation the wreck of his early hopes, ever after looked on him as a saintly child.

Towards the end of 1826 he entered as apprentice in his uncle's shop. The account of the cruel treatment to which he was there subjected would seem incredible if not supported by the sworn testimony of reliable witnesses. In spite of all he could do, his uncle was never satisfied. From the day he entered till he left, his childish efforts were not awarded, even with an encouraging smile. Work was imposed which, at so tender an age, it was next to impossible to do. Loads of iron were frequently placed on him which he was obliged to carry more than a mile under the burning heat of an Italian sun. Again and again, he was seen going bare-footed, bent almost double under his heavy load. If he took more than the limited time allowed by his uncle, he met, on his return, with a torrent of abuse. Nor was his uncle's temper satisfied with injurious words. More than once, the blows he inflicted on his uncomplaining victim brought tears of compassion to the bystanders' eyes. But, in spite of all his injuries, never did he show a sign of resentment, nor was he ever seen with a sad countenance.

When asked how he could endure such harsh treatment and remain so joyful, he answered : —“ He had read in the life of Aloysius the cruelties which that saint inflicted on his body, and he was happy. Others had forced him to do what perhaps, by himself, he would never have the courage to undergo. Besides,” he added, “ whenever I am tempted with discouragement or sadness, I sacrifice my feelings to the Sacred Heart, and grandma often told me how pleasing to His grateful Heart are such offerings when made through love. ‘ What appears trifling,’ she said, ‘ is treasured up with infinite care, and many a soul,

when standing at the judgment seat, will be astonished to find that offerings which perhaps it had long forgotten were remembered still, and had merited from His loving Heart rewards far above his most ardent hopes.' When alone, I often repeat the prayers which my mother taught me to say. Although forbidden to enter the Chape! when returning from work, I often stop at the door and offer to Jesus, in His Sacrament of Love, the sufferings which I have just endured. When I do this, I feel encouraged, and am often filled with compassion for my uncle while I have none at all for myself."

Nunzio had scarcely finished his fourth year of apprenticeship when he began to feel his strength give way. Continual work, bad treatment, and the want of nourishing food, gradually undermined his health. After returning, one cold winter's day, from carrying a heavy load of iron to the summit of a neighboring mountain, he felt severe pains in his limbs. The next day he was at his post with all the symptoms of a violent fever. He continued to work as usual, but the following morning was unable to leave his bed. His limbs began to swell, and soon it was evident he was about to be troubled with a dangerous tumor. His aunt did all she could to have a doctor called and the proper remedies administered, but Dominic constantly refused. What mere compassion would have procured for the greatest stranger, he denied his sister's son.

Seeing his victim daily growing worse, he began to regret having taken him, and to devise means to get rid of him. In the village of Aquila, not far from Pescosansonesco, was an hospital for the helpless. Thither Dominic decided to have his nephew conveyed.

In January, 1830, Nunzio found himself environed with comforts such as he had not known since his grandmother's death. Kindnesses of every description were

lavished on him. All that medical skill could accomplish was tried, but in vain. The disease was going to take him to his grave. Thereupon it was decided he should return to his uncle as the hospital was not intended for incurables.

Who can imagine the rage of Dominic when he heard his nephew was to be thrown as a useless burden on his hands! What wonder that the heart of the child sank within him when he was driven a helpless invalid to his uncle's inhospitable door.

But God does not abandon, even in this world, those who patiently endure the trials He sends. He gave to his aunt a mother's heart. Whenever her husband was absent, she treated the child with the greatest kindness. She looked on him as a saint, and considered him a source of blessing to her home. Dominic, on the contrary, remained as heartless as ever. The groans which pain wrung from the boy were enough to put him in a rage. "Not enough to be a useless burden, you must try to become a source of annoyance! I'll give you reason to groan," he used to say, snatching whatever came to hand and beating the child without mercy.

Nunzio felt keenly his forlorn state. It caused him many an aching heart, but instead of giving way to sadness or discouragement, he strove heroically to make the best of it. "At least," he said, "I can cease to disturb the house," and ever after, in spite of the most torturing pain, a moan or a word of complaint never escaped his lips. To please his uncle, he even tried to make himself useful, but to no purpose. The awkwardness which his lameness caused only exposed him to Dominic's heartless derision.

But God had reserved another favor for the holy child. An old man, named Galante, often came to see him, and was daily witness of the cruelties and neglect to which he

was subjected. When offering sympathy, the child used to answer, "What do I care for suffering so long as I can save my soul. If God will one day admit me in His Heavenly home, I don't care how I am treated here."

In spite of the resignation of the boy, Galante's heart was touched with pity. He resolved to have him taken, if possible, from his persecutor and placed in kinder hands. He knew of a paternal uncle of Nunzio's, named Francis Sulpizio, who was then living at Naples, a colonel in the Italian army. Galante wrote him of his young nephew's infirmities, of the barbarous treatment he received from his guardian, and asked him to suggest a means of taking him out of Dominic's hands. Francis was deeply moved on hearing of his nephew's sufferings. He gave word that he should be sent to Naples if his uncle would consent to let him go. But Dominic was only too glad to get rid of what he considered a useless burden.

In June, 1832, he was prepared to leave his native town. He took leave of his aunt with every token of sorrow and gratitude, and, to the astonishment of all, before leaving the house, he threw himself at his uncle's feet, asked his blessing and begged pardon for all the faults he had committed. Dominic, whose heart had been hardened by avarice and greed, who had remained insensible at his friendless nephew's sufferings, was overcome at the sight of such heroic charity. His heart was softened, and he was moved to tears on seeing the child depart. T.G.

*(To be continued.)*



## THE LEAGUE ABROAD.

### Rome.

The Tercentenary of St. Aloysius was celebrated in the Eternal City with extraordinary fervor and enthusiasm. "It is truly a solemn and most wonderful triumph," writes an eye-witness to the English *Messenger*. This marvellous celebration has now been going on for more than a week, and the favor and enthusiasm are growing more and more intense.

"On the feast itself, the crowds were so great and so continuous, and the earnestness in prayer so universal, that it was truly astonishing. On that day, more than 13,000 communions were given in that one church, and in nearly all the other churches, I am told, the communions were very numerous. What is even more important is the great number of sinners converted, and the evident purpose shown by so many to lead better lives."

### Germany.

#### THE HOLY COAT OF TREVES.

Whilst all Europe has stood by in amazement at the mobilization of mighty armies and the marshalling of campaigns in sham-battle array, each nation trying to impress the other with a sense of its power and preparedness, in the heart of Germany there has been going on since August 20th a real demonstration of faith and religion unsurpassed by any of the pompous displays of our

age. It was the setting up in exposition of the *seamless garment*, the very one worn by the Saviour in His passion, and cast for in lots by the soldiers at the foot of the Cross. Sent by St. Helen to the Bishop of Treves at the end of the fourth century, rediscovered in the Cathedral at the end of the twelfth, and afterwards preserved under the High Altar, whence it was removed, and finally, after a century of absence, brought back again to the Cathedral of Treves in 1810, it has since been reverently kept in the Chamber of Relics. Three times in the present century the relic has been publicly exposed : in 1810, when 200,000 pilgrims flocked to see it ; in 1844, when the number overpassed a million ; and on August 20th last, still continuing, since which the number of pilgrims to Treves has been estimated at forty thousand a day.

It is exposed on a kind of marble altar above the High Altar, in a gilt case with glass front, from which it is plainly visible to the crowds. The silken texture that covered the Holy Robe is almost worn away, permitting the brown yellowish color of the seamless garment to be distinctly seen.

The town is full to overflowing, and processions with sacred banners are to be met with at every turn. There is a special procession for strangers every day at three o'clock. The sick are allowed actually to touch the Holy Coat, and two priests are always sitting at either side to touch to it objects of piety.

A great Catholic Congress, presided by the leaders of the German Central party, has quite recently been held, the great question for discussion being the restoration of the Pope's Temporal Power. A most important resolution was that, to hold next summer in Switzerland an International Congress, to which delegates will be invited from the whole Catholic universe. The Catholic lay world is at last waking up to the indignities of the present

position of the common father of the faithful. Nothing could augur better for the future than the spread to Catholic laymen of all nations of the high and determined spirit of the Windthorst and Centrists, who have worked for the last twenty years such wonders in Germany.

### **Belgium.**

Belgium, too, has had its Catholic Congress, the topic of discussion being the application of the principles laid down in the Papal Encyclical to the actual condition of Belgium. The little country watered by the Meuse has learned well the lesson taught it in '79, when the secular school law imposed by the Liberals it had elected to power, cost the Catholic population, that is the Belgian people, over a million dollars in one year. The pocket argument struck home with telling effect, and two years afterward the Catholic party was triumphantly returned at the polls. Ever since the Catholic government has grappled most successfully with the difficulties and social problems left as a heritage by its Liberal predecessors. One of its latest enactments has been the prohibition of eleven French newspapers of immoral tendencies to be imported over the lines.

The Holy League has long since taken deep root in Belgium, where it has a special Messenger widely circulated.

### **Holland.**

It is only recently that Holland has emerged from the period of penal laws and religious disabilities. But the Catholic minority as soon as pressure was removed, with a vitality gathered from persecution, was not long organizing and sending to parliament a united phalanx that has proved to throne and country a dyke against liberal-



ism and revolution. Under an able leader they have at the late election increased the number of their representation to twenty-five,—enough to hold the balance of power in the Dutch Parliament, composed of a hundred members, and, with the Conservatives, to keep the liberal majority in check.

In Holland there is scarcely a parish in which the Holy League is not flourishing.

### China.

God in His mysterious designs on that mysterious land has once more permitted the flourishing and rapidly growing Christian settlements to be scattered and their inhabitants to be hunted to death. The late massacres have been plotted and carried out by the secret societies, animated in China as elsewhere with a demoniacal hate against the religion of Christ. The unwieldy government, whatever its good will, could not apply a prompt remedy. The European powers, especially France, have threatened retaliation unless an end is put to the cruelties, so that the Chinese Emperor at present finds himself in the dilemma of a bombardment from sea or a revolution from the interior.

The Holy League in China has kept pace with the progress of Christianity. It has a *Messenger* written in Chinese, which finds its way into every Christian settlement.

### Central America.

The Freemason Liberals, having been defeated at the elections held last fall in Nicaragua, have resorted to conspiracy, and stirred up a rebellion against the new Catholic President. Energetic measures, however, were taken and the revolution promptly put down; the leaders, among whom were three ex-presidents, being punished with perpetual banishment.

## THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

## Niagara Falls.

## THE HOSPICE OF MOUNT CARMEL.

Where is the Associate of the Holy League who is not enrolled in the confraternity of the Scapular of Mount Carmel? The following extract from an article under the above title in the Philadelphia *Messenger*, for August, must interest our readers :—

“The Carmelites are about to build a “Hospice,” and have wisely chosen Niagara Falls as the most suitable spot on which to erect it. The word “Hospice” explains itself. Monasteries have been renowned for their hospitality, and Mount Carmel was, and is, no exception. From the day on which St. John the Baptist sought its shelter while fleeing from his persecutors till now, it has never lost its reputation as an asylum wherein were found not only rest and food for the weary body, but peace and solace for the troubled soul. How many would wish to withdraw from their distracting surroundings and seek refuge in such a haven of rest! But distance, expense, and want of time, prevent it. The want of such an institution in this country has been deplored. We have retreat-houses, but a Hospice is something more. It, too, is a retreat-house, but possesses many other advantages peculiar to itself. The building to be erected by the Carmelites will, in many respects, rival their mother-house in Palestine.

“Who will defray the expenses of such an undertaking? The best answer to this question is to ask, Who will not help such a noble work? Surely, no one devoted to Our Lady of the Scapular.

“Those who in any way help the work at Niagara Falls should not forget that in becoming benefactors they spiritually benefit themselves. Not only in this life do

they share in the Masses which will be specially offered for them and in the great works of that illustrious Order ; but, what is of more importance, after death they will be assisted by its suffrages.

“ When, perhaps, their friends shall have forgotten them, they will still be remembered at the Hospice of Mount Carmel, at Niagara Falls, where as unceasingly as the roll of the mighty waters, the praises of her brethren shall ascend, like the spray-cloud, to the Throne of Mary for their benefactors.”

### Quebec.

The great enthusiasm with which both men and women of St. Patrick's first enrolled themselves under the banner of the Sacred Heart League, shows no sign of abating ; both branches are steadily swelling in numbers, and there is every indication that ere long every member of St. Patrick's, even to the young child, will belong to it. The untiring zeal of the good Rev. Rector seems to communicate itself to even the coldest of the members, but especially to the promoters who are unceasing in their efforts to enroll every one under the Sacred Banner of the League. The child-like confidence shown to the Sacred Heart is very consoling. What is still more consoling is to hear of the many favors granted by the Sacred Heart.

So many are the favors already obtained that it has become quite common to hear people say, “ if you want such and such a favor, ask it of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.”

During the past month, however, the League has met with a great loss in the death of Rev. Father Louis Miller, C.S.S.R. This saintly young priest has ever been remarkable for his devotion to the Divine Heart, and, since the establishment of the League in the Parish, he has labored zealously for its advancement. The enthusiasm and

delight with which he worked for the League seemed to enkindle a like enthusiasm in others, and to set their hearts aglow with love for the Sacred Heart. The Rev. Father was a most zealous promoter. We, therefore, ask all promoters and associates to pray for the eternal repose of his "pure soul," that he may rest for ever with the blessed—R.I.P.

A PROMOTER.

### Hespeler.

Please send us more *Messengers* and Rosary Sets, as the number of Promoters is constantly increasing. Our League is progressing admirably. We have at present our eighty-five members, and are working hard to reach the hundred.

### Canadian Pacific Railway Co.

TO MESSENGER OF SACRED HEART :—

A member of the League has received a signal favor through the Sacred Heart. The intention was sent in every month for a year, with promise of acknowledgment through the *Messenger*. With thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus,

A MEMBER OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.

### Hamilton.

In fulfilment of my promise, I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the recovery of a loving brother, whose cure was very doubtful.

### Toronto.

Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor obtained.

### Renfrew.

In fulfilment of my promise, I wish to return thanks for special favor obtained through the Holy League.

PROMOTER.

**PROMOTERS' PAGE.**

Now that all are back from country and seaside we expect renewed earnestness. There is one practice commended by Our Lord himself, which all ought to take to heart and promote : the keeping of the first Friday of the month as a day of particular devotion. The Saviour chose Friday for His passion and death, on which to give us the greatest mark of love, so He has appointed and blessed it as the day of special devotion to His Divine Heart. Every year it is the Friday following the Octave of the Blessed Sacrament which, at His own request, is celebrated as the Feast of the Sacred Heart. *I demand of thee that the first Friday after the Octave of the Blessed Sacrament may be dedicated to a particular Feast in order to honor My Heart.*

In another revelation no less explicit, He asked for a Communion on the first Friday of each month. We know that a particular exercise of devotion asked by Our Lord in an authentic revelation of this kind is always rewarded by an extraordinary outflow of grace. "*And I promise thee that My Heart shall expand itself to shed with abundance the influence of its grace on all those who render it this honor,*" said He of the Feast, and we may apply the same to the first Friday of the month. Where is the church or chapel keeping it by particular devotions that cannot count numbers of graces received on that day, striking conversions, lasting resolutions, special lights and aids, to say nothing of temporal favors? Who that attends these devotions cannot recall such graces?

Let Promoters induce all to keep the first Friday especially by their good example, going to Communion with the badge on and attending the evening devotions. The general Communion on the first Sunday will be all the more fervent. They who cannot go on the first Friday may gain the Indulgences on the following Sunday, but they cannot count on the *special* favors.



## MONTH OF THE HOLY SOULS.

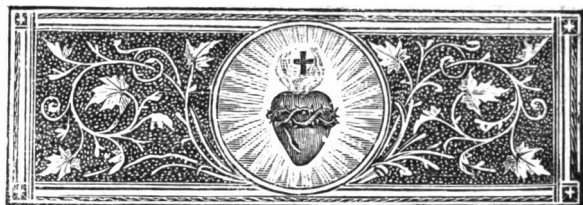
**W**E are bidden, in the month of November, to lend ear to a voice from the dead :  
“*Have pity on me, have pity on me a least you, my friends.*” For most of us it comes in accents not only plaintive but familiar, endeared by ties of kindred and friendship with the holiest and tenderest of earth’s memories.

Nature seems to attune itself to the voice, bringing it home in notes distincter still. The black thickening clouds, the moan of the wind, the ceaseless wail of the restless withering leaves, driven about by every gust, tell us of souls in grief, and of the gloomy visitor that will one day call us in our turn from earth’s fleeting scenes, stained joys and fading happiness.

What a mercy for man to be thus brought in contact with the other world, his imperishable home, to be drawn to it by the cords of Adam, by the voice and affection as of flesh and blood. “Non omnis moriar.” “*I shall not all die,*” he exclaims as he sees the hand pointing upward from the mound of clay, and the cross planted ; and memories rush in the mind, and he joins in converse of heart and feeling with those whom once he loved.

Yet he would be selfish, indeed, if he merely heard the voice and brooded over the memories, whilst it is a cry of distress that rings in his ears. The very cross over the grave tells us the price that must be paid before rest is attained, the full satisfaction for every offence, the perfect cleansing of every stain. For the dead the day of merit and atonement is gone never to return, "the night is come when no man worketh." Happy they who can turn to some pitying friend for whom the Blood of the Lamb still flows, for whom the treasury of merits is yet open. "Have pity on me, have pity on me at least you who are my friends ; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me." Thrice happy the souls that cry not in vain, whose ties of affection and friendship, knit on earth, death could not sever !

Shall we not hasten to the rescue? Which of us, if father, mother or dear friend was pinned down in the wreckage of a railway disaster or buried in a smouldering heap of ruins, would not move heaven and earth to bear relief? Yet no earthly pang can be compared to Purgatory. Earthly fires are but pictures beside those cleansing, searching flames. The blows of men are light in comparison with that chastising touch of the Lord. Shall we not hurry to their relief? Shall not masses, communions, indulgences, prayers, alms, acts of self-sacrifice be given to them who, when we die, will receive us in everlasting tabernacles prepared by their prayers ?



## GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER, 1891.

THE MISSIONS OF INDO-CHINA.

*Named by Leo XIII with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart—for recommendation to the prayers of all the Associates.*

**T**HE Holy Father asks the prayers of the Holy League this month in behalf of another mission of rich promise, but sorely tried by persecutions. It is also one of the missions for which the united prayers of the associates have already ascended to the throne of grace. Thirty years ago the *Messenger* lifted up its voice to implore the prayers of the Apostleship for Indo-China. "It was impossible to find in the sufferings of the first martyrs more atrocious torments than those employed to vanquish the constancy of our Tonquin brethren. Tu-Duc is a match for Diocletian. Let us pray for this persecuted church and its martyrs, that they may persevere to the last in their glorious confession of faith. Let us pray for their persecutors, that they may open their eyes to the testimony for the truth borne by the blood which they spill."



The celebrated saying of Tertullian, speaking of the early Christian martyrs, "the blood of the martyrs is become the seed of Christians," has been fulfilled in the missions of Annam (Tonquin and Cochin-China). The Church of Christ has always set great store by the conversion of the mighty empire of the Chinese with its seething millions of immortal souls, and has spared for its conversion neither money, nor toil, nor the best blood of her children, and on the whole she has considered herself amply rewarded; yet, though Indo-China has but the tenth part of the population of China, the number of Christians is much larger, showing the richness of the soil and the abundance of the harvest.

For three centuries now, the blood-stained pages of its martyrology have not been closed. The fierce Ming-Mang one day sent word to his mandarins: "Treat them without pity, torture them, put to death all who refuse to trample on the cross. Let them understand that they are declared rebels by the mere refusal. Then with an axe, or cutlass, or with whatever comes first to hand, let the obstinate ones be cut down till not one is left."

But it was all in vain. The rage of the persecutors was conquered by the courage of the martyrs. When Ming-Mang died in 1841, the Catholic faith which he had pledged himself to stamp out was stronger than ever; nor have the tyrant's successors been more fortunate.

Later on, the conquest of Cochin-China and the famous Tonquin expedition, undertaken by the French Republic, offered the persecuting mandarins the occasion of putting to death by torture and starvation first forty thousand Christians and then fifty thousand. But, as if nothing had happened, there are to-day in Indo-China over six hundred and twenty thousand Catholics. Not only so, but lately the Vicar Apostolic, recommending the West Tonquin mission which he has consecrated to the Sacred

Heart to the prayers of our associates, wrote to the Director General : " If we had enough of means we could have in my own vicariate twenty thousand baptisms of pagans every year."

The want of missionaries and of resources is the first obstacle to the conversion of those poor people ; but a still more difficult one is presented by the indifference in religious matters and the scandalous example of the majority of the Europeans—so-called Christians, who were baptized, and count on dying in the Catholic faith, but disgrace it in their lives.

A third obstacle comes from the acts and evil influence of the French Masonic officials, who, because of the satanic hate they bear the Church, instead of conciliating the natives and helping the missionaries, are jealous of the latter's influence, and throw secret obstacles in their path.

Notwithstanding, the light of truth shines with penetrating rays, and the powers of darkness are retreating. The blood of the martyrs too is still flowing, enriching more and more the soil of Annam and yielding a good harvest of catechumens.

Let us send up our prayers this month to the Sacred Heart that, like West Tonquin and South Birmah, all the Catholic Missions of Indo-China may be consecrated to this Fountain of Light and Mercy, and obtain through the united prayers of our associates abundant helps of prosperity and salvation.

- PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular for the Missions of Indo-China, that, turning to Thee, the fountain of mercy, they may obtain light, grace and prosperity.—Amen.

**A VESPER PRAYER.**

When the mystic twilight gray  
Brings the Sabbath of the day,  
Kneel we at Thy shrine to pray,  
Heart of Jesus !

When my soul holds converse sweet  
At Thine earthly mercy-seat,  
Kneeling at my Saviour's feet,  
Heart of Jesus !

Fill my heart with heavenly love  
Born in Thy bright home above  
Make me gentle as the dove—  
Heart of Jesus !

Teach me Thy sweet yoke to bear,  
Take my life into Thy care,  
Save me from each sinful snare,  
Heart of Jesus !

Help me on a little space,  
That I may one day see Thy face  
In its majesty and grace—  
O my Jesus !

Aid me when stern death draws near,  
Teach me then to hope, not fear,  
And my fainting spirit cheer,  
Heart of Jesus !

AN ASSOCIATE OF THE LEAGUE.

## THE MEN'S LEAGUE.

## THIRD DEGREE.

## III.

“**B**UT, Father, I have been told that your Third Degree is something more than a Communion Association, it is named a *Communion of Atonement or Reparation*. If you had drawn the line at Communion, well and good; but a Communion of Atonement is, I am afraid, rather *mystical* for us men of the nineteenth century.”

I admit, dear friend, there can be no higher act of lay worship than a Communion of Atonement, not one that can give more glory and pleasure to the Heart of our Redeemer. I am aware that the sacrifice of the Mass is the greatest act of religion, but the communion is an integral part of it and the communion of the people is morally one with that of the priest as partaking of the same sacrifice. Likewise this great act can be offered and performed with no higher intention than reparation or desire to atone for the sins of others. This desire means a very sincere sorrow for our own sins and a firm purpose of amendment. There can be no thought of reparation whilst we ourselves wilfully offend God. But it means a great deal more, namely, that we *feel for* our Divine Friend; that we *sympathize* with Him in the evils which befall Him, apart from any share we may have had in causing them; and then, that we do something to *make up* for the pain thus given Him. It is this *unselfish* love that gives the Sacred Heart such glory and consolation.

There is only one evil that can afflict the heart of a God—sin, and of all sins none have caused more pain to the Heart of the Saviour than the ingratitude, the coldness, the contempt shown Him in the Eucharist, which has

been to mankind the greatest pledge of His love. This, therefore, ought to be the special object of our Atonement. This is why He has asked for communions of Atonement, and made of them the special act of devotion to His Divine Heart.

As, according to the saying of a distinguished prelate, Devotion to the Sacred Heart is the quintessence of Catholicity, so the Communion of Reparation is the quintessence of the Devotion of the Sacred Heart.

“There is precisely my difficulty. That unselfish love, that disinterested motive of making up for others’ sins, without thought of reward and punishment, and offering communion for so high a purpose, is far above us common work-a-day mortals, covered all over with the dust of the plain and spattered with the blood of the battle.”

By no means, particularly in the ranks of the League, where the Associate mounts step by step from the lowest to the highest degree. The Morning Offering is the best preparation for the Communion of Atonement. Can any man make the Morning Offering for any length of time without feeling a real personal friendship growing in his heart for Our Lord? He begins to realize that he is his Saviour’s friend and no longer the stranger he used to be. His sins, it is true, will check the growth of that friendly feeling, but if he is sorry and repents, they ought not. Once he has begun to feel this heavenly influence of a personal friendship, he will soon have the desire of reparation. There is no friend that does not sympathize with his friend. His sympathy will go out to his divine Friend in all the sins committed against Him, but particularly in those which most wound His loving Heart, namely, the ingratitude, contempt and indifference with which He is treated in the Eucharist. He will seek to make amends, and he finds in the Communion of Reparation not only the highest satisfaction for the wrongs inflicted, but that

which the Sacred Heart has marked out as agreeable and acceptable above all others.

It is Christ himself who, by His sacrifice on Calvary, renewed continually on our altars, is the great Atonement. In the Old Law it was said, "Life for a life, eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth, hand for a hand, foot for a foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe." In the New Law, out of love a brother can make atonement for a brother's sin, as our divine elder Brother "who bore our sins in His body upon the tree." And this was the great Atonement by which the justice of God was satisfied for man's sin, his vengeance appeased and countless blessings obtained. Here again, however, as in all things pertaining to the creature's salvation, God demands our co-operation, that we work with Him and unite our atonements with the atonement of Christ. But, alas! whilst the crucified Hands are outstretched to plead for us, *even those who kneel beneath* are indifferent. The intercession of the Sacred Heart is robbed of its efficacy, because men are too idle, too selfish, to join in spirit in the infinite atonement made for them. Our Saviour's voice still cries mournfully over a world more than ever sunk in its own selfishness: "I have trodden the wine-press alone."

Atonement is the want of the day; and love for the Sacred Heart cannot rest at His feet, it must enter into sympathy with His sorrows and His desires, and must identify itself with His *work*. When the Saviour asked for communions of atonement, it was not only to make amends for the sins, the indifference and selfishness of men in regard of Himself, but also in an *apostolic* spirit to satisfy for the sinner's sin and to obtain his conversion.

Thus, the Communion of Atonement is the most excellent act of the highest exercise of friendship for our dear Lord, and it is not above anyone of us who stands by his profession of friendship, his consecration to the Sacred

Heart of Jesus, and who prepares and disposes himself by fidelity to the Morning Offering.

"But I have my own sins to atone for, my own wants to pray for, and I cannot afford, going but once a month or five times a year to communion, to offer it for others in a spirit of atonement."

True, dear associate, if it were necessary to offer communion for only one intention, or if higher intentions excluded lower ones. The very opposite is the truth. Higher intentions, far from excluding lower intentions that are good, raise them to their own level, stamp upon them their own excellence and merit, and thus add immeasurably to their power and recompense. Therefore, on approaching the Holy Table, pray for your actual needs and all good intentions, but fail not to impart to your communions the excellence and efficacy of perfect charity by offering them in a spirit of atonement.

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## ST. CECILIA.

NOVEMBER 22ND.

THE memory of St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr, has been always cherished by the children of the Church, more especially by those who are fond of music. On account of her love for divine hymns and canticles, the singing of which she accompanied with instruments, she has been honored as the Patroness of Music.

She lived near the beginning of the third century, and belonged to one of the noblest and most ancient families of Rome. She was the only member who had received the grace to abandon idolatry, and was permitted by her parents to attend the assemblies of the Christians and to follow in every particular the teachings of the true religion.

Some time after her conversion she consecrated herself

to God, vowing to accept no spouse but Jesus Christ. Her Guardian Angel then appeared, and assured her that Our Lord had accepted her vow, and would enable her to keep it with fidelity in spite of seemingly adverse circumstances. In order to win more surely this grace, Cecilia commenced to mortify her body by wearing a garment of rough horse-hair under her rich clothing.

Her parents, notwithstanding her profession of Christianity, had betrothed her to a Pagan nobleman, named Valerian. She was obliged to accept his addresses, and in order to remain constant to her vow she redoubled her penances and prayers, often fasting entire days.

Valerian was rich, handsome and accomplished, and Cecilia felt for him all the affection of a sister. At length the day for the marriage ceremony arrived. Cecilia, beautiful and modest, was led to the altar, and united to the Pagan youth. At sunset, as was the custom, she was conducted to the house of her husband, and the guests were entertained at a banquet. After the departure of the gay throng Cecilia addressed Valerian in these words :—

“Most gentle and dearest of friends, I have a secret to confide to thee ; swear that thou wilt respect it.”

After a solemn promise on the part of Valerian, the virgin continued :—“ I am under the care of an angel whom God has appointed the protector of my vow. If thou shouldst violate it, his fury will be enkindled against thee, and thou shalt fall a victim to his vengeance. But if thou wilt respect it, he will favor thee with his love and obtain for thee many blessings.”

Moved by grace the young man exclaimed :—“ Cecilia, if I am to believe this, let me see this angel. When I have seen him, if I recognize him as one of God’s messengers, I will comply with thy request ; but if thou lovest any



other man, know that I will kill both thee and him with my sword."

Cecilia, filled with holy joy, explained to him the mystery of Baptism, and directed him to Pope Urban, telling him that after the saving waters had descended upon him he should behold her angel protector. He received the renovating Sacrament at the hands of Christ's vicar, and on his return beheld Cecilia in prayer, with an angel of God, clad in dazzling splendor, standing by her side. The angel held two crowns of roses and lilies, one of which he placed on the head of Cecilia and the other upon Valerian's brow still wet with the baptismal waters. He told them that they would merit to preserve these crowns by their purity of heart and life. Then he promised Valerian to grant him any request he would name. Valerian, who had a dear brother Tiburtius, begged that he, too, might receive the graces which had been conferred upon himself. This, the angel assured him, would be granted.

Valerian and Tiburtius, after a short time, were beheaded for professing the faith of Christ, and St. Cecilia was ordered to be suffocated in her vapor bath. The boiling vapor, however, not causing her death, an executioner was sent to dispatch her with his sword. Failing to sever her head from her body by three blows, the executioner fled, leaving the virgin still living. She remained for some days alive, and was visited by many Christians, whom she exhorted to constancy. At length she rendered her pure soul to her Heavenly Spouse.

These were some of her words:—"To die for Christ is not to sacrifice one's life but to renew it." "Men call me Cecilia, but my most beautiful name is that of Christian." "*Pride* is one thing, *firmness* another."



## A COMMONPLACE LIFE.

**T**his is but a simple narrative, dear readers of the *Messenger*; there is no plot, no mystery, no sensation about it; only a few little facts connected with the life of a Promoter of the *League*, whose grave is green these past four years in a far Western State, and whose soul is with the saints, I trust.

### I.

While I sat by my window this beautiful autumn evening, watching the distant forest-trees catch the last red glow of the dying day, my thoughts suddenly sped back over an interval of thirty years, to the time when I, then a school-girl, but verging on young maidenhood, counted it one of the delights of my life to spend the vacations, or an odd holiday, at the hospitable home of John Donovan (as I shall call him). Lord grant his soul eternal rest!

I can see it now before me, the white farm-house, well back from the quiet country-road, which stretches far away like a yellow ribbon between its green borders. Tall poplars stand like sentinels on each side of the long green lane that leads to the house. The old-fashioned garden is full of roses, larkspurs, violets, marigolds, etc., all in bright confusion as well as profusion, and on every side lie the broad sunny fields.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Donovan, Edward, the eldest of the family, Ellen next in age, Kate, and Patrick the youngest and, of course, the darling of the family.

It was the most delightful place to spend one's holidays in, for the Donovans, besides being a warm-hearted, hospitable family, and decidedly intellectual, lived in the midst of an Irish Catholic settlement whose people all were really the kindest, merriest hearts I have ever known.

Oh! the merry sleigh drives in the pleasant Christmas holidays! The gay gatherings in the winter evenings, first at one neighbor's house, then at another's; the joyous, light-hearted, innocent recreations of those fresh, pure young hearts, for even the old there were young in heart! The unbidden tears start when I think of

"The eyes that shone  
Now dimmed and gone,  
The cheerful hearts now broken."

Strong and pure was the old faith in the souls of those good people. God bless them, one and all, wherever they may be, for the beautiful lessons they unconsciously taught me, which since have tided me over many a dark hour!

No night ever closed around the home of John Donovan that the family did not assemble to recite the good old-fashioned Rosary of God's dear Mother.

That holy devotion! who can tell what blessings it has brought to many a fireside, what evils averted, what graces won!

Many a time we young people were in the midst of our fun, when Mr. Donovan would quietly say, "Now, children, don't you think it is time to say the Rosary?" And many a time did privileged Patrick protest, "O father, it is early yet." Then Mrs. Donovan would gently

remark, "Ah, Patrick, 'tis not well to leave God till the last, and for all He has given us during the day to give Him a few sleepy, distracted prayers." No more would be said, all would silently kneel, and reverently *the crown of roses* would be laid at Our Lady's feet.

## II.

The years sped onwards, bringing many changes to the peaceful settlement. Some sought homes in distant places, the old passed happily away, and

"The young that were  
Had a brow of care."

Edward Donovan married, and went to the far West. Kate became a nun in the Convent of the Sacred Heart at——, Patrick was practising law in the neighboring city, and Ellen, gentle Ellen, stayed with her father and mother on the old farm. At last Mr. Donovan, who was growing too old to attend to affairs on the farm, sold it, and went to reside in the city where Patrick was. Here he lived for a few years, and here he died as he had lived, a true servant of God. Five years after, good Mrs. Donovan was laid to rest beside him. Ellen and Patrick were left alone in the pretty cottage on A— street.

It was then I saw fully the true goodness and beauty of Ellen Donovan's life. From her first coming to reside in the city she was a fervent member of the *League*. Now she became a Promoter, none more zealous in the ranks. She spared no trouble, no fatigue in her eager desire to advance the interests of the Sacred Heart in souls. And truly wonderful was her success. Careless and indifferent Catholics were drawn into her bands, and became earnest in all religious duties, some, indeed, who had not received the Sacraments for years. Every "first Friday," every feast of Our Lord and of His Blessed Mother, she approached the Holy Table. No meeting of Promoters

found her absent ; yet so unobtrusive, so quiet, that few saw her goodness, and none knew that that cheerful, placid face masked a heart in which a sorrow was planted. But I who had been her intimate friend for long years knew why Ellen Donovan haunted the altar of the Mother of Sorrows, knew why she kept a lamp constantly burning before the shrine of "the Heart which has loved men so much, and in return receives from the greater number only coldness and ingratitude." Alas! alas! that it should be so!

Patrick was now at the top of his profession, a handsome, winsome, clever young man, and a good young man withal.

No Christmas, no Easter found him absent from Holy Communion ; but a year or two after his mother's death the sad change began. Slowly, imperceptibly to all but to Ellen's anxious eyes, was the alteration wrought.

Courted, flattered by men eminent at the bar, sought after by the *élite* of society, the world called him a rising man, a lucky man ; but Ellen trembled and prayed. First, came a growing negligence in his religious duties, a keener relish for society, fashionable Protestant society, and later—born of the banquets, the club meetings, the social gatherings of which he was the life—a growing appetite for strong drink.

Gradually, quite gradually, the Sacraments were neglected, Mass less frequently attended, times of intoxication more frequent. I fancied I could see the lines deepening in Ellen's face and the gray hairs multiplying in the brown braids. She had gently endeavored to induce him to become a member of the *League*, but was met by gay banter, and a tone which implied that he needed no advice from her.

And Ellen prayed on.

## III.

"Thank God, father and mother are dead!" she said to me one day, when, entering her room unceremoniously, I found her on her knees before a picture of the Sacred Heart. "But I do not despair of Patrick," she added. "God forbid that I should ever cease to hope in the patient mercy of the Sacred Heart. I remember dear father used to say that one thoroughly grounded in youth in the knowledge and practice of his religion, though he might turn aside from the path of virtue, would surely return to God at last. The earlier and better teaching could never be eradicated."

On the walls of her bed-room were four pictures: "The Sacred Heart," "Ecce Homo," "Our Lady of Pity," and "Our Lady of Good Counsel."

"These pictures console and sustain me very much," she said to me on another occasion. "Who could look at the 'Ecce Homo' and dare to waver in his trust in God's love for sinners?" Then looking towards "Our Lady of Good Counsel," she added, "I sometimes wonder if Our Lady really knew, when Our Lord's little arms were around her neck in that way, of the terrible sorrows that lay before Him and Her," and Ellen's brown eyes filled with tears. Perhaps her mind went back to the happy days on the old farm, when poor, wayward, sin-stained Patrick was an innocent, light-hearted boy, and her special pet. "Well, God's ways are not our ways," she said after a pause, for I had remained silent, my heart too full for words. "By what varied means does His love bring about our best and highest good, almost despite ourselves."

She seemed to be fully certain that Patrick's "best and highest good," his eternal salvation, was not a matter that admitted of doubt, so perfect was her trust in God's

mercy. I almost thought Our Lord would speak out from His pictured lips and say, "O woman, great is thy faith."

## IV.

Finally, poor Patrick fell into ill-health. Pulmonary consumption fastened upon him. Then did his earthly guardian angel redouble her loving solicitude for his soul and body. Masses, and prayers, and alms cried to God for his conversion.

Ellen insisted on his taking her room when he was at last unable to leave his bed. "It is brighter and cheerier than yours," she said, but her real design was, I was sure, that his eyes might rest on her beloved pictures, and that they might say to him what she feared to put into words, for he had irritably stopped her more than once when she had gently suggested sending for Father G——. What could poor Ellen do but cry out with her heart to God that His dear mercy might not fail? And so the weeks sped on, praying, entreating God on the one side, resisting Him on the other.

One night the invalid was unusually irritable. Ellen divined that the uneasiness was not alone the result of the body's illness, but also, and much more, from the unquiet soul.

She felt thankful when he fell into a heavy slumber, and taking her beads she began to implore the "Refuge of Sinners" to come to his aid. Suddenly he awoke and called out, "Are you there, Nell?"

"Yes, dear; do you need anything?" she said.

"I was dreaming," he said, "that we were all home again on the farm, and I was demurring, as I used to, about saying the Rosary so early in the evening, and I thought mother looked at me very reproachfully, and said, just as she used: 'Ah, Patrick, 'tis not treating God well to leave Him to the last.'" Then in a low voice, as if to himself, "What if *He left me at the last?*" Ellen

hastened to say, "O no, He will never do that," but he made no reply. Next night I took Ellen's place by his bedside. He spoke little during the night, but was wakeful and restless. Towards day-break he slept, but started out of his sleep crying out, "My God!"

"What is it, Patrick?" I said, and at the same moment Ellen came hurriedly in.

"O, Nell," he said, "I thought Our Lord was standing at the foot of the bed, and that He looked fixedly at me and said: 'You *have* left Me till the last, but I still wait.'"

The poor invalid was trembling, and the perspiration stood in beads on his face. Ellen was on her knees by this time, her face buried in the bed, trying to stifle her sobs.

"Don't cry, Nell," he said, "I ask Our Lord here and now to pardon me and take me back,—if I am worth taking," he added brokenly.

Father G—— came in a few hours after, and poor Patrick was taken back to that Heart of hearts, the depths of whose undying love no human intelligence can ever fathom. He begged Father G—— to ask pardon publicly in his name of the people whom he had scandalized.

"I did not pause to think," he said, "how far I was straying from God."

During the two remaining weeks of his life, he evinced the deepest contrition for his sins, spoke little but prayed much. He would be enrolled in the League, and often devoutly pressed the badge to his lips, whispering, "Thy Kingdom Come." He died on the evening of the Feast of the Seven Dolors; his last words were, "Heart of Jesus, mercy."

## V.

One evening some weeks after, I visited the cemetery, and going through the burial place of the Donovans, found Ellen seated near her dead. They had buried



Patrick between the graves of his father and mother. I saw that she had been weeping bitterly.

"I came to say good-bye to them," she said, with a rising sob. "I shall go in a few days to Edward. I should not be sorrowful, seeing how good and merciful Our Lord has been to me and mine."

Then kneeling, she kissed each grave, and clasping her hands in a burst of uncontrollable emotion, cried out :—  
"Dear Heart of Jesus, let me meet them again with Thee!"

One year after, I received the news of her death from her brother's wife, who said :—"I think our dear Ellen was one of the most truly good souls I have ever known ; I count it a blessing that she came to us ; our children received from her a bias for good that I believe will influence their whole lives."

As for me, her friend from early girlhood, I thank God for bringing across my way such a model of Christian perfection. I know that her example often turned me aside from the wrong way, as her memory now upholds me when life's burdens press heavily.

Dear, humble, ardent lover of the Sacred Heart ! You taught one soul at least to turn to that Source of love and mercy in every joy as well as in every sorrow.

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I remember having overheard a fashionable leader in society remark of Ellen Donovan in the days when poor Patrick was in the noon-tide of his popularity : "What a commonplace life Miss Donovan leads, when she might make her mark in society !"

Blind worldling, Ellen Donovan preferred to be of no account among minds such as yours, that she might "make her mark" in the society of Heaven ! But you have furnished me with a title for this poor, imperfect sketch of my dear friend :—A Commonplace Life.

PROMOTER.

## WHAT A HAIL MARY DID.

**I**T was a stormy day in mid-winter, the snow falling thick and fast, when a priest of a maritime province was summoned to the bed of a dying man in a part of his parish some forty miles distant.

Setting out at morning, he travelled on and on, but so dense became the blizzard that he could see nothing before him. At last the evening shadows began to gather till they settled in a thick gloom around his path. Many a mile had been passed without sight of a single dwelling, when at length his horse stopped, exhausted with fatigue. The good priest realized that he was lost in the storm! He breathed an earnest prayer to Him whose mercies are over all His works, and taking his horse by the bridle walked on a few steps, for a cold wind had set in, and not to find shelter was to be frozen to death.

His heart was sinking within him when he beheld a glimmer of light. Courage revived, he walked more briskly forward, and soon found himself in front of a tiny cottage, in the rear of which stood a spacious barn. He knocked at the door of the house, and straightway a large coarse-featured woman presented herself. She was going to grant the desired shelter to himself and horse, when looking fixedly at him, she exclaimed, "You're a Catholic priest!" "I am," was the reply; "but surely you will not refuse shelter on such a night as this to any human being." "I would not have a Catholic priest in my house at any time," she replied, "much less to-night," she added in an underbreath.

"Why not *to-night*?" thought the priest, but he merely said: "Well, my good woman, I must have shelter for myself and my horse. In such a severe storm as this I cannot stand on ceremony, so I'll just tell you

that I am going to put my beast in that barn yonder, and then I'll be satisfied with a chair by your kitchen fire for the night."

Turning away as he said the last words, he led his horse, which he easily unharnessed, to the barn, and tying him securely in the stall, gave him some provender that he carried beneath the seat of his sleigh. Then returning to the house, he opened the door, which had no other fastening than a simple latch, and he was soon seated by the blazing fire.

The kitchen was empty, but footsteps were heard overhead, and soon down the staircase—little more than a ladder—from a loft overhead came the woman who had met him at the door. She cast an angry glance at the intruder, and, pouring into a cup some broth that was heating on the stove, went again upstairs. Standing at the foot of the stairway, the priest caught the sound of a feeble voice, that of a man evidently near his last hour. Now and then came a moan of pain. He returned to his seat by the fire as he heard the woman's footsteps coming down again.

"Is anyone sick?" he asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "my husband's sick, and needs all my attention, that's why I don't want any strangers here."

"Is he very sick?" asked the priest.

"Yes, he's dying."

"Can I see him? Perhaps I could do something for him."

"No, you shan't see him."

Turning abruptly away she again mounted the steps, while the priest sat musing by the fire. "Perhaps the poor man's a Catholic," he thought, "and I'm just in time to prepare him for death. I can't risk leaving here without seeing him."

The next time the woman came down he rose and said:—"My good woman, I am going up to see your husband."

"And I tell you, you're not. No Popish priest shall see him."

Pushing her aside, the priest ascended the stairs. He found himself in an unfinished apartment, in a corner of which was a bed, and on it lay a man on whose features was unmistakably stamped the image of death.

After a few moments conversation he found that the dying man was an Irishman and a Catholic, but having married a Protestant who was a bitter hater of Catholicity, he had little by little given up all external practice of his faith. Then turning to his wife, who had followed the priest upstairs, the invalid asked her to leave them alone for a short time. She did as she was bidden, and the poor man made his confession—the first for many a year, and received the Sacraments of the Church which comfort the bed of death.

Now a new day was breaking, and the priest rose to resume his journey. Before leaving the sick room he turned back and said:—"My son, this is a great grace God has given you. Have you kept up any practice of your religion during all these years?"

"Yes," replied the dying man, "my mother on her death-bed made me promise that I'd say the Hail Mary every day for the grace of a happy death, and I never omitted it once."

Giving him a last blessing the priest continued his journey, full of gratitude to her who had through his means answered her unworthy client's prayer.

S. M. C.

## NUNZIO SULPIZIO ; OR, THE YOUNG APPRENTICE.

### III.

**A**FTER Nunzio's arrival in Naples, he remained a few days with his uncle, and was then removed to an hospital for incurables. It was decided he should remain there till Felix Wochinger, an officer of the Royal Guards, who begged to have him as an adopted son, returned from a voyage he was about to make. The account of the months he spent in Our Lady's hospital forms the most edifying page of his life.

Although in his sixteenth year, he had never approached the Holy Table. A false reverence for the Blessed Sacrament induced people of that part of Italy to deny this privilege to their children till they had reached their fourteenth year. The Superiors of the hospital permitted Nunzio to receive as soon as he was ready. He was already sufficiently instructed, and began preparing for a general confession. At last, what he considered the happiest day of his life arrived. The Blessed Eucharist was brought to his room, as he was too feeble to go to the church, and with tears of joy and every outward mark of reverence he partook, for the first time, of the God whom he so ardently loved.

His confessor tells us of the wonderful progress he henceforth made in virtue. He had tasted the delights of the celestial food, and wished to partake of it every day. So remarkable were the effects of the Blessed Eucharist in his soul, that it was easy to recognize the days he received. Not satisfied with a selfish enjoyment of those heavenly consolations, he wished to kindle in others that love of God which burned in his own soul.

Nunzio was in the midst of suffering and misery, and

could judge from experience how much the afflicted poor were in need of encouragement and consolation. He had found a balm for his own sufferings in the hopes which faith and religion inspire. The love of God which they excited in his heart not only enabled him to bear his sufferings, but even to love them and wish for more. In the hospital, his constant occupation was to enkindle in those around him the fire of divine love which was consuming himself. He knew that for the incurable sufferer there is but one consolation here below—to be convinced that his trials, if patiently borne, will merit a crown of imperishable glory.

He never tired going from bed to bed to cheer the unhappy occupants. Sometimes he spoke of natural means of soothing the pain, but always ended with the necessity of patient submission to the will of God. "Wait a few years," he used to say, "and let us hope to meet in Heaven, where we may speak of our little sufferings here below. How trifling they will seem when enjoying the happiness they are sure to win? How thankful we shall be to know that we were thought worthy to suffer a little for God's sake! In presence of Jesus, with the marks of His sacred Passion, we will be able to understand what a priceless blessing are those afflictions which we now call evils. Often I imagine, if a shadow of sorrow could enter heaven, it would come over the soul when reflecting that it was asked to bear only so little."

Who can tell the consolation such conversations brought to the dreary bed of many a hopeless sufferer? How often did they change the murmurs against what was too often styled the rigors of God's justice into whispers of resignation to His adorable Will! No wonder he was looked on as a comforting angel in human form, nor is it surprising that in spite of the half century that has elapsed, traditions still linger in the hospital of the days

when the joyful countenance of Sulpizio brightened and cheered its dreary wards.

But the time for leaving at length arrived. The collone returned, and wished to have him in his own house. In February, 1834, he started, amid the tears and blessings of those he had comforted, for what was destined to be his last home on earth. Every comfort and luxury that riches could procure were placed at his disposal, but he lived in their midst as if he were poor. The same dislike for idleness, the same desire to alleviate the miseries of others marked his sojourn here.

With his uncle's permission, he used to distribute among the poor a part of what was given to himself. Daily, a number of destitute children were seen gathered around his window—for he was unable to leave his room—awaiting the alms which his charity had provided. Nunzio took advantage of the influence he gained over them to instruct and encourage them to practise their religion. "There is but one true Friend in this world," he used to tell them, "and that is God. If we are true to Him, He will never abandon us in the hour of need. He may leave us poor, He may allow us to suffer, but if we love and serve Him, He will make of our poverty a source of blessing and change our sufferings into endless joy." When the children returned the next morning, they were questioned on what was told them the previous day, and something special was always ready for the one who answered best.

With such occupations he passed the first few months at the colonel's house. The care he received gave hopes, for a time, that his foot would be completely cured. This caused his early ambition to revive, and again he thought of consecrating himself to God in religion. He communicated this intention to his guardian, who readily consented, and at once procured a tutor to aid him in prepar-

ing the elements of Latin. The progress he made showed that neither the want of practice nor lengthened sufferings impaired in any way his vigorous mind.

But, alas ! his hopes were of short duration. God accepted the sacrifice he was so willing to make, and soon called him to his heavenly reward.

After a short respite, the pain in his foot and limb returned with redoubled violence. Dropsy set in, and the doctors then declared that all hopes were gone, and that the end could not be far off.

When Nunzio was informed of this, he cried out in ecstasies of joy : " My God ! so soon, so soon to enjoy my heavenly home ! and what have I done to merit such a favor ? "

From that time, he only thought of preparing himself to die. He prayed almost unceasingly, redoubled the mortification of his senses. His patience seemed to increase with his sufferings, his only affliction being the fear of causing annoyance to his benefactors. He made heroic efforts, to stifle any expression of pain, and during the weeks he lay on his bed of suffering, a groan of anguish never escaped his agonizing frame. Till his last breath he was joyful, and always had a cheering or consoling word for those who attended him. The sight of the crucifix, which stood near his bed, inspired him with an unfailing supply of patience. " How sweet," he used to say, as he gazed in tears on the sacred image, " how sweet, my Jesus, to suffer for your sake ! How trifling are my sufferings in comparison with those you have endured for me."

*(To be concluded)*

T. G.





## THE LEAGUE ABROAD.

### Europe.

#### *Workingmen's Retreats.*

Two unmistakable signs mark the revival of faith and the religious spirit, more particularly among the European Latin races—workingmen's retreats, and pilgrimages to the centre of Catholicity.

The retreats that are being opened in France and Belgium for the benefit of artisans and tradesmen are not mere gatherings in the church morning and evening to hear an instruction or a sermon, but the complete withdrawal for three or four days from the distracting cares of home and occupations to a "House of Retreats." There they are suitably lodged and fed, observe perfect silence, and follow the exercises given to a considerable number together by the Spiritual Director. It is an extension to the workmen of the privilege granted to certain classes of ladies among ourselves in our larger convents during the summer months. The lasting conversions and other solid fruits derived from these retreats are wonderful. In one district in the north of France there has been formed a "League of Retreatants" counting fifteen hundred men, all of whom make every year a retreat of three days in a House of Retreats, according to the method of St. Ignatius.

The Bishop of Tournay, writing to his clergy on the necessity of retreats for men, quotes Bourdaloue, telling business-men that days passed in retreat are properly *their days*, because without them all the rest are lost ; and

proving; that if retreats are useful to priests and religious, they are *necessary* for laymen distracted by business cares.

Whilst awaiting the opening of the Carmelite Hospice at Niagara Falls, men of every walk in life have the chance of making a retreat at the Jesuit Novitiate, Sault au Recollet, near Montreal, where rooms are always at the disposal of men who desire to go through the exercises of St. Ignatius under an experienced Director. Some two hundred men avail themselves of the opportunity every year.

### *Pilgrimages.*

One would think that the days of the Crusades were coming back again in this nineteenth century of ours, to read the accounts of the immense organized pilgrimages starting for Rome to lay their homage at the feet of the Vicar of Christ. Instead of the sword and the javelin, the weapon they wield is prayer and especially the Rosary, offered at the shrines of the martyrs and apostles; the armor in which they are clad is faith and piety, and devotion to the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

Early in the year arrangements were made for the great international pilgrimage of Catholic youth, mostly young students, in honor of St. Aloysius, in which eleven thousand were to take part. They arrived in Rome towards the end of September. Great preparations were made to receive them. Accounts of this pilgrimage have not yet reached us.

After the appearance of the Papal Encyclical on the Condition of Labor, the inspiration seized on the French workingmen, joined by a large number of the Spanish, to go in pilgrimage and lay at the feet of the Holy Father their thanks for the noble and outspoken manner in which he had espoused their cause. Not for many a day has there been an event to compare with it in the annals

of Christendom. Twenty thousand workmen leave their homes and occupations, and set out for Rome in groups of two thousand. They hail the Vicar of Christ as Pontiff and King. They hear the Mass offered in St. Peter's by the Holy Father, receive communion, and kiss the Pontiff's hand, and after visiting the shrines of the saints, return quietly to their homes.

One would have thought that such a multitude would have overtrained the bounds of the most large-hearted generosity. But the centre of Catholicity is also the centre of hospitality. The Holy Father himself presided over the arrangements for the reception, and paid the expenses. The Pilgrims were lodged in Roman palaces. Iron bedsteads with spring mattresses, new sheets, pillows, blankets were provided, with washstands and toilet mirrors innumerable. The Sisters of Charity were charged with all the arrangements. Soup, two dishes of meat, fruit and a pint of Italian wine (no strong drinks) were served for dinner, but one dish of meat for supper. The larger of the dining-halls accommodated fifteen hundred men, each Pilgrim having his number at his place. The Roman nobles with short sleeves and long white aprons on waited at table. "The sight," says an eye-witness, "was most impressive. Everything went off with the regularity of clockwork, and none of them was kept waiting for his food." Five hundred conveyances were hired and placed at the disposal of the Pilgrims for the whole day following their arrival, to enable them to see the sights of the eternal city.

In the course of his address to the Holy Father in behalf of the Pilgrimage, the Count de Mun said: "Twenty thousand of the workmen of France have come to express to you, O father of the poor and lowly, their lively, deep and respectful gratitude, sure that the cry of their hearts, powerful as the voice of the people, will

re-echo beyond these walls and pass from nation to nation, telling the toilers that it is towards the Vicar of Christ that they must turn their eyes, that to him they must listen, because his word is salvation. Thus the echo of your teaching, most Holy Father, rises to your throne, bringing to you the filial praise and grateful homage of the masses, and the workmen's pilgrimages will remain a living witness to the indissoluble union of the Papacy with the people."

At the conclusion of his reply, before granting the Apostolic Benediction, the Holy Father said:—"On returning to your fair country, most dear sons, tell your comrades, your friends, the members of your families, that the heart of the Pope, like the Heart of Jesus Christ, whose Vicar he is, is always with the sufferers and outcasts of the world."

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## THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

### Great Seminary, Montreal.

We have just been honored with a communication from the Rev. H. Rouxel, P.S.S., the venerable Director of the Holy League in the Great Seminary. While subscribing to the Canadian *Messenger*, he asks a place of honor for the intentions of over *one hundred and ninety* students of Theology and *one hundred* students of Philosophy, preparing for the priesthood in the Great Seminary of Montreal. Most willingly do we yield them the place of honor, and it is an immense consolation to ourselves, our promoters and associates to have the promise of so many fervent prayers poured forth every day at the foot of the altar from noble minds and manful hearts chosen by the Sacred Heart to be His special friends, to continue His

work of mercy, and spread among men the fire of the love He came on earth to enkindle. May we not cherish the hope, too, that at no very distant day they will go forth from those hallowed precincts to become, like many who have preceded them, zealous Local Directors, who will win whole parishes to the Sacred Heart, enlighten them in the true spirit of the devotion, and popularize the practices of the League.

### **Gesu, Montreal.**

A second edition of the Sacred Heart Union Library Catalogue has just been published. As the Preface states, the Sacred Heart Union Library is a free circulating library founded in the Gesu Church by the Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart. It was intended as an offset to the sectarian and free-thinking libraries that have been equipped and multiplied of late years in Montreal.

Its scope stretches beyond that of a sodality library, including reading not only distinctively religious, but also of a general character, to suit all tastes desirous of a wholesome nutriment. The various books that are in the Catalogue are arranged in select lists for young men, ladies and children respectively, thus affording a general direction for a course of reading. Special attention is invited to the full lists of devotional and doctrinal works that have been lately added at no inconsiderable expense.

The library was founded and enlarged chiefly by funds gathered from social entertainments given by the Lady Promoters of the League. This second edition of the Catalogue counts seventy pages and sixteen hundred volumes. If any of the Local Councils should feel inspired to venture on a similar enterprise, we shall send them a catalogue for 10 cents in postage stamps.

## THE JUVENILE MANUAL.

After many delays and difficulties, the Juvenile League Handbook, with Holy League Prayer Book, has at last been published. We venture to hope for great things from this little book written in plain characters and neatly bound. It is so necessary, especially for youth, to have an exact idea of the League, its end, its practices, and its spirit, and then to cultivate that spirit by appropriate prayers ! Devotion to the Sacred Heart, like all devotions, must be fostered especially by prayer, and since it is a general devotion, it is not so much by particular prayers as by the spirit with which we animate our ordinary prayers, devotions and actions that it is strengthened and perfected. This little Manual has been compiled with this two-fold aim, namely, to give a clear and easy explanation of the Holy League, and to enable associates to perform their ordinary prayers and Catholic duties in the spirit of devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Though by its form it is more particularly adapted for the youth studying in our colleges, convents and schools, yet it will be equally serviceable to older associates.

## Toronto, St. Mary's.

Rev. Father Cruise, the zealous Director of the League in St. Mary's parish, has just inaugurated a branch of the Men's League. This is the second in the Queen City. It will be instrumental in bringing such a large and influential parish as St. Mary's into association with the other branches daily multiplying in our Dominion. All will feel the benefit. Our confidence and strength shall grow with our numbers and influence.

St. Helen's Centre is giving each successive month fresh evidences of its growing strength, and so shall it be with St. Mary's.

### **St. Raphael's, Glengarry.**

The Rev. Local Director narrates the consoling effects of the Men's League since the time of the renewal in July last. "I find the beneficent effects of the Holy League this fall. I have not seen the sign of intemperance on one in the parish since July last. The zeal of the members continues unabated."

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All the Directors, however, have not such glowing accounts, and it would not be fair to give only the rosy side. Since the Holy League is a death struggle with lukewarmness and religious indifference, its Directors and Promoters must be ready to meet from time to time with saddening disappointments.

Thus an earnest Director, after duly announcing the August communion for men, affording special facilities for the confessions, and omitting nothing to make it a success, was mortified to find that a picnic occurring on the Saturday left the confessionals deserted. As a consequence, on Sunday morning the communion rails were empty. It was, according to the Gospel parable, a repetition of what happened to the king who killed his beeves and fatlings, and sent his servants to call them who had been invited to the feast. Absorbed with the cares and pleasures of the world, they turned away and would not go. Let us hope that when November comes they will not turn a deaf ear to the cries of the Holy Souls imploring their aid.

### **From Various Centres.**

#### *Brantford.*

The Juvenile League is making wide and rapid conquests under Father Feeney's fostering care.

**Campbellford.**

Father Casey writes that he has started his Promoters on the rounds for the renewal of their subscriptions for 1892.

**Barrie.**

The Promoters lately have made valuable additions to their ranks, and are giving proofs of great activity.

**IN THANKSGIVING.**

HAMILTON.—St. Joseph's convent offers special thanks to the Sacred Heart for the complete success of six undertakings. An Associate acknowledges the success of a dear friend in an undertaking and prosperity far above her expectations ; for success in an examination under very unfavorable circumstances ; for a temporal favor.

GUELPH.—For the conversion of a young man who had been recommended for a year to the prayers of the Associates.

BARRIE.—For three very signal favors obtained from the Divine Heart through the prayers of the League.

MONTREAL.—For the satisfactory settlement of a lawsuit which was to take place in October.

—, ONT.—For the conversion and happy death of a person over eighty years of age, who had not attended to her religious duties since youth. A year ago, she became a member of the League, and was afterward regularly recommended to the prayers.



## PROMOTERS' PAGE.

November is the busy month for Promoters. On their exertions this month more than on any other condition will depend the success of the League in their respective centres for the whole following year. The annual subscriptions are to be renewed, which will keep circles and associates supplied with Rosary tickets, *Messengers*, leaflets, etc. Those are the external bonds by which the associates are leagued together. They are something more, for they constantly tend to awaken and keep alive *interest* in the work of the League. "The monthly *Messenger* is a welcome visitor," writes a zealous secretary; "without it I am afraid we should fall back."

The small fee is not only a test of earnestness but excites it, as people generally *read* what they pay for. Ten cents from each associate will supply a circle with League material, including three *Messengers*, for a whole year. Each centre can easily supply the poor from "the over and above." Promoters will spare the Rev. Local Directors and Councils much trouble by not delaying to go their rounds. Some, we are informed, have already started. Orders for 1892 from the local centres will have to be received early in December.

The Holy League by its literature ought to be considered a cheap Truth Publication Society for the benefit of the children of the Church. It has the advantage, too, of supplying each month fresh contributions. Not only among Catholics but also among those outside the Church it propagates truth, and often succeeds where controversy has failed. The *Messenger* gives an insight into the inner life of the Church, and presents her in the full play of her activity. "What interests me most," not long since said a Protestant lady, whose Catholic husband is a subscriber to the *Messenger*, "is the page of thanksgivings and the conversions narrated in the stories," which are all founded on facts of real life.

## HOLY SEASON OF ADVENT.

**T**HE Advent of the Redeemer, the Coming of the Saviour, what holy thoughts and pious affections and good purposes must it not awaken in the soul! It is the event of events, the central fact of the universe, the pivot on which the world's history hinges. The Creator becomes a creature, God comes in person to dwell in His own creation, *leaping o'er the mountains, skipping o'er the hills*, to find "his delights among the children of men." Kings desired to see His day, patriarchs sighed for it, prophets saluted it afar off, Abraham saw it and was glad, and yet it was only through the mists of time in the shadows of the remote dawn that but dimly announced the Sun of Justice.

Geologists, who make a study of the earth's crust, tell us that the present condition of the globe, which makes it a fit habitation for man, is the outcome of cycles of change, of moulding and remoulding, of earthquakes and volcanic upheavals, of rising and sinking, of flood and stagnant deposit. So the history of the world for four thousand years, the wanderings of tribes, the migrations of peoples, the rise and fall of empires, the triumphant marches of conquerors, all led up to the central fact of history, to the crib and manger of Bethlehem. It was only God's preparation of the world for the advent of its Redeemer. Men seem to be making history, but like the busy myriads in the ant-hill, they are only bringing about the fulfillment of the designs of the Almighty Ruler. "*When the fulness of the time was come, God*

sent His Son," when the preparation was complete, every decree fulfilled. Four thousand years ! what time of preparation God takes for *His* work !

When at length all is ready, how noiselessly, how secretly, how obscurely He comes. "While all things were in silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, the almighty Word leapt down from heaven from His royal throne."

The Word is still dwelling among us. His Advent has not ceased. The first advent in Bethlehem was only a step to His advent in the Christian heart. He was born in the crib to gain entrance to the heart. The crib is the porch from which He knocks at the door of the heart. "Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man shall hear my voice and open to me the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him." Each Christmas is the day of his special coming. What is *our* preparation going to be? Of the Bethlehemites it was said :—"He came unto His own and they received Him not." The Church assigns four weeks of preparation in memory of the four thousand years preceding the first Advent. They are a *holy season*, to be sanctified by flight of sin and its occasions, by prayer and penance, and worthy reception of Sacraments. A voice of one crying in the desert : "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight its paths. Every valley shall be filled, every mountain shall be brought low, and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough ways plain, and all flesh shall see the salvation of God."



## GENERAL INTENTION FOR DECEMBER, 1891.

*Named by Leo XIII with his special blessing and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart—for recommendation to the prayers of all the Associates.*

### THE AFRICAN MISSIONS.

**F**OR more reasons than one, Africa is entitled to the name lately given her of the Dark Continent. The teeming races which inhabit her zones are not only dark of color but have succeeded until our time in shrouding themselves under a mysterious veil from all light of civilization. They have found in the full blaze of a tropical sun a more efficacious screen than the inhabitants of polar regions in their mountains and seas of ice and snow.

Lying at the gate of civilized Europe, separated only by an inland sea from Rome, "the city of the soul," boasting once of her proud Carthage its rival, Africa came to be thought but a vast region of empty deserts and sandy oceans. The accounts left by the Jesuit missionaries who, two hundred years ago, penetrated into her wilds were lost sight of and forgotten, till in our own day the immortal Livingstone, followed by the venturesome Stanley,

forced a passage into the mysterious solitude, and behold ! instead of wastes of burning sand and inhospitable deserts, they have found plains of luxuriant growth watered by majestic streams and mighty rivers, broken here and there by immense lakes and inland seas comparable only to our own Ontario, Huron and Superior. The products were among the most sought after in commerce, and several of the tribes were found to be tranquil, meek and industrious.

What enthusiasm did not the startling discoveries of the Stanley expeditions evoke in Europe, and what civilizing movements did they not give rise to? It was no exaggeration on the part of the president of the London Geographical Society to affirm, that since the great discovery of Vasco de Gama Christian civilization has seen no vaster fields opened out to the zeal of its apostles and the gains of its merchants. All of a sudden, Europe, which hitherto had been seeking fields for colonization across oceans in the torrid climes of the Indies, or in the Northern regions of the St. Lawrence and Hudson Bay, cast her eyes on the Dark Continent revealed to her at her door, and began at once to divide its zones among her crowned heads and princes. States and kingdoms were mapped out along the banks of the rivers and in the territories spreading away behind them ; exploring expeditions were equipped ; railway lines surveyed ; and large sums of money invested.

At the present moment, Europe is so taken up with her newly discovered prize, that there is no danger of its slipping from her hold. And well it were so, for, as a Catholic missionary writes, the Mussulman yoke is beginning to loosen, light is penetrating into the darkness, the black is becoming acquainted with the white, and though uncertainty still hangs over the future, as the nineteenth century draws to a close, the signs betoken a change favorable to Catholicity.

The Catholic missionaries have followed close on the tracks of the explorer and the merchant. In the North and East, and across the great desert, Cardinal Lavigerie and the Fathers of the Holy Ghost have pursued the kidnapping caravans of Arabs and Mohammedans, to rescue the poor natives from the cruellest slavery and slaughter. Lower down a band of Belgian and English Jesuits pushed their way up the Zambesi, under an equatorial sun, till they reached the territories of Lo Benguela, chief of Matabelle land, death from exposure and fever ever thinning their ranks. South in the country of the Zulus, Father Weld established a mission on a solid basis, over which one of our own Canadians was many years Superior, whilst the Portuguese pushed inward from the West.

There is no use, however, in blinding ourselves to the formidable obstacles which oppose the spread of the true religion of Christ among those benighted tribes. The climate of the lowlands, in the rainy season, is fatal because of the malaria rising from the rank soil, hence the defeat of many a missionary's hopes. Another great hindrance is the Protestant propaganda barren of results, but setting up before the natives the blind of a counterfeit christianity to which they are attracted by money and human blandishments. In Africa, too, the name of God is blasphemed among the Gentiles, and the preaching of the missionaries neutralized by the scandalous lives of unworthy European Catholics.

But the great difficulty inherent to the work of conversion is the condition of the natives resulting from the long ages of abject creature-worship and bestial degradation that have weighed like a curse on the unhappy race of Cham. The very idea of God seemed to be erased from their mind, and every whisper of conscience hushed. It is only the almighty grace of Him who from the stones of the wilderness is able to raise up children to Abraham,

that can enlighten those darkened hearts and convert them into fleshy tablets bearing the impress of His law.

To the enslavement of souls by sin and vice the enemy of mankind has added the merciless yoke of the Mohammedans. They continue to pour down from Persia and Arabia on the populous regions of the South, and carry away what remains of their butcheries into the most inhuman slavery.

Nevertheless, the horizon of Africa gleams bright with hope. The organized army of apostles invading it on every side, are preparing the way, especially by the Christian education of the children, for a moral regeneration. Already precious fruits have been gathered, notably in the infant Church of Ouganda, whose glorious martyrs recall the heroic deeds of the first Christian centuries. To these sources of consolation we must add the consecration of all the new missions to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the fervor with which the neophyte children have taken up the practices of the Holy League. The badge of the Sacred Heart must prove in Africa as elsewhere the sign of victory.

Let us strive this month, in obedience to the behest of the Vicar of Christ, to hasten the day of triumph for the children of the Dark Continent.


#### PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular for the African Missions, that, blessed by Thee according to Thy promise, they may rescue the unhappy natives from the slavery of Satan, and conquer them to Thy sweet yoke. Amen.

## THE MEN'S LEAGUE.

## ORGANIZATION.

“ work so simple as a union of prayers and intentions, with reception of Sacraments at stated times, cannot, to my mind, Father, give room for an organization with Officers and Councillors and Promoters. Whatever authority there may be in matters of this kind ought to be exercised by the priest. Presidents and Vice-Presidents can be at best but *figure-heads*. And what is the use of a Treasurer where there is no money rattle, or of a Secretary where there are no collections to gather and report ? ”

You have already, dear Associate, admitted the utility of an Association for prayer and the frequent reception of sacraments. Our Lord himself taught it when He said : “Where two or three are united in my name there I am in the midst of them.” The Church likewise has set the seal of her approval on the Statutes of the Holy League, thus encouraging “the *faithful* to enkindle in themselves and others zeal for prayer,” and “the *associates* to employ not only prayer but all other sorts of good works, whether of religion or charity, such as the frequent reception of the Sacraments and everything which tends to effectually promote Catholic piety, the glory of God, and the salvation of souls.” “*Promoters* should exert themselves by every means in their power to more and more advance the Divine glory, and for this purpose may on fixed days be assembled in council.” Mark, dear Associate, how according to the idea of the Church the Holy League is a lay association. It is the faithful who *enkindle* in themselves and others zeal for prayer, and *employ all other sorts of good works*, whereas Promoters *exert themselves* by every means in their power to more and more advance



the divine glory. The movement springs from the lay element. Priests as such may exhort and encourage and direct ; but unless the people bear hand and set *to work*, the fundamental condition of the League is missing. It is well it were so, for the most zealous priest would not be equal to the task of carrying on a work of this kind. Most frequently the ordinary ministry is a strain on its time and resources ; and even if it were not, the Holy League would prosper better as a lay association, because of its peculiar spirit and the statutes given it by the Holy See.

“ But, Father, would you not consider this an intrusion into the purely spiritual sphere belonging by inalienable right to the Church and her ministers, just as things temporal belong exclusively to lay direction ? ”

Your objection, dear friend, sounds like a plea for one of those divorces so prevalent in our days, which we frequently hear mention of, namely, that of the spiritual from the temporal. Are not soul and body, the spiritual and the temporal, in every man bound together in closest union by the same personality, and must not every society partake of the nature of the individuals that make it up ? The Church herself, though entrusted with spiritual interests, is composed of members who have bodily life and health to maintain and temporal wants to satisfy. The very priests who represent her spiritual authority have lives to provide for and support. They have not renounced the blessings of freedom, good laws and good government. They are interested in the wise administration of civic and national affairs. The blessings which they are prompted to acquire for themselves justice and charity will often urge them to procure for their neighbor, to bestow upon their flocks the help of their lights, of their example and guidance, even in purely temporal and national concerns. Often in such matters priests are the

best advisers and guides, as being the most disinterested, the freest from trammels of prejudice and party and the least open to bribes.

On the other hand the lay element cannot disown responsibility in spiritual matters. Salvation is essentially each one's personal affair. Priests, Bishops, the Church herself, are but helps given to man in that great personal affair. They are appointed to *minister* to his spiritual wants. He will be judged on his own responsibility. Here, also, it is true that the spiritual blessings he owes himself he owes likewise to his neighbor, according to the laws of justice and charity. By word, example, association,—in short, by all the means which men employ to help one another along, he is bound to advance his neighbor's spiritual welfare.

"I don't see what that has to do with the officers and councillors of a Men's League."

Well, it has all to do with it. If you admit that laymen ought to associate for mutual help in spiritual affairs, it follows that officers and councillors to whom the Association entrusts its interests bear a great responsibility. The prosperity of a local centre of the League means the success of the interests of the Sacred Heart, so far forth as they can be advanced by the association. The officers and councillors are the men into whose hands the members have given the management and success of the work they have so much at heart. The interests, therefore, at stake, and the proof of confidence, even though there be no question of sin, ought to prompt officers to take the initiative and devote themselves with earnest zeal and energy to their duties. The president of a bank, of an insurance or railway company, with great strength of purpose, will use all the resources of his mind to make the institution or enterprise a success, because of the grave interests he represents. If officers and councillors

of local branches displayed similar earnestness and zeal, what results would be reached? Yet there can be no comparison between money speculations and the interests of the Sacred Heart, which are gains in immortal souls.

It is the waiting for the priest, the unconscious endeavor to shift the whole responsibility in spiritual matters upon his shoulders, which is the bane of men's religious associations. Women's societies and sodalities flourish and prosper, because women follow their lights when they see a good work to be done. They take the initiative without waiting for advice from one and permission from another, as though they needed a special permission to say their prayers and save their soul. If Magdalen and the holy women had waited for the advice of Peter and the other apostles they would not have gone to the sepulchre, nor been favored with the first apparition of their Lord. Through them Peter and the rest learned the mystery of the Resurrection. So has it been down through the history of the Church. We have a striking instance in the Devotion of the Sacred Heart, which was first revealed to an humble nun of the Visitation, and by her means spread over Europe before it came to the notice of the successor of Peter to receive his authentic approval and encouragement. Likewise the Holy League has been spread over the universe, chiefly by the pious efforts of the laity desirous of sharing with their neighbors and friends the treasure it put themselves in possession of. It is usually the laity who force it on the notice of the priest in order to secure his aid, encouragement and direction for themselves and a canonical place in the parish for their work.

In conclusion, dear Associate, if you are elected a president or an officer of the League, be no figure-head, but assume the responsibility of your office, and breathe life and spirit into the whole body of Associates, under the guidance of your Rev. Local Director.

## THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Immaculate ! Immaculate ! oh hear the clarion cry  
In royal triumph pealing over ocean, earth and sky,  
Great brazen tongues are telling it in turret and in tower,  
And white-robed choirs are singing it with music's thrilling power—

Immaculate ! Immaculate !

Oh Mother of Our Saviour, no dark doubt e'er oppressed  
The children's hearts—they knew it—that thou wert  
ever blessed,

Most pure in thy conception, a lily at thy birth.  
Oh fairest among women ! oh undefiled of earth !—

Immaculate ! Immaculate !

But Rome to-day hath spoken and placed another gem  
More lustrous than the morning star within thy diadem ;  
Another name to honor thee to nations is unfurled,  
And million voices joyfully proclaim it to the world —

Immaculate ! Immaculate !

Majestic music's swelling on the sweet incensed air,  
And poesy is soaring to the realm sublime of prayer ;  
And art brings peerless offerings to lay upon thy shrine.  
Each heralding thy spotlessness, oh Mother most divine !

Immaculate ! Immaculate !

And in celestial spheres above where Eden waters flow,  
And seraphs gazing on thee with rapturous ardor glow,  
There cherubims with snowy wings on harps of glistening  
gold  
Make opal halls ring with thy name in praise a hundred-  
fold—

Immaculate ! Immaculate !

Immaculate ! Oh let the word rise like a trumpet tone,  
In proudest exultation to the Queen of Heaven's throne.  
Immaculate ! oh lead us to the light of Jesus' face  
Immaculate ! 'tis by His will we hail thee full of grace—

Immaculate ! Immaculate !

BELLELLE GUERIN.

## A CHILD'S PRAYER.



Missionary priest in broken health was ordered a few months of rest. His superiors sent him to England, telling him to spend as much time as possible in the open air. Relieved of his many hours of arduous toil, he roved through the beautiful English meadows clad in the glowing verdure of spring. He drank in the pure air, listened to the sweet songs of the birds, and viewed the charming landscape, his heart all the while going up in praise to the great Maker of the universe. His thoughts went back to the happy days of long ago when the cross of Christ gleamed on the churches, when the fragrant meadows were tilled by holy monks who fed Christ's poor, and the heart of king and peasant alike throbbed in unison with the representative of God on earth, the successor of St. Peter, the one shepherd who cared for the one true fold. And as he meditated on these things, tears filled his eyes, for everywhere they lighted on objects that spoke but of heresy and unbelief.

But suddenly the sweet voices of children at their innocent play drove these gloomy thoughts from his mind. "At least," he said to himself, "these little ones rejoice the heart of Him who made them. I shall endeavor to implant in their young minds some knowledge of that God who, in the one visible form He condescends to take on earth, has been thrust out of this fair land where once He dwelt in many a holy tabernacle."

He joined the youthful group, and soon was pouring into their willing ears the story of Him who dwells ever on our altars, oftentimes lonely, yet ever waiting to receive with love all who come to tell Him their troubles and ask relief.

At length he went on his way, and the children returned to their fun.

One, a rosy little fellow of five, in whose soul the seeds of true faith had already been sown by the Sacrament of Baptism, ran off in the direction of a little Catholic chapel, with its cross-topped spire appearing among the trees.

Coming to it, he pushes open the door and looks in. Yes, there is the little house where the holy man said that Jesus lives. But how high up it is! He cannot reach it. He is so little that if he calls through the door Jesus will not hear him. His resolution is soon taken. He goes timidly into the sanctuary, uses all his strength to carry a chair to the top step of the altar, climbs upon it, and, sitting upon the altar-table, knocks with his tiny hand at the door of the tabernacle, tap! tap! tap!

"Dear Jesus, are you there?" No answer.

"Poor Jesus! perhaps he was so tired of being alone that he fell asleep."

Tap! tap! tap!

"Dear Jesus, are you there?"

Wonder of wonders! From out the silent tabernacle of love comes a sweet voice: "Yes, my little brother, I am here. What do you wish me to do for you?"

"Dear Jesus, my father does not go to confession. My mother often weeps."

"Be comforted, little brother. Your father will go to confession. Your mother shall weep no more. Now go. Be good, and always love me and confide in me."

And the little fellow scampered home full of joy.

That evening the father went to confession without a word being said on the subject, and the poor mother was happy once more.

And so, dear little children, will Jesus answer your prayers. Although you are not permitted to enter the sanctuary and approach His tabernacle, ask Him for all you want and He will give it to you. Practise the virtues He loves so much,—purity and obedience,—and He will hear your every request and confer upon you every favor.



## HOW PEACE CAME TO THE DOYLES.

MRS. SADLIER.

### I.

**T**WENTY years ago there lived, and probably lives still, in a small town in mid-Canada, some miles west of the border line between Ontario and Quebec, a family whom we shall call Doyle, prosperous, well-to-do people as any in the county. The father and founder of the family had begun life as a railroad-laborer, but had risen by good conduct and steady industry to be the possessor of a large well-tilled farm, then of a thriving general store in F —, and, finally, of a private residence in the outskirts of the town.

So far, all had gone well with the Doyles. The father and, later on, the mother had passed away in a green old age, leaving a good name, a good position and ample means to their three sons and two daughters. In most respects, the second generation of the Doyles was not unworthy of the good parents who had so well provided for their children. As yet none of them were married, and the farm, and the shop, and the dwelling were all common property, the business skilfully managed by three brothers for the benefit of all, while the sisters kept the house, the home of the family, thriftily and well.

The Doyles would have been the envy of their less successful neighbors, had it not been for one fatal drawback to the blessings they enjoyed, which, in the opinion of the old and wise and God-fearing, went far to counter-balance all. Amid so much prosperity and apparent happiness, peace and harmony were wanting. The brothers were hot-tempered, quick to take offence, much given to fault-finding and complaining one of the other and all of their sisters, who were, nevertheless, as gentle and amiable as their brothers were irascible and prone to anger.

The sisters were sincerely pious and faithful to all their religious duties. The brothers were of that class of people who think that going to Mass on Sundays and holy days, and making their Easter duty, is all that can reasonably be expected, especially from men who have business to attend to. Every Sunday and feast-day of obligation saw the three brothers, John, William and James, duly seated at High Mass in the family pew, and they never failed to make their annual confession and communion somewhere within the paschal time, thus barely escaping the sentence of outlawry pronounced by the Church on her rebellious children who fail to comply with that solemn precept.

In vain did Kate and Sarah remonstrate with the young men on this laxity in regard to their religious duties. It only ended in a scene, not unfrequently calling forth a storm of abuse from the brothers, in which threats of "breaking up the house" were sure to be made by one or other of them. This, as they well knew, had always the effect of silencing the girls, whose whole desire it was to keep the home for the family as long as they could and while their brothers remained unmarried.

But it was not only with their sisters the Doyle young men quarrelled on every imaginable pretext. Amongst themselves there was a continual bickering kept up, and



such being the case, it was a matter of supreme wonder to the intimates of the family that the flourishing business, built up so solidly and well by old Jerry Doyle, had not long since gone to pieces. The truth is that his sons were capital business men, steady and clear-headed, and far from deficient in industry or application. They loved their sisters and even each other after a fashion of their own, and were rather fond of their home, although their own ill-temper and the frequent altercations to which it gave rise made it, for the most part, anything but a happy one. Even the presence of guests under their really hospitable roof did not always prevent these ebullitions of temper, in which John, the elder brother, generally led the way.

Many a secret consultation was held between the sisters as to what was to be done under these deplorable circumstances. Long and fervent were their prayers for the sorely-needed change of heart in the brothers, who, apart from that one lamentable fault, were kind and generous to them, and strictly honest and honorable in their dealings with others.

"They are father's own sons in most ways," the sisters would say one to the other, "but if they only had his quiet, even temper! Maybe if some of them got married and had homes of their own, they wouldn't be always fighting and squabbling about every little thing that comes up, as they now do."

## II.

Alas! the specific failed of its effect. William in due time took to himself a wife, and a year or two after James followed his example. But even to their new homes the old and evil habit accompanied both, and it so happened that the wives they had chosen were not by any means models of patience and forbearance like poor Kate and

Sarah. They wouldn't put up with it, not they ; and they told their respective husbands so very plainly, adding furthermore that if their sisters spoiled them by giving in to their overbearing ways, *they* wouldn't do it.

When the husband raised his voice in anger, the wife followed suit, and, as she boasted to her fellow-champion of woman's rights, gave him as good as he brought, and paid him honestly back in his own coin. So matters grew worse instead of better. The only difference was that three homes were then made wretched instead of one. William and his help-mate kept up the strife, James and his wife did likewise, and John went on scolding and brow-beating his gentle sisters without stint or measure.

A few more years had passed in the same dreary round. Children were growing up in the homes of the married brothers. John and his two sisters had settled down into middle-aged people. *Quiet* they would have been, and peaceful, but for John's stormy temper and contentious spirit. And still the sisters prayed, and hoped, and suffered in patient silence, offering up the manifold trials they had to undergo every day and every hour for the conversion of their relatives and the establishment of peace amongst them. In humble hope and assured faith they waited, hoping that the dawn would soon break and the shadows flee away, and that the tear-moistened bread they daily and hourly cast upon the waters would sooner or later return to them laden with God's sweet mercy.

"Where are you off to now?" said John Doyle one day to his sisters as he saw them preparing to go out. "To church, I'll be bound. It would be fitter for you to stay at home and attend to the affairs of the house!"

"And so we do, John," replied Sarah, meekly ; "there's not a thing we don't see to in or about the house, and you needn't grudge us the little time we can spare for God. To-day it's the mission that's opening, and we want to be there in good time."

John gave a grunt of dissatisfaction, but said nothing more. An inward voice told him that he ought to make the mission himself, that he needed it far more than his sisters did, but he would not give in. So they went, and he remained moodily at home intent on his usual avocations.

When Kate and Sarah returned they were naturally full of the mission, the zeal and eloquence of the preacher, the crowds of people that filled the church to overflowing, and how Nellie and Bessy, their two sisters-in-law, were there with their older girls and boys.

"Humph!" said John, "it's a wonder Bill and Jim weren't there too! The whole family will soon be as crazy as yourselves about religion."

"O, John, John!" cried Kate. "If you'd only come yourself and listen to even one of the instructions, I know you'd get into the spirit of it and wouldn't want to miss any of them!"

A scornful laugh was the answer as John left the room, banging the door after him.

Next day, John was somewhat taken aback when his sisters told him that both his brothers were at the evening sermon and had announced their intention of making the mission with their wives and children. "And, John, there are to be great doings about the Sacred Heart," added Kate with breathless eagerness. "The new League is to be established at the close of the mission, and Father Barry is to be the Director, and there are to be Promoters and Centres, and devotions every first Friday of the month, and a monthly Communion of Reparation. The missionaries explained it all to us."

"And I suppose Bill and Jim and the whole jing-bang of you will be in the thick of it!" said John.

"Just come with us to-morrow to either the morning or evening exercise, and leave the rest to God."

"I'm not going, that's all about it. There's enough of you there without me."

But he did go for all that. Great was the joy of his good sisters when they found him ready bright and early on the following morning to accompany them to church. Nor did it at all lessen their satisfaction that he kept grumbling all the way about the absurdity of *his* going to the mission. They knew that the grace of God was pursuing and would overtake him then and there, for he was not a bad man, only rough and domineering and somewhat careless about his soul's interests.

### III.

Two more years had gone by; uneventful years in the Doyle family, to all outward seeming, and yet they were marked within the circle by many and great changes. Where all had been bitterness and contention in the three households, there was now good humor, harmony and peace. The fathers and mothers between themselves, the boys and girls as they went and came in the daily round of merry child-life, and John, the head of the family, in the old paternal homestead—all were changed as though an enchanter's wand had waved over them one and all.

Kate and Sarah, too, were changed, but in a far different way. With them it was that the wan, care-worn look had vanished from their faces. The overstrained minds and the weary hearts were now at last reposing after the long, long years of patient suffering. It is true that each sister had long since seen amongst her dark brown tresses "that first foot-mark of time," the "mute mementoes" of departed youth and coming age; yet neither gray hairs nor faded cheeks might dim the happy light of assured peace and joy and gratitude that beamed in the calm earnest eyes of Kate and Sarah Doyle.

Three pews were now rented by the Doyle families in

the parish church, and there on Sundays and holy days they might all be seen assembled, while on days of special devotion, and notably on the first Friday of the month and the Sunday of the general Communion of Reparation, not only all the women of the family with such of the children as were old enough, but the three brothers were seen approaching the Holy Table together. Truly a most edifying sight, and one that called forth many an expression of surprise and admiration from the rest of the congregation.

"Did you ever see such a change as there is in the Doyles?" would one neighbor say to another, on their way home from mass. "From being so cross-grained and cantankersome, sure it's good-natured and easy-tempered they are now, and not a bit proud or stuck up for all they have such fine houses, and horses, and buggies, and money to no end."

"I declare to you, Tim," observed another, "I used to be afeard to go into John's store if himself happened to be there! Now he's as civil-spoken a man as you'd want to see, and has ever and always a kind word for every one. Ay! and he's so ready now to help any one that's in need of a friend, and never pushes people that are in his books as he used to do. God be praised, but it's a happy change entirely!"

"What in the world brought it about?" some one would ask.

"Well! that's more than any of us can tell," was the general reply.

But to Kate and Sarah and, indeed, to the whole family the change was no mystery, and the ruby lamp that burned day by day in each of the three dwellings, before a handsomely-framed picture of the Sacred Heart, told the whole simple story. And in the long winter evenings when the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin was said in each

house before that domestic shrine, in the fulness of peace and calm content, how every heart throbbed with grateful love as all eyes turned to the tiny frame inclosing the Divine Promises to Blessed Margaret Mary, and some one repeated aloud the second of those gracious pronouncements of our Blessed Lord :—

“ I WILL ESTABLISH PEACE IN THEIR FAMILIES.”

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## ST. LUCY.

13th December.

It was about the year 304, towards the end of the reign of the Emperor Dioclesian, that St. Lucy gained her crown of martyrdom, and Syracuse, in the island of Sicily, a powerful patron.

Lucy was the daughter of noble and wealthy parents. Her mother, Eutychia, considering chiefly the honor of the family and the temporal welfare of her child, had destined her to become the bride of a prominent pagan. Such, however, was not Lucy's desire. Long since she had chosen Jesus Christ for her spouse, and had pledged herself to Him by vow. Many and hard were the struggles which the young maiden had to go through to change her mother's designs, nor did she succeed until Providence intervened and opened the eyes of Eutychia.

For some years Eutychia had been suffering from a painful disease which resisted the efforts of the best doctors. About this time a pilgrimage was being made to the tomb of St. Agatha in the city of Catana. Lucy and her mother decided to visit the tomb of the saint. While they were hearing Mass, it happened that the Gospel read told of the miraculous cure of a poor woman who had merely touched the hem of our Lord's garment. “ Mother,”

said Lucy, "if you believe what we have just heard, believe also that Agatha, the martyr, who suffered death for Jesus Christ, possesses him now forever; approach her tomb with faith and you will be cured."

After the celebration of the holy mysteries, mother and daughter prostrated themselves on the tomb of Agatha, and prayed fervently. Lucy fell asleep and beheld a vision. She saw Agatha, who assured her of the immediate cure of Eutychia. Upon awakening Lucy found to her great joy that her mother had been the object of a special favor from Heaven, and was now quite freed from her recent affliction.

This was the moment for Lucy to press her suit; so appealing to her mother's better feelings she pleaded to be excused from forming an alliance that was distasteful to her, and begged that she might at once receive her inheritance and dispose of it as she thought best by dividing it among Christ's poor. The mother consented, though somewhat reluctantly, and measures were taken for the sale of her land and her jewels.

The affianced husband, believing that the sale was being made for his own interest, exerted himself to make the transactions as advantageous as possible. But what was his surprise on discovering that the proceeds had been unreservedly given to poor people,—to widows, orphans and wayfarers! He felt he had been duped, and his selfishness gave way to anger and a desire of revenge. He at once denounced Lucy before the tribunal of Paschasius as being a Christian.

Cited before the tribunal, she was commanded to sacrifice to the pagan gods. "What is this you say about sacrificing?" asked Lucy. "The sacrifice which is agreeable to God the Father is to visit and aid widows and orphans in their necessities. For three years past I have done nothing else. That is my sacrifice. I now possess

nothing, but am ready to offer myself as a living victim to my Lord. If this offering is agreeable to Him, may He consummate it Himself."

It was in vain that the consul tried to make her waver in her faith. To all his questions and insulting remarks she replied with words of such firmness and wisdom as to surprise all present. Paschasius, irritated by her obstinacy, exclaimed, "These beautiful speeches will cease as soon as the scourges begin to be heard."

Incensed by her answers, the consul ordered that she should be cast into a house of ill-repute, and commanded several ruffians to seize the virgin and bear her away. But when they laid hands on her, they found it was impossible to remove her from the spot where she stood. More aid was called, but all in vain. They attached ropes to her ankles and to her arms, and redoubled their efforts, but she remained as firm as a rock. Beside himself with anger, Paschasius instructed his servants to build a fire about the young maiden and to cover her limbs with pitch, resin and oil. The fire was lit, but the flames refused to attack the bride of the Lord, and only circled harmlessly about the fair form. Thereupon one of the ruffians, seizing a sword, plunged it into the martyr's body. This was her death-stroke. She did not expire, however, immediately, but was carried away, and after having received the last rites of the Church, soon gave back her pure soul to God.

E. G.



**NUNZIO SULPIZIO; OR, THE YOUNG APPRENTICE.***(Concluded.)*

**N**UNZIO continued to suffer the most excruciating pains till the 25th of March, 1836, when a change took place for the worse. It was now evident to all that the Angel of Death was hovering nigh. A priest having been called to administer the last rites of the Church, at the sound of the bell which announced his approach, he seemed to gain supernatural strength. Despite his weakness, he drew himself on his knees, and at the sight of the Adorable Sacrament he cried out in transports of joy—“Behold the Pledge of eternal life! Behold the King of Heaven comes! Welcome, my Love, my Lord, and my God!”

This act of faith pronounced with beaming countenance and burning fervor made a profound impression on all who were present. “Till my dying hour,” said one, “the sound of the words and the expression of his face will be indelibly impressed on my mind.”

He received the last sacraments with every outward mark of piety, and then fell back into the state of prostration from which he had been aroused by his Saviour’s visit. Just before breathing his last, the crucifix was placed to his lips; a heavenly smile came over his face; one word of prayer inaudible to those around, and his pure soul passed peacefully to God.

In the process that took place at Rome, evidence was given of the almost miraculous change that occurred after death. His eyes remained open, but lost none of their lustre; his countenance was illuminated with a heavenly smile; his flesh had the appearance of one in perfect health; the swelling which deformed his body disappeared; the foot so terribly decayed, and which an instant

before emitted an intolerable odor, became beautiful to look at, and the room was filled with a delightful fragrance. "The saint is in Heaven," cried all present, as they gazed astonished at the change.

The number of miracles wrought through his intercession is a proof of the influence he now enjoys with God. "The child," says the Acts, "who passed his life in absolute poverty, is now the dispenser of the riches of Heaven. There is no form of human misery but has been relieved through his powerful intercession. Health has been restored to others through the compassionate prayers of one who scarcely knew what it was himself. The tears of misery are dried by him who had cause for shedding so many; joy and happiness are restored to families by one who never knew the happiness of an earthly home."

Behold in the life we have just read the model which the Church proposes to the young Christian workman. Few may ever be called to practise the patience and submission which were the distinguishing virtues of this saintly youth. Though free from sickness and ill-treatment, poverty and its attendant ills are still the lot of many a workman, and these ills bear heavily upon him. The patience and submission necessary to bear them meritoriously are exposed now-a-days to special dangers.

Always hard to practise, these virtues are doubly so when false and delusive hopes are held out that the occasion for them may be removed. Daily we hear of socialists, men who strive by speech and pen to incite the poor to better their condition by unlawful means. The Church, on the other hand, bids her toiling children be patient, and turn with horror from revolutionary doctrines and methods that only render futile the true remedies which she alone can apply. As an encouragement,

she sets before them, in the beautiful life of her son Nunzio Sulpizio, a heroic example of the Christian workman's patience. His sufferings immeasurably surpassed those which fall to the lot of most mortals, yet his patience never once failed. The world, it is true, will laugh at the example, and amongst the poor there may be found some who will treat it as foolishness. But it is a foolishness which takes from suffering its sting, and to which Christ has promised an eternal recompense.

T. G.

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## ST. JOHN EVANGELIST.

### THE NEW LESSON.

The golden sun kissed Asia's burning sand,  
And lingered there as though it fain would rest  
Where Earth was hallowed by a Saviour's steps.  
A group of youthful hermits strayed among  
The wooded vales, made fertile by man's art,  
And, as they walked, they held with earnest tones  
Their converse, till the slanting beams grew faint,  
And twilight threw her shadowy veil around,  
O'er hill and dale, o'er sand and purple lake.

And, coming o'er the distant crimson'd hills  
Resplendent with the blood of dying day,  
They see an old man, bowed with weight of years,  
His hoary locks uncovered to the breeze,  
The golden sunlight shining on his brow,  
And floating o'er like aureole of bliss.  
And at his near approach the youths grow gay ;  
They greet him with a thousand words of love,  
And midst their questions and his sweet replies,  
He says: "What would my children ask to-day?"

Then loud the answer echoed by them all :

“ We are full weary of the lesson (mild  
And beautiful and good we know),  
But heard so oft we fain would some new lore  
Diffused from lips that ever speak of “ *Love !* ”  
The old man smiled. A ray of heaven’s own light  
Beamed o’er his features, and his soft blue eyes  
Seemed limpid lakes, within whose pure, bright depths  
Lay gems all shining with celestial light.

“ A lesson new ? ” And once again he smiled.  
“ Well, will I heed your oft-repeated prayer,  
And teach you something new, unlearned by all ? ”  
Then, seated at the saintly master’s feet,  
They wait with beating hearts that lesson new ;  
They hang upon his very looks as though entranced,  
And, with his eyes upraised to heaven’s dome,  
He says, his tone as sweet as angel’s harp,  
“ My little children, God is love ! ” and then,  
In words of thrilling eloquence, expands  
Before their gaze his very soul, and, rapt,  
He breathes forth strains of a seraphic love.

“ My little children, pour your hearts in love !  
Love one another, as the Holy One,  
The Crucified, has loved, e’en unto death !  
And from His Heart, the fountain-head of love,  
Draw light and strength, and love in endless draughts !  
Oh, Sacred Heart ! the source of life and light,  
Of heaven’s bliss, of all we dream and dare,  
Give of Thy strength, and bid us love like Thee.  
Oh ! give to me once more, my Master sweet,  
The boon to lay my head upon Thy breast ;  
Once more from out Thy Sacred Heart to draw  
The draughts of love, that kept this feeble frame

From feeling aught of earth's most poignant grief !  
And fill these children of my soul with love,  
The love of Thee ! 'Tis ever new, the love of God to **man**,  
The love of Jesus to the sin-dyed soul ! ”

And so he spake, and evening's shades drew near,  
And still the theme of *Love* was on his tongue,  
Until, at last, as if his hundred years,  
Impatient, clamored for a brief repose,  
The sweet words faltered on the saint's pale lips,  
His eyelids drooped, and sleep with noiseless wings  
Descended. Then uprose the glorious moon,  
And touched with light the sleeper's silver hair,  
And the disciples gazed with love upon  
The gentle teacher of their tender years.

And, as they gazed, the starry sky grew bright  
With radiance not of earth, and brighter still,  
Until at length the heavens themselves were oped,  
And in the highest place, at God's right hand,  
They saw the “Crucified” in splendor clothed,  
And from His Sacred Heart the brilliant light.  
And, as they gazed they saw their master's form,  
His hoary head upon that Sacred Heart,  
As when in youth, the night before the doom,  
At supper he inclined on Jesus' breast.

And, gazing thus, they hear his gentle voice,  
Repeating, as in ecstasy of bliss :  
“ My little children, God alone is love !  
Oh ! as He loved you, one another love ! ”  
And then the vision faded from their eyes,  
And naught remained to them but silent night  
And form of marble beauty whence the soul had fled.

S. M. C.



## THE LEAGUE ABROAD.

### Rome.

The eyes of the Catholic world are still turned Rome-ward. The last groups of the French workmen's pilgrimage had not yet left Rome when trains came pouring in with their thousands of Catholic youth from France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Austria, Mexico. They were for the most part students from Catholic colleges, of the higher classes of society, and were come to celebrate the Tercentenary of St. Aloysius by praying at his tomb and paying their homage to the Chair of Peter.

Not for many a day has there been an assemblage in St. Peter's like that which greeted the Holy Father on September 29th. Though admission was by ticket, 70,000 is the lowest figure given for the number of those present at the Pontifical Mass. When the Pontiff entered, carried on his *Sedes Gestatoria*, all heads bowed down with one accord, in profound devotion, to receive his blessing. As he went forth after the celebration of the divine mysteries, he was hailed with intense enthusiasm.

The Catholic youth of the international pilgrimage were admitted to audience on Oct. 1st. What a spectacle it must have been to see the aged Prisoner of the Vatican, with the flower of the Catholic youth of all nations pressing around him, eager to hear his words and receive his blessing! Beautiful were the words which Leo XIII addressed them on the occasion! After expressing his delight at the presence of so many youths, whose piety,

full juvenile ardor, beamed in their countenances, and whom the same faith had led from so many distant lands to venerate the mortal remains of St. Aloysius and the august Chair of Peter, he told them of his extreme solicitude to preserve college students from the perfidious snares which the enemies of religion were setting for them, especially that of a Godless system of education, by which it was intended to bring about an entire separation from the Catholic Church, and hand them over defenceless to the slavery of vice and of secret societies. He enlarged on the blessings of a Catholic education. To behold these blessings imaged as in a mirror, they had only to consider the example of Aloysius. "It was owing to the Church and religious influences that he was able, amid the corruption of morals, to preserve the integrity of his purity to such a degree as to be more like an angel than a man. It was due to religion that, amidst the luxury and dissipation of his father's house, he excelled in the austere virtues, as though he lived in a solitude; that, trampling on all earthly advantages, he was led by the grace of God to renounce a principedom; that, reaching his twenty-fourth year, he became a model of charity and religious perfection; that at last he attained such a high degree of heavenly glory as to make the holy virgin, Magdalen of Pazzi, believe he scarcely had an equal in heaven. We pray to God with earnestness that he may preserve in you this mind and these dispositions.

"With the Church the Roman Pontiff is intimately united. The true church could not exist without him. Hence, respect and love for the Church is inseparable from respect and love for the Pope. You know that on account of the evils of the times the present condition of the Roman Pontiff is an unworthy and intolerable one. Owing to the fickleness of the political situation, free access to our person may at any moment be prevented.

“Let it be the fruit of your pilgrimage to unite your selves more closely than ever to the Apostolic See. When you go home, let it be your endeavor to spread among the people these same sentiments of filial piety. We battle together by all lawful means for the Roman Pontificate ; for on this cause mainly depend the prosperity of the Church, the safety of religion and the tranquillity of the troubled world. As a pledge of heavenly grace, and in testimony of our fatherly benevolence, we grant with affection in the Lord the apostolic benediction to you, your families and acquaintances.”

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## THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

### OTTAWA.

Our Canadian League has just received a large accession of strength from the entrance of the Ottawa University and St. Joseph's parish. It is thought that one of the fruits of the Oblate mission will be the enrolling of a thousand members. Abundant harvests are promised from the missionary labors of the Oblate Fathers in different parts of Ontario.

### KINGSTON.

In a few days we shall be able to record the admission of the Cathedral parish of St. Mary's, Kingston, into our ranks. Long since, the League of the Sacred Heart, with the approval and encouragement of His Grace the Archbishop, has been doing good work in the schools and sodalities entrusted to the zealous Ladies of the Congregation and the Christian Brothers. Now under Father Kelly's directorship, its advantages are going to be placed within easy reach of every soul in the city. What a help to our Canadian League shall not be the addition of such an influential centre and the prayers of so many of the fervent faithful !



Our little *Messenger*, sitting down to rest a while from his toil and to cast a glance on the fruits of a year, is overflowing with consolation. All have lent a hand to forward the interests it represents. With the secular clergy under the Canadian Hierarchy all the religious Orders have fallen into line,—Redemptorists, Basilians, Oblates, Sulpitians, Carmelites, Christian Brothers, even the Jesuits. As to our religious communities of women, they would not have been true to their providential mission in the world and to the rôle they have held in the history of the Church, if, like Magdalen at our Lord's sepulchre, they had not been first to reap the consolations and advantages of the League and to point them out to others.

The *Messenger* finds on its record for the year 1891 in English-speaking Canada about 10,000 Associates enrolled ; 500 Promoters ; it has received about twenty parishes, besides many smaller centres aggregated ; 4,000 Rosary bands furnished with tickets every month ; nearly six thousand annual subscribers amongst the laity. As to the solid fruits in souls he has only to refer his readers to the accounts sent in by Promoters, Secretaries and Local Directors, of the prayers multiplied, the conversions obtained, of the crowded communion rails on first Fridays and first Sundays, of the ardor of the school children in adopting and carrying out the practices of the League.

### Quebec.

We had a very large number at our last General Communion ; the promoters' meeting, too, was well attended. Rev. Father Oates told them to prepare themselves, and get their lists well filled for a grand ceremony on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, when diplomas and crosses will be conferred. There shall be a reception of

about *one hundred and fifty* promoters, including all the Redemptorist Fathers and the men who preside over circles. Our Cardinal Archbishop will be present. We are to have a Triduum before the feast, and it is thought the ceremony will be very imposing.

SECRETARY.

**Barrie.**

Four new circles were admitted on the first Sunday of the month of the Holy Rosary. This brings our number of circles up to twenty.

There is no lack of zeal in our Very Rev. Local Director, who is ever urging the members to help to bring all under the banner of the Sacred Heart, and to adopt for their motto: "Thy kingdom come."

PROMOTER.

## IN THANKSGIVING.

OTTAWA.—In fulfilment of my promise, I write to record a favor received from the Sacred Heart of Jesus. I feel I cannot be thankful enough to the Sacred Hert.

BARRIE.—I write to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a favor obtained by an Associate.

KINGSTON.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor obtained in August.

TORONTO.—Thanks are returned for a temporal favor, the second obtained within three months.

OTTAWA.—Thanks are returned for three children providentially preserved from perversion, also for a family saved from a serious misfortune.

**Cornwall, St. Columban's.**

Sunday, Oct. 11th, was the closing day of a Triduum in St. Columban's church. The missionary had come to gather the after-harvest of the late mission and to renew its salutary impressions. Every evening there was a full attendance at the sermon, and the number who received the sacraments fell little short of a thousand. It was a most edifying spectacle to see the concourse that thronged the church four times on Sunday.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon it was filled by the children of the Convent of the Congregation and the separate schools. With the greatest enthusiasm all embraced the Three Degrees and other practices of the Juvenile League. The boys stood up in a solid row, and together lifted the hand as a pledge to the Sacred Heart against the use of intoxicants and tobacco.

The Associates of the Men's League held their meeting and renewal of promises after High Mass. About two hundred were present, and new members were received.

The most imposing ceremony of all, namely, the bestowal of the diploma and cross on the promoters, took place in the evening. The church was filled long before the appointed hour. Ninety promoters were to be decorated, all heads of circles of fifteen. The activity displayed by the Cornwall Council is really marvellous. Not only had the town been ransacked for associates, but there was not a village, hamlet, or cluster of houses for miles and miles around that had not its promoter and circle. All came to take part in the ceremony to be decorated, and return home in the soft moonlight. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Central Director, who, after a rapid historical sketch of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, spoke in praise of the League of Cornwall, explained the significance of the diploma and cross, and hoped that they

would be received not only as reward of past services but as an incentive to constant and enlightened zeal. After the solemn blessing, the promoters advanced in double file, and having received the diploma were decorated on bended knees by the Rev. Father Corbett, the Local Director. During the solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which followed, he also read the Act of Consecration. The altar was richly adorned and appeared in a blaze of lights. The choir of St. Columban's with rich variety of voice and instrument contributed immensely to the impressiveness of the ceremony.

PROMOTER.

### **St. Catharines, Ont.**

Through the zealous exertions of the Rev. Father Director, the League of the Sacred Heart, established in the month of June, 1890, has progressed in a most satisfactory manner. We have fifty promoters and seven hundred and fifty members. The monthly communions, which are held on the first Friday and third Sunday, number three hundred and thirty, not including the children attending the schools of the Christian Brothers and the Sisters of St. Joseph, among whom there are many members. On the first Friday evening of each month Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given, followed by a short conference of promoters.

On the evening of the third Sunday of June last, there was a reception of promoters in the handsome parish church. • The Very Rev. Dean Harris conferred the cross and diploma on fifty young ladies, each of whom represented a following of fifteen members. The ceremony, imposing in itself, received additional interest from a very appropriate address given by Rev. Father Smith, our Director. All the promoters showed great appreciation of the efforts made for their encouragement and sanctification, and are discharging their duties with renewed zeal and fidelity.

ASSOCIATE.

**PROMOTERS' PAGE.**

Besides the general intention named by the Holy Father, the Holy League is ever sending up a chorus of prayers for the *particular intentions* of the Associates. These intentions may be sent straight to the Central Director, especially if there be no intention box at the door of the church, or they may be given to the Local Secretary or Promoter for transmission. Promoters willingly take charge of the intentions of Associates, especially when the latter cannot write, and will have them recommended.

Where the Holy League is canonically established, the simplest way of recommending intentions is to write them on a slip of paper, which is dropped without envelope into the *intention-box* at the door of the church or school. Names should not be written, for God reads the heart. This writing of intentions and dropping them into the box for recommendation to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord and to the prayers of the Associates is a beautiful exercise of faith, and tends wonderfully to add to our confidence and earnestness in prayer. No wonder so many intentions thus recommended should receive extraordinary if not miraculous answers!

The written intentions are taken out of the box by the Rev. Local Director, who holds the key, and are summed up on an intention blank furnished from the office on application. It is laid on the altar by the Local Director during his mass on the first Friday of the month, and read out at the general meeting of all the Associates. Then it is transmitted to the Central Director, who likewise offers the Holy Sacrifice on the first Friday for the intentions of the Canadian Associates. He also, besides sending them to the Director General, has them printed on the Rosary tickets and in the *Messenger* for recommendation to the prayers of all the Canadian Associates.



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